

THE FINEST INTIMATE PICTURES OF YOUR HOLLYWOOD FAVORITES

MODERN SCREEN

10¢

APRIL

32



the STARS'
WEIRDEST Stories

and Supernatural Experiences

"WHY I
HATE GARBO"

An Unusual Human Document

MOTHERED BY AN APE-HE KNEW
ONLY THE LAW OF THE JUNGLE
— *to seize what he wanted!*

TARZAN THE APE MAN



with

Johnny
WEISSMULLER
Neil **HAMILTON**
C. Aubrey **SMITH**
Maureen
O'SULLIVAN

Based upon the characters
created by
**EDGAR RICE
BURROUGHS**



Adaptation by
CYRIL HUME
Dialogue by
IVOR NOVELLO

**ANOTHER
MIRACLE
PICTURE**

directed by
W. S. VAN DYKE
Creator of "TRADER HORN"



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER



SPENDTHRIFTS OF LOVE!

Modern youth,
laughing at yes-
terday's conven-
tions, promising to
pay for today's
kisses...after tomor-
row. The gay partner-
ship of a boy and girl
who found it easier to make
love than to make money.

AFTER TOMORROW

with **CHARLES FARRELL**

MARIAN NIXON • MINNA GOMBELL

WILLIAM COLLIER, Sr.

Based on the stage play by
John Golden and Hugh S. Stange

Directed by FRANK BORZAGE

FOX Picture

MODERN SCREEN

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Ernest V. Heyn, Editor

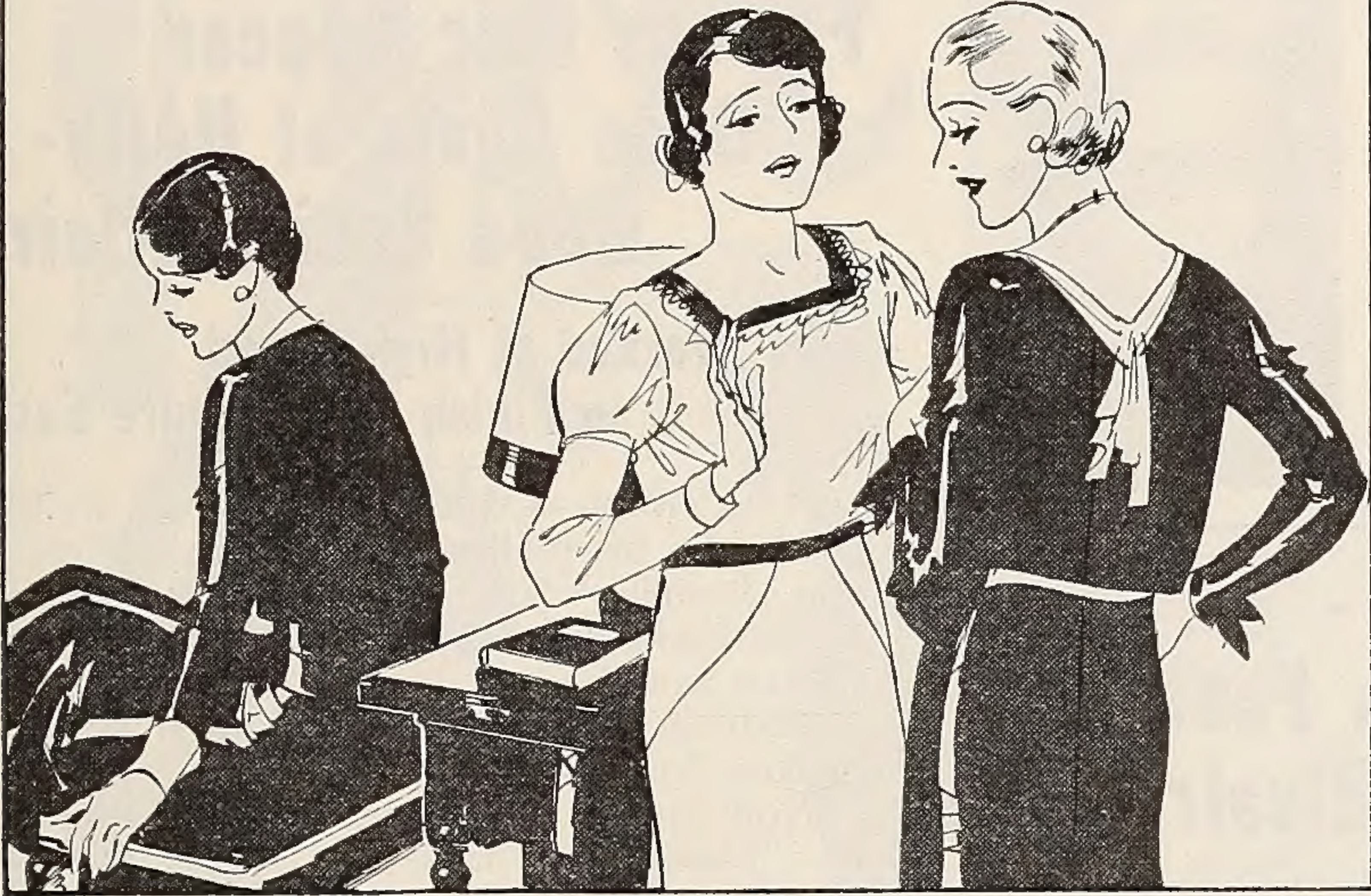
K. Rowell Batten, Associate Editor

Walter Ramsey, Western Representative

LOVELY YET LONELY UNTIL... by ALBERT DORNE

1.

OTHER GIRLS POLITELY
SNUBBED HER



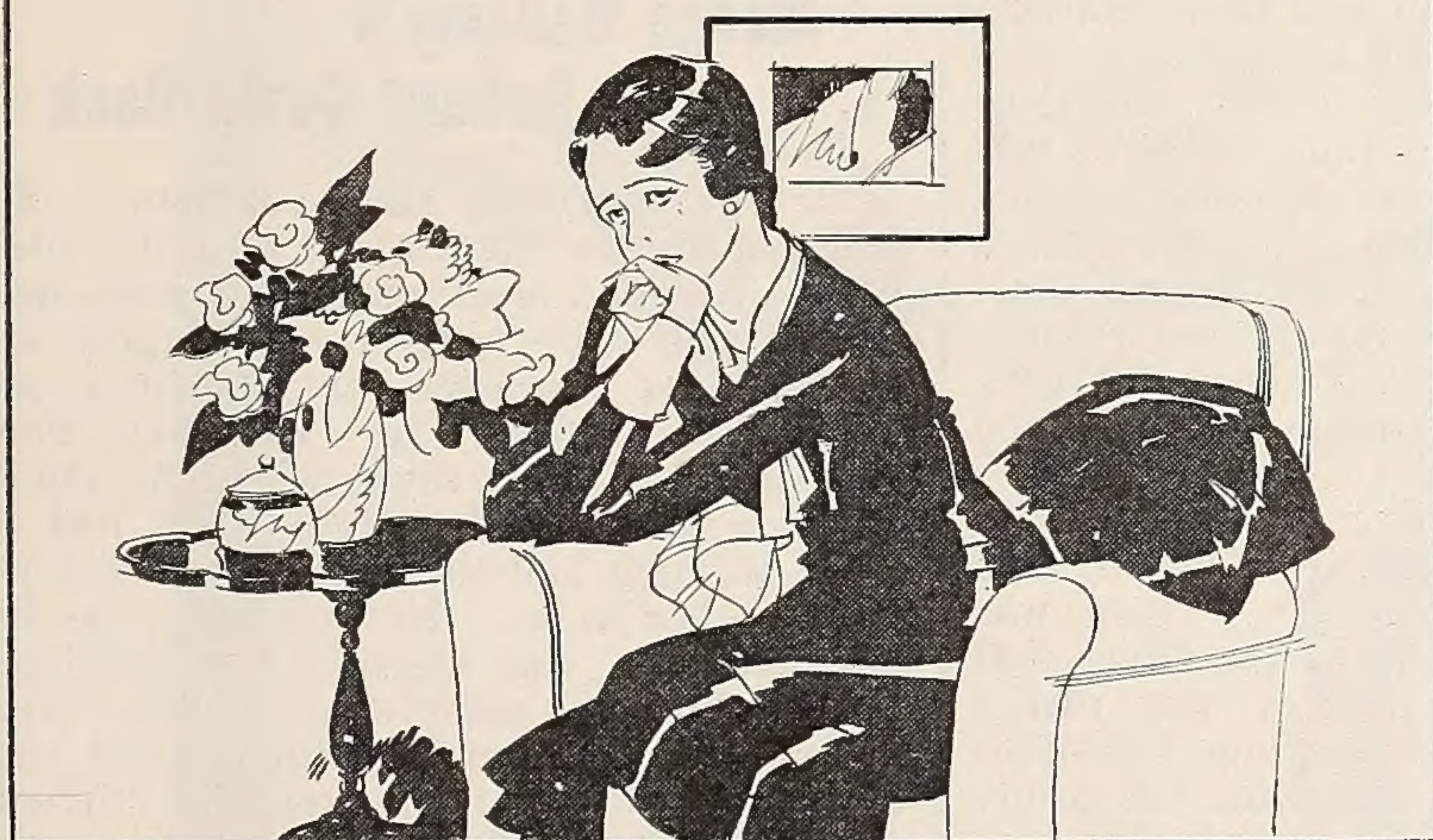
2.

MEN NEVER DANCED
WITH HER TWICE



3.

SHE WAS BROKENHEARTED BECAUSE
PEOPLE DIDN'T WARM TO HER



4.

THEN SHE SAW THIS
ADVERTISEMENT



—AND BOUGHT
LIFEBUOY
THAT VERY DAY



5.

NOW SHE HAS MANY INVITATIONS.
NO "B.O." TO KEEP HER UNPOPULAR

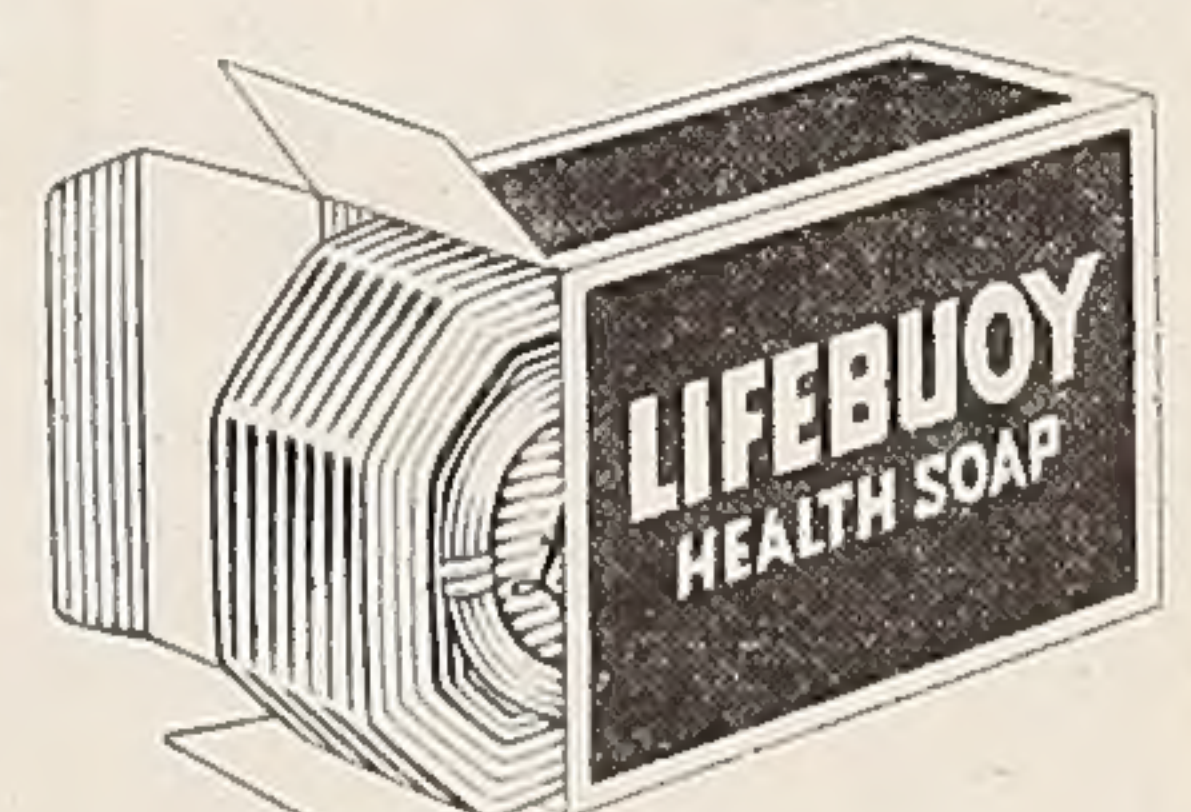


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DIETRICH AND VON STERNBERG MAKE UP

Loretta Young- Herbert Somborn Romance Blooming

The Ex-Mrs. Withers and Gloria Swanson's Second Ex May Wed

Loretta Young, since her divorce from Grant Withers, hasn't been serious about any man, although she has gone out a great deal with a great many men-about-Hollywood. Herbert Somborn hasn't shown particular interest in any girl since the time—quite a few years ago—that Gloria Swanson divorced him. But now the first ex-wife of Mr. Withers and the second ex-husband of Miss Swanson seem to have fallen in love with each other. Loretta, you know, is just nineteen. Somborn is considerably older. The romance seems serious with Somborn, all right. And even if Loretta did once say that she wouldn't remarry until she is twenty-five, her friends think she'll change her mind.

Lon Chaney's Son Creighton To Star

Who is Lon Chaney's successor? It may be his own son, Creighton. Young Chaney has recently been signed by RKO and will make his talkie debut in a horror story written by Edgar Wallace. Perhaps you are surprised to learn that Chaney's son is an actor. Well, as a matter of fact, the elder Chaney didn't want his son to have anything to do with the movies. He started Creighton in the plumbing trade and wanted him to remain in it. He believed it a much more certain means of livelihood than acting and warned young Creighton to keep away from the grease-paint and cameras. However, it seems to get in the blood, this acting business.

Estelle Taylor's Unfortunate Accident

When Estelle Taylor was injured in a recent automobile accident, several vertebrae were dislodged and it was feared for a time that Estelle would not live. She refused to have any anaesthetic whatsoever, believing, perhaps, that it would be safer to suffer the pain while thoroughly conscious. For an hour and a half her body was hung in an apparatus suspended from the wall and gradually, after intense suffering, the vertebrae moved back into place. The worst is over now. Good luck, Estelle.



Joan Bennett- Carmen Pantages Rivalry Ends

Famous Triangle Broken Up As Carmen Weds John Considine, Jr., and Joan Announces Betrothal

There! That's settled! We mean that Bennett-Considine-Pantages business settled by the marriage of Carmen Pantages and John Considine, Jr. And very shortly, pretty Joan Bennett will wed Gene Markey. Joan and Carmen, you know, were said to be rivals for young John's affections for a nice little span of time. First it was Joan that Considine was beaueing around, and then it was Carmen. But Carmen it is that he finally wed. It was a very quiet wedding, with just the family and friends, among whom were Mrs. Rodney Pantages, Mrs. Dixie Martin, Joseph Schenck and Neil McCarthy.

Joan Bennett's wedding is scheduled for an early date. Markey, you know, is a writer and quite well to do. There was some disagreeable gossip to the effect that Joan's romance with Markey was just a spite love affair—to show John Considine that she didn't care. But this, we firmly believe, is all wrong. Joan and Gene are really in love. And, furthermore, Markey is very much devoted to Joan's little daughter, Adrienne Bennett Fox.

Flashes from Here and There

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are going to have their European trip at last. It must be years since they made up their minds to take a vacation across the pond, but so far production has always held them up. So far, that is, until now when they're preparing to go at last.

Billie Dove and Harriet Parsons (regular contributor to Modern Screen) have left New York for Florida. After that it's back to Hollywood for them.

Marie Prevost is in the hospital again—and for the same reason that Renée Adoree was there for so long. Marie recently went on a strenuous diet in order to keep that Hollywood figure. The result was disastrous. Here's hoping that Marie will soon be out and back in our midst again.

First it was Joan Crawford who was to play in M-G-M's talkie version of Gertrude Atherton's "Black Oxen." But now comes final word that no less a person than Greta Garbo has drawn the honor of portraying Miss Atherton's heroine. And Clark Gable, no less, has been cast opposite Norma Shearer in the highbrow O'Neill talkie, "Strange Interlude." Sort of an honor for Gable, what?

Famous Pair Appear Once Again at Hollywood Social Affairs

Both Worked at High Speed to Finish New Picture Early

HOLLYWOOD.—Much has been written about the break between Marlene Dietrich and Joseph Von Sternberg, her director. It was said that they had a terrific row on the set one day not long ago and that their friendship of years' standing had been broken for good.

Now comes word that with the finishing of "Shanghai Express," Dietrich's latest picture and, like her others, directed by Von Sternberg, the two have quite made it up and are once again friends. They have been seen lately at more than one Hollywood dinner party.

Von Sternberg and Dietrich worked frightfully hard on "Shanghai Express" in order to have it released concurrently with the fighting in China—thus getting a lot of nice free publicity for the picture.

Madge Bellamy's Gallant Come-Back

Do you remember Madge Bellamy? She was one of the biggest stars of the silent films. She had black curly hair and—well, maybe her eyes weren't the biggest and the blackest you ever saw, but they certainly looked that way. However, those eyes didn't mean a thing when the talkies came to Hollywood. Madge had had no stage training and the microphone was not kind to her voice. Nevertheless, she has not given up. She has been working hard, for she hopes to make a come-back. What did she do but sign up with a small road company and went on tour in "Strictly Dishonorable." She believes the training will help her voice. Then she expects to sign with a small independent company.

Warners to Have Their Own Clark Gable

The well known Warner Brothers have discovered Clark Gable's double! And, furthermore, signed him up. George Brent is the name of this new discovery and he certainly is a dead ringer for the Gable chap—as you can see for yourself if you look at the picture of him immediately to the left.

Wanting to give the boy a chance to get the feminine audience interest, Warners are going to put him opposite each one of their feminine stars in a series of big pictures. Isn't that a break?



Laugh with the Clown Prince

Joe E. Brown



You saw him
"HOLD EVERY-
THING" and
"SIT TIGHT"
—"GOING WILD"
at "TOP SPEED"—
so you don't
need to be
"B R O A D
MINDED" to
agree that the
"LOCAL BOY
MAKES GOOD"
in a Bigger
Way than ever

IN

"FIREMAN, SAVE MY CHILD"

Wildly hilarious fun with the Napoleon of Nonsense
as the fire laddie who plays baseball and blondes—
strictly as side line . . . Don't miss the screen's
foremost funster in the merriest, maddest picture
you ever saw . . . Laugh your way to
happiness with Joe E. Brown . . .

with
EVALYN KNAPP, LILIAN BOND, GUY KIBBE
Directed by LLOYD BACON

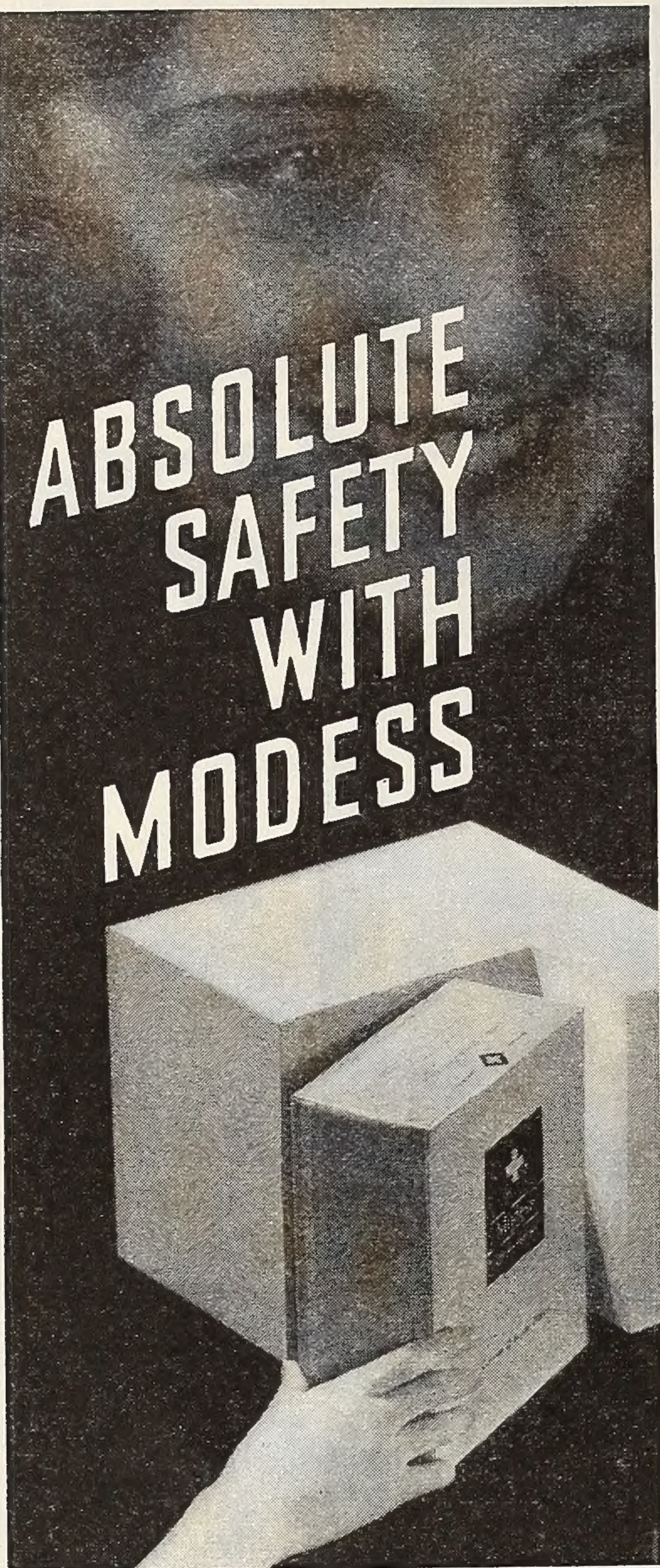


A FIRST NATIONAL & VITAPHONE PICTURE

THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Pictures)

... Short, snappy reviews of all the pictures which are playing around right now. Read this before you decide to visit the movies.

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SANITARY NAPKINS

THE AGE FOR LOVE (Caddo-United Artists)—Charles Starrett and Billie Dove in a story about the modern problem of the wife working. Fair—but it would bore children.

ALMOST MARRIED (Fox)—In spite of its title this is a very good mystery drama with plenty of thrills. Very good—okay for kids.

AMBASSADOR BILL (Fox)—Will Rogers gets mixed up in a mythical European country and introduces American methods into the Royal Court. A lot of it is hokum but Rogers manages to make the whole film worth a visit. Very good—grand for the kids.

AN AMERICAN TRAGEDY (Paramount)—Taken from the internationally famous novel by Theodore Dreiser. Phillips Holmes, Sylvia Sydney and others make up a highly competent cast. It's a well done job, but the theme is not a cheerful one. Very good—but better not take the children along.

ARE THESE OUR CHILDREN? (RKO-Radio)—The younger generation again—but this time the film in which they appear is an "epic." Done by the man who made "Cimarron," a box office winner. Very good—and the young people can learn a lesson from it.

ARROWSMITH (Goldwyn-United Artists)—Ronald Colman and Helen Twelvetrees in a talkie adaptation of the famous Sinclair Lewis novel. This is intense rather than dramatic, intelligent rather than exciting. Excellent—but children would be bored by it.

ARSENE LUPIN (M-G-M)—John Barrymore and Lionel Barrymore in a murder mystery play. Reviewed on page 56. Very good—suitable for children.

BAD GIRL (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers bring to the talking screen Vina Delmar's famous novel of New York middle class life. Excellent—suitable but not very interesting for children.

THE BELOVED BACHELOR (Paramount)—Paul Lukas as the nice guardian and Dorothy Jordan as his ward. Of course she falls in love with him and then things begin to happen. Good—children will like parts of it.

BIG SHOT (RKO-Pathé)—Eddie Quillan in pleasing picture of small town American life. Maureen O'Sullivan and Mary Nolan are also in the competent cast. Good—okay for kids.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE (Fox)—Will Rogers becomes an American business man who dashes off to Damascus to corner the market in steel. There is plenty of the Will Rogers type of humor in it. Excellent—children will like parts of it.

THE CHAMP (M-G-M)—Wallace Beery and Jackie Cooper in a dramatic story of an ex-pugilist who is trying to fight the booze habit and make a come-back for the sake of his small son. Plenty of human interest and you'll probably shed some real tears. Excellent—fine for the kids.

CHARLIE CHAN'S CHANCE (Fox)—Warner Oland in another Charlie Chan story. Reviewed on page 58. Fair—a little involved for children.

THE CHEAT (Paramount)—Tallulah Bankhead in an old-fashioned story about a wife who can't help running up a nice pile of gambling debts. The plot, of course, hinges on her frantic efforts to find a means to raise the money to pay. Only Fair—unless you're a Bankhead fan—children won't like it.

CHEATERS AT PLAY (Fox)—A reformed crook, an ex-police chief and the reformed crook's son (they have not met for twenty years) meet on a steamship bound for South America and a battle of wits ensues. Plenty of thrilling moments. Very good—okay for kids.

COCK OF THE AIR (Caddo-United Artists)—This is not an air drama—but a comedy about an ace who is also something of a Don Juan. Chester Morris is the ace-Don Juan and Billie Dove is the leading feminine interest in the piece. Good—children will like parts of it.

COMPROMISED (Warner)—Ben Lyon as a wealthy man's son who gets drunk and meets a boarding house slavey (Rose Hobart) who is sorry for him. She helps him to sober up—with misunderstanding on the part of the townspeople. Good—but children wouldn't care for it.

THE CUBAN LOVE SONG (M-G-M)—About a marine who does service in Cuba and gets mixed up with his heart affairs. Lawrence Tibbett

and Jimmie Durante plus the whirling Lupe Velez in the leading rôle. Excellent—children will like the comedy and songs.

DANCE TEAM (Fox)—Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers in modern romantic comedy. Reviewed on page 57. Very good—suitable for the kids.

DELICIOUS (Fox)—Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a story about a little Scotch immigrant girl and the handsome son of the wealthy New Yorker. There are songs and music—the melodies composed by the great George Gershwin. Very good—children ought to like it.

DEVOTION (RKO-Pathé)—Ann Harding as an English girl who goes to the trouble of making herself homely in order to be near the man she loves. Leslie Howard as the man she loved pretty nearly steals the picture. Very good—but children may be bored.

DREAM HOUSE (Educational)—A two-reel comedy with a Hollywood background and Bing Crosby in the leading rôle. Good—particularly if you like Bing.

DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE (Paramount)—Fredric March in the leading rôle of the famous old melodrama written by Robert Louis Stevenson. Mr. March's make-up goes to amazing lengths to be horrifying. Very good if you like chills and thrills—better consider before taking the children.

EMMA (M-G-M)—Marie Dressler in comedy-drama. Reviewed on page 57. Excellent—suitable for children.

FLYING HIGH (M-G-M)—The George White musical comedy in talkie form with Bert Lahr and Kathryn Crawford. Your opportunity to hear some songs from the screen after the long period of straight dramas and comedies. Very good—and the children will like it.

FORBIDDEN (Columbia)—Barbara Stanwyck in love drama. Reviewed on page 58. Good—not suitable for children.

FRANKENSTEIN (Universal)—A weird, fascinating story of a "monster" who was created—from the remains of cadavers—by a half-crazy doctor. Later, the monster gets away from the doctor's power and plenty of excitement ensues. Excellent if you like weird stuff—but don't take the kids.

FRIENDS AND LOVERS (RKO-Radio)—Adolphe Menjou, Lily Damita, Eric Von Stroheim and and Frederick Kerr in a weak story about loves and lovers. Poor.

THE GAY DIPLOMAT (RKO-Radio)—Betty Compson, Genevieve Tobin and Ivan Lebedeff in a typical spy story full of intrigue and still more intrigue. Fair—children may like it.

GIRLS ABOUT TOWN (Paramount)—Kay Francis and Lilian Tashman as a couple of the Class A gold-diggers. Wise-cracking, insinuating comedy-drama, this. Very good—but not for the children.

GIRL OF THE RIO (RKO-Radio)—Dolores Del Rio and Leo Carillo in a talkie version of "The Dove." It's good Mexican drama with Leo Carillo being "the best dam" cablero in old Mexico" all over the place. Very good if you care for Mexican drama—okay for kids.

GOOD SPORT (Fox)—John Boles as a gay man about town. Fair—not for children.

THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (United Artists)—Ina Claire, Joan Blondell and Madge Evans in gold-digging comedy. Reviewed on page 56. Very good—not for children.

THE GUARDSMAN (M-G-M)—Two famous New York stage players—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne—in the Hollywood version of Ferenc Molnar's famous play. Excellent sophisticated fare—but it will bore children.

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)—Edward G. Robinson in oriental melodrama. Reviewed on page 57. Very good—suitable for children.

HEAVEN ON EARTH (Universal)—The ol' Mississippi River with Lew Ayres. Poor.

HELL DIVERS (M-G-M)—Glorifying the air department of the United States Navy. Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Cliff Edwards, Conrad Nagel and others are in this thrilling picturization of what goes on in the air. The story isn't much but the air shots are excellent. Very good—grand for kids.

(Continued on page 103)

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Abraham Lincoln, the Savior of the Black Race.
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Emperor William II, Last of the Kaisers.
Lenin and Gandhi, the Fore-Runners of a New Age.

Edited by E. Haldeman-Julius

John W. Gunn, Asst. Editor

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THE AMERICAN FREEMAN

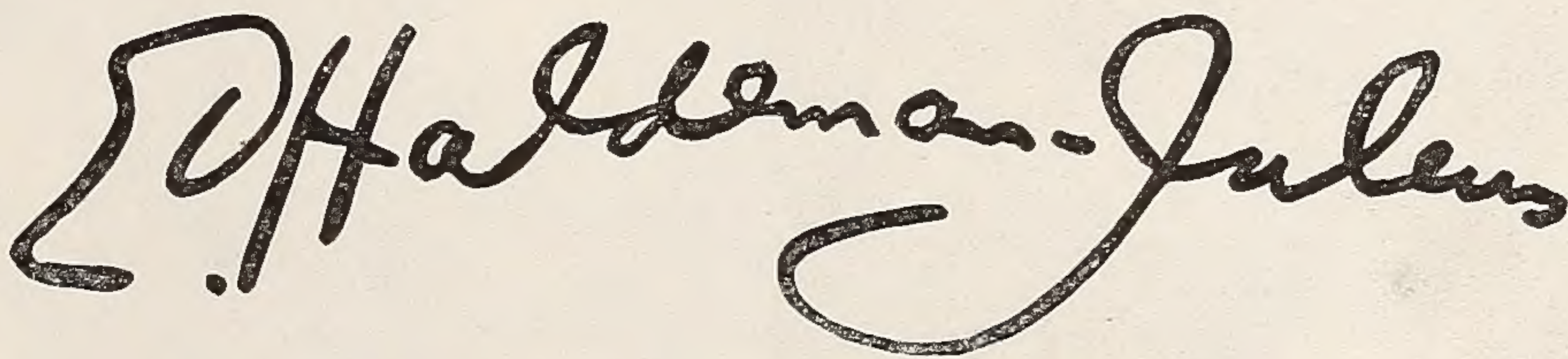
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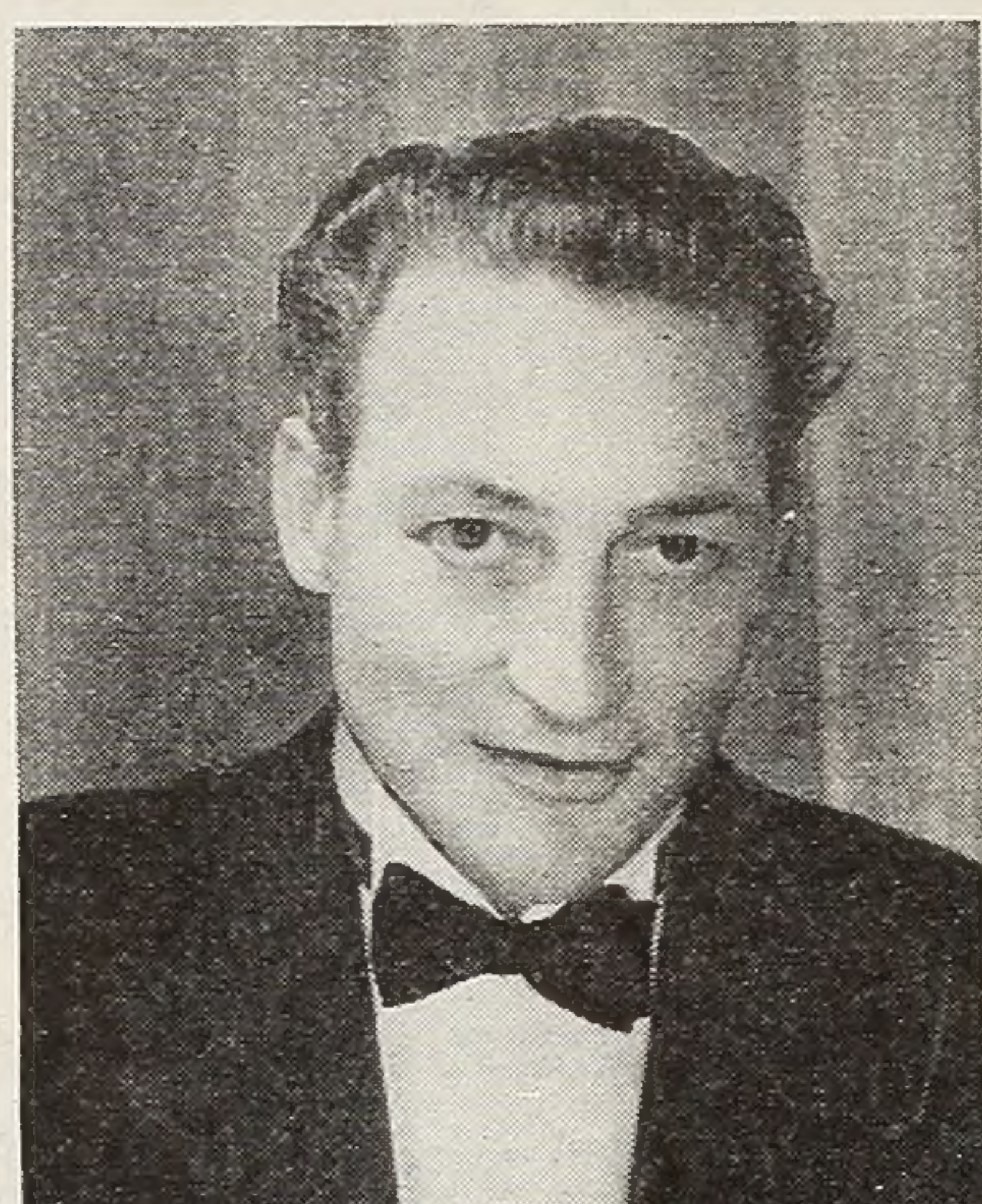
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City State

Warren William outlines his taste in food for

THE MODERN HOSTESS

"Nothing tastes good if it doesn't look good," says Warren William, "and anything tastes better for being dolled up." Mr. William gives here-in recipes of his favorite dishes.



. . . The meat course is the all-important one to the menfolk. And so hard to vary, isn't it? But just try these new meat dishes

ASK any man what he wants for dinner and he will answer "lamb," or "roast beef," or "pork" or some other meat, and then think he has disposed of the subject completely. Press him for further details and after a great mental struggle, he may add "Potatoes and gravy." But the chances are he will simply look hurt and bewildered, for to a man the other foods necessary to a meal are pretty much in the same position as the little boy who got nothing if he did saw the wood and a

licking if he didn't—they would be missed if they weren't there, but aren't noticed as long as they are.

We are so thoroughly familiar with this attitude of mind that we were not in the least taken aback when, upon asking Warren William what in all the world he liked best for dinner, he answered "Steak." To test our theory further we followed up our first question by asking, "And besides steak, Mr. William, what do you like?" At once he replied, "Roast beef."

There! Just as we had thought!

"Of course, the meat should be well cooked and properly seasoned in order for me to enjoy it," he continued.

"And attractively served?" we asked.

"That goes without saying," he retorted. "Nothing tastes good if it doesn't look good and anything tastes better for being dolled up. For instance, there is a dinner of which I am particularly fond. It is called Pork Chops Bordelaise and though I imagine it is very simple to fix, it looks very up-stage and high hat."

"Pork Chops Bordelaise!" we pondered. "That's a new one on us. What does it look like?"

"WELL," Mr. William replied dutifully, "in the center of a large plate there is a baked and stuffed pork chop. Then surrounding the chop are lots of little mounds of different kinds of vegetables."

"What vegetables?" we wanted to know.

"Oh, sometimes one kind, sometimes another," he answered with that vagueness (*Continued on page 121*)

MODERN SCREEN STAR RECIPES

HOME SERVICE DEPARTMENT

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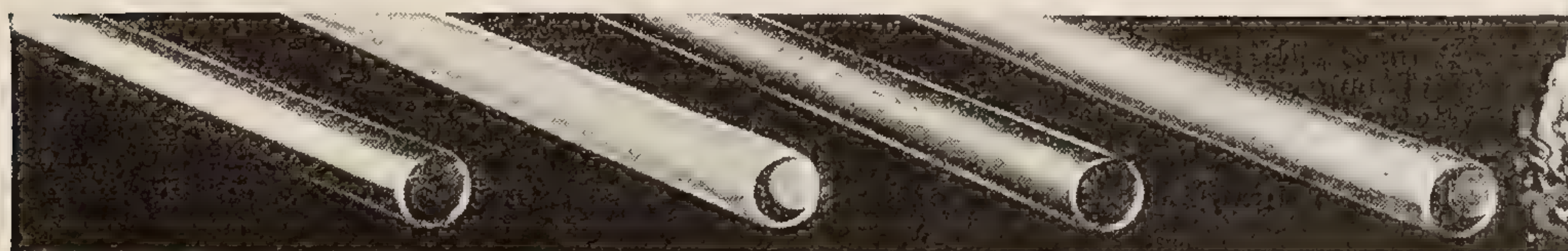
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COLOR REMOVER

BETWEEN YOU AND ME

All you need is a two-cent stamp and an opinion. The editor of MODERN SCREEN welcomes your real thoughts about the talkies

Dear Friends:

Before you read this letter, please turn to page 34.

Well? How did you like what you saw? Those intimate pictures of stars dressed up as youngsters at Marion Davies' Kid Party are, I think, very fine indeed and MODERN SCREEN'S staff just couldn't help adding that boastful little note to the effect that these pictures are exclusive to this magazine. However, the point I really want to bring out is this: I think you people are just as much interested in seeing really intimate, newsy and amusing pictures of the stars as you are in reading good stories about them. MODERN SCREEN makes a point of getting such pictures every month. I hope you like them.

Here's something I'd like to have your ideas about. Do you care for these grim, gloomy talkies? Talkies such as "An American Tragedy" and "The Man I Killed" and "Ladies of the Big House"? Of course, they're splendid from a technical point of view—well acted, well directed, artistically sincere. But—I wonder—do the fans want them? Let's hear from you.

The Editor

Please address all letters to
The Editor, MODERN SCREEN,
100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

We agree. Sexy pictures get to be
something of a bore

The readers, in my opinion, do not always understand that a star is not the character he portrays. Place the blame where it belongs. Namely, with the directors and higher executives. For some foolish reason these executives think that the raw, cheap and indecent pictures are in demand. Are they? Not if I know anything about it! I attend theatres very often and . . . have seen much dissatisfaction.

SALLY HOVLAND,
Santa Barbara, California

Bits from a letter from Jolly
Old Oxford

Now, dear editor, you are going to hear something coming to you from the other continent. We are going to be frank and possibly not very pleasant—of course, always hoping for forgiveness.

We do not agree with Miss May of Milwaukee, Wisconsin, that musical plays are so popular. Usually they have very bad songs, poor acting and a very unconvincing atmosphere. Only Eddie Cantor and such can make a good musical play. . . . We want to extend our

heartiest congratulations to Mr. Sigler of Virginia for not following the flock of admirers who are always ready to praise Garbo. We suggest she take a few lessons with Mr. Kayzer, the voice culturist. . . . Is that "open letter" to Marlene Dietrich supposed to be a new kind of sob-stuff writing in prose? Why not put it in a straightforward way? . . . Could you make a few suggestions to the film companies for us? By all means cut off those gang films; they are all the same. Let the producers give more reliable, sensible plots and make the films human and of character; no overacting.

SOME OXFORD UNDERGRADUTES,
Oxford, England

Our stories endeavor to give you the truth; our news and gossip departments endeavor to give you just what they say—news and gossip

You printed a charmingly sensible article in the February issue, "To Tell the Truth," stating that small bits of gossip have been gathered together and resulted in the rumored divorce of the Fairbanks, Juniors. Then you adorned the lower corner of page 129 with your own little piece of gossip: "Joan and Doug were not speaking while in the drug store. They evidently had words earlier in the evening!" You hastily and feebly explain, ". . . Maybe Joan just had a headache and was feeling mean. Other people never give the stars credit for being just human beings."

Well, then, is it allowing the stars to be human when their least little quarrel is made known to the public through a curious writer?

L. BROWN,
Waterbury, Connecticut

Really—this is the only Clark Gable letter we're going to print this month

May I say just a word to Mary Muller, Helen Young and Jane Harrison whose letter I just read in the February issue?

I think jealousy made you give Clark Gable the razz the way you did. Do you refuse to attend the movies when Marie Dressler's pictures are being shown? She isn't good-looking, either, you know. Neither is she slim and youthful, but that doesn't detract from her acting ability. . . . So please, hereafter, don't judge an actor by the length of his neck or the number of times he shaves, but spend a little time studying his acting before you make any rash statements.

MABLE V. M.,
Pella, Iowa

Turn to page 48, Gaynor and Farrell Fan

Do you know that Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell still have many fans who would be very glad to see more photographs of them in your magazine—and would be delighted to see them together in pictures?

A GAYNOR AND FARRELL FAN,
Saginaw, Michigan

A very nice letter about Elissa Landi

At last we seem to be slowly emerging from the dingy atmosphere of cheap sex plays, with their goo-goo eyes, half nude women with husky voices and huskier legs and a higher grade of art is being portrayed upon the screen.

Since some months back, there has appeared an actress of superior worth. I am referring to Elissa Landi. This young lady—a lady in the truest sense of the term—has instantly captivated the esteem and admiration of those who appreciate real art and a most charming personality. To her goes the credit of having, by her lovely presence, rescued screen art from its previous vulgarity and sham pretensions. To see this young lady act and to hear the earnest, sincere voice of this lovable girl is as refreshing as the fragrance of roses.

A. AXELSON,
Chicago, Illinois

The Modern Hostess thanks you and takes a bow

I am a new reader of your magazine and like it very much. I think the Hostess page is a great help and I considered the recipes in their attractive folders cheap at only four cents. How you can manage to give them to your readers free of charge is a surprise to me. But then—I've found MODERN

(Continued on page 105)

Tint or Dye It at Home with Tintex And Save Dollars!

Perfect Professional
Results In Just a Few
Minutes For Just
a Few Pennies



John Reed Jr.

It is so easy, so quick, so beautifully resultful to tint and dye at home with Tintex!

No muss! No fuss! Just add Tintex to the rinsing water and any fabric will come out charmingly colorful! It's as easy as that!

Millions of women are using Tintex to bring new color or restore old faded color to dresses, drapes and all other fabrics in their homes and wardrobes.

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TINTS AND DYES



BEAUTY ADVICE

By MARY BIDDLE

More hints about that first necessity of beauty—fastidiousness. Mary Biddle tells you many little tricks and tips about acquiring true, feminine daintiness. Also, a special word to redheads



Wherever the Itching Whatever the Cause...

Resinol Ointment will relieve it. Don't take chances with soreness or irritation from any source. Use Resinol. Soothing and delicate, safe and delightful for infants, yet strong and effective enough for severest cases of eczema. Prevents slight infections or inflammations from becoming serious. Resinol Soap, also, you will find an invaluable aid in all kinds of skin disorders.

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Enlarged coarse pores? Blackheads? Dryness? Roughness? Resinol Ointment will clear away the irritations. Resinol Soap will cleanse and refine. This simple soothing treatment has transformed many an ugly skin into a smooth, soft, velvety complexion.

No More Pimples

Study your face closely with a bright light. If your looking glass reveals even the tiniest blotch or blemish, start the Resinol Treatment today. Watch your complexion improve constantly in color and texture. Don't delay. Your druggist sells Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. Buy — and try for yourself — today.

For a free trial sample of Resinol Soap with your copy of the new booklet on "Skin Treatment for Health and Beauty", write Dept. M22, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

WHEN I was reading over the proofs of last month's beauty article I discovered that I had omitted to tell you, in the paragraph on the care of the hands, one of the very first rules for making your hands beautiful. It's a very simple little rule and probably many of you know it—although I have my doubts as to how many of you keep it. Here it is: wear loose white chamoisette gloves to bed in cold weather. No, you don't have to do it every night. Use your own judgment—when your hands get that "stucco" look, give them a treatment and don the gloves before you retire. How can you give your hands a treatment? Why, by massaging a good cold cream into them. Wring your hands together as if you were washing them. Interlace the fingers and flatten out the larger knuckles against the palm of the other hand. Massage the fingers from the tips back, as if you were pulling on a pair of new gloves. This will help to reduce large joints.

Do you ever give your elbows a beauty treatment? Don't laugh. I see many lovely creatures in stunning evening gowns—and there are their elbows, all rusty looking and nubby. The skin on the elbow joints is very, very tender. Mothers of young babies, you know, often test the temperature of the babies' baths with the elbow—it's one of the most sensitive points of the human body. The coy, dimpled elbow isn't as much a requisite of beauty in this athletic age as it was in our mothers' but, nevertheless, it wouldn't hurt a mite to have the skin resemble a piece of satin rather than a nutmeg grater. Simply rub cream into them at night and wear long-sleeved pajamas to bed to protect the sheets.

BUT those are more or less cold weather problems. And summer isn't so very far away, is it? You'll be wanting to wear your backless bathing suits and sun-back tennis dresses. Are your backs in good condition? Most backs aren't. The back is a very annoying part of the human body—so difficult to see and keep clean. And so susceptible to blackheads. The big trouble is—to put it bluntly—that most of us do not get our backs very clean. We slosh around in the tub for a while and scrub down as far as our shoulder blades and around our waists and let the rest of the poor old spinal column go. Try using a small Turkish towel as a washcloth. Get it

nice and lathery and pull it briskly across your back. Or get a back-brush—and use it as if you meant it. If the skin is broken out or troubled with blackheads you really must have some one give you a treatment. It would be nice if you had a sister or a girl friend who wouldn't be too darn squeamish to do it. First (after a warm bath, of course) a good, not too greasy cream should be massaged in—well. The excess wiped off. A mild astringent patted on briskly with a pad of cotton. And then, with fingers well padded with cotton, the blackheads should be gently pressed out. Dab the places with alcohol. Apply a pore cream or blackhead paste. And trot off to bed. Of course, if you haven't an obliging sister or girl friend, the better beauty parlors will give you such a treatment. Not cheap—but decidedly worth it.

Do your lips ever get that warpy look and feel rather gummy? That would be some slight stomach disorder. Tiny little white bumps will appear at the corners of the mouth, too, as a result of an upset stomach. Watch your diet and try drinking a glass of hot water with the juice of a lemon squeezed into it—first thing in the morning. It isn't bad, really. But you must have the lemon juice because hot water alone will make you feel nauseated.

I HOPE you people with dry skins have been making a consistent effort to use paste rouge instead of cake rouge. It is more difficult to apply, I admit. But a little practice does it, and paste rouge is so much better for your skin. You must have a cream foundation on first, however. Dab the rouge on with the tips of your fingers. Smile while you do it, and don't let the rouge get on the inside of the smile lines—it will make you look older. Then blend the rouge back and up. Don't worry if there seems to be a speck more color on one cheek than on the other—nature never puts color on exactly evenly. But don't carry that rule to extremes!

I would like to say a few words exclusively to redheads, if the rest of the readers will be kind enough to excuse me for a few minutes. I honestly believe that copper-tops have more beauty problems than other types. At a convention of cosmeticians in New York last year, a well known skin specialist purposely chose a girl with flaming red hair for a make-up test, explaining that the redheaded type must be more care-

ful than any other about the cosmetics she uses. In the first place, everything she uses in the way of make-up and everything she wears must be held up before the question, "How will it go with my hair?" (Miss Lane's article on Jeanette MacDonald on page 70 will be found very helpful where the clothes problem is concerned.) The redheaded gal must forego bright rouge and bright lipstick. *Yet she must have color in her face.* That is, with the rare exception of the redhead who is blessed with a creamy pallor rather than a pink-and-white complexion. A very soft wild rose shade of rouge and lipstick is the best. A creamy rose powder. A little brown mascara—none in the daytime. The merest touch of blue-green eye-shadow—only in the evening.

BUT these hints, I admit, are very arbitrary. The shades of cosmetics mentioned will probably not suit every type of redhead. She must experiment herself. Always remembering this: whatever you use, use it sparingly. And forego fads in cosmetics. In the summer time, don't let the fact that everyone is getting beautifully tanned tempt you into wearing backless and sleeveless dresses. You'll only freckle, nine chances out of ten. Just go your own way, dodging the sun carefully. And here's a welcome thought for swimming days: there's going to be a new kind of beach hat. It isn't a hat, really—it's a detachable brim. You wear your skull bathing cap to swim, and when you come out of the water you slip the detachable brim over it. These brims are huge—they'll cover the neck and shoulders and save you hours of fidgety thoughts about those pesky freckles.

AND now, a few more points about the hair. I'm not going to say a word about coiffures this time. I'm going to give you one or two tips about the hair itself—about washing it and keeping it in the best of condition. Remember: the normal head of hair should be shampooed at least every ten days; the excessively oily hair every week, or possibly every five days; the very dry hair every two weeks—in extreme cases, every three weeks. But, really, if your hair is *that* dry you had better do something about it. For instance, melt down some castile soap for your shampoo and add a teaspoonful of olive oil to a quart of same. Whatever your type of hair, remember that cleanliness is the first requisite of hair beauty. Take time to shampoo your hair. If you are in the habit of giving yourself a hot oil treatment first (and I strongly recommend it for every type of hair), rinse your hair in warm, clear water before applying the soap. A very good hairdresser told me that, after an oil treatment, the hair should first be rinsed in *cold* water, because it cuts the oil immediately. To be perfectly honest, I've never had quite the necessary courage to thrust my own head into cold water first pop. I'm a person who likes to work up to cold water gradually. And I do find that the warm rinse works very well.

(Continued on page 97)



April Showers
TALCUM
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April Showers
CHERAMY
PARIS

MODERN SCREEN'S GOSSIP

[You will find the Last Minute News in The Hollywood Times, MODERN SCREEN'S miniature newspaper, on page 6
There is also our additional news and chatter on pages 76 and 92]



International

Doug Fairbanks, Sr., and Mary Pickford were very much in evidence at the opening of Doug, Jr.'s., new picture, "Union Depot."

HOLLYWOOD said: Ruth Chatterton is planning to divorce Ralph Forbes.

The truth is: Ruth and Ralph have never been happier in their marriage than right now. Divorce is the farthest thing from their minds.

Hollywood said: Ralph Forbes is broke.

The truth is: The last year that Ralph was in pictures he earned \$75,000. Furthermore, during the past several years he's made a good lump of money on both the stage and screen—and he's saved most of it!

Hollywood says: Ruth wants Ralph to get a break in pictures so she bought a play, which she is going to direct and which she hopes to sell to a motion picture company with the stipulation that Ralph get the starring rôle on the screen.

The truth is: Ralph saw the play, "Counsel's Opinion," and immediately realized its picture possibilities. He put in his bid for the screen rights, and it looked as if he would get it at his own price. Then two producers bid higher, and this stiff competition brought the price a little out of Ralph's reach. So he asked Ruth if she wanted to go half with him on it, and she, recognizing a good business deal when she saw it, agreed.

Hollywood says: Ruth is going to direct the play (and possibly the picture) to make sure that Ralph's supremacy as star will be kept intact.

The truth is: Ruth really doesn't want to direct even the play, but Ralph, who believes implicitly that she is the greatest stage director in the country, has finally persuaded her to direct the stage version—if she can get away from the studio long enough. The whole deal was Ralph's idea, and he says he doesn't give a hoot if he gets to play in the screen version of the story—just so

he can make some money when he sells the play to one of the studios!

MOST Hollywood social events are planned with the hostess' eye on publicity. But there is one large party given each and every year—on October 22—about which the magazine and newspaper scribes are never tipped off. Joan Bennett is the hostess and the honored guest is her sister Constance. October 22 is Connie's birthday. Only Constance's most intimate friends are bidden to the gathering. Sometimes it's a late afternoon garden party—other times, a gay, brilliant dinner.

A couple of weeks before each of her sister's birthdays, Joan is busy planning—each time she likes to offer something new and different for the birthday celebration.

Exhibitors throughout the land have come to the conclusion that Janet Gaynor without Charlie Farrell is as incomplete in the eyes of the fans as Laurel without Hardy. Fox had planned to put Jimmy Dunn in Janet's next picture, but in face of the record-breaking box-office success of the last Gaynor-Farrell co-starring production, nothing is left for them but to cast Charlie opposite her. It just wouldn't be good business to break up such a word of a team.

CLAUDETTE COLBERT was in New York. And lonely. Husband Norman Foster was in Hollywood. Thinking of his beautiful wife. Claudette got busy on the long distance telephone wires, and when Norman discovered that she was feeling blue, he hopped the first air express out of Los Angeles for New York.

But it happens that he has a picture to do at Universal,

The real truth about all those Chatterton-Forbes divorce rumors



Acme

Pola Negri, fully recovered from her recent illness, visited New York to attend the opening of "A Woman Commands."



International

Connie Bennett's little adopted son, Peter Armstrong Bennett. His real parents were killed in an auto accident.



International

Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck have been doing Europe in the approved style. Janet's illness delayed their departure for home.

so forty-eight hours was as long as he could remain in the Big City with Claudette.

The Fosters will be one mighty happy family when Paramount moves all production activity to Hollywood.

About Greta Garbo, John Barrymore who plays opposite her in "Grand Hotel" says enthusiastically, "Garbo is a human dynamo. She's a driving power on the set."

Such frank enthusiasm from THE John Barrymore can't be altogether unwarranted. Maybe we'd all better make a date now to see this "Grand Hotel" we've been hearing so much about—and writing stories about (see page 46).

THERE remains just one little inside story to relate about the Garbo-Novarro "romance." This bit of news came from a close friend of Ramon's . . . who told a friend . . . who told us. Here's what we heard: "When Garbo and Novarro had made the last scene of their picture together, Greta learned that her leading man was going to go directly to New York. She asked him of his plans and was told that New York was delightful at that time of the year. Garbo is reported to have said that she *might* take his word for it and take a bit of a metropolitan vacation herself. She whispered in Ramon's ear that if she should happen to be there while he was still about she would send him some forget-me-nots. Ramon smiled and promptly forgot.

"However, a week or so before he returned to Hollywood, he was startled one morning when a bellboy arrived at his room with a huge box containing literally tiers of forget-me-nots. In the bottom of the box he found a note wishing him happiness and signed with very small

letters—'M.H.' Novarro puzzled a bit—and then it suddenly dawned on him that it was 'Mata Hari' (Garbo) who had sent the note. He was unable to locate her at any of the New York hotels. Two days passed before his secretary announced that a certain Miss Mata was in the lobby of the hotel to see him. Ramon realized immediately who it was and invited Greta to his room for tea. She refused, saying that they would meet in the lobby in an hour and go out for tea.

After tea they took a long ride in a taxi, after which they drew up in front of Novarro's hotel. Of course, Ramon thought that Garbo was stopping at the same hotel and was completely nonplussed when Garbo waved to him and called a 'good-by' as the taxi bore her away. Ramon never did find out where she was stopping!"

FUNNY that after all the publicity Fox gave its Débutante Stars, one of them—Conchita Montenegro—should be let out. When her option wasn't taken up, Conchita immediately left for New York and signed for the new Ziegfeld show at a salary higher than she's been getting in Hollywood.

Among the thirteen Baby Stars, Frances Dade is one who didn't seem to benefit by the huge publicity boost. Not long ago she returned to New York for stage work. Frances was the only free-lance actress chosen as one of the lucky thirteen.

In the other direction, it will be interesting to see which of the Baby Stars enjoys the most success during the new year. Joan Blondell, Marian Marsh and Sidney Fox seem to be going the strongest right now. Joan and Marian carry the Warner Bros. banner, and little Sidney hails from the Universal lot.

Why did Greta Garbo send Ramon Novarro those forget-me-nots?

THE GLEASON PARTY

. . . Mr. and Mrs. James Gleason gave a grand party at the Embassy—and Hollywood's best were there



(Above) The host and hostess. (Top left and then reading counter clockwise) 1. Mary Nolan and her young husband, Wallace T. McCreary. 2. Jack Oakie decides to do something a little impromptu and directs the orchestra through a dance. 3. Dolores Del Río and her husband, Cedric Gibbons. 4. Jack Oakie and Mrs. James Cagney. Husband James Cagney and Joan Marsh. All in fun. 5. (Left to right) William Janney, Russell Gleason, Mary Brian, William Bakewell, Virginia Bruce and Ben Alexander.

Photographs by International



P O R T R A I T S



Photograph by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Madge Evans lives with her mother in a typical California bungalow. Her only pet is a Pekinese dog. Madge has only one dissatisfaction with life: that people won't forget she was once a child star. She drives a speedy coupe speedily. Her hair is still its natural color: brown. She refuses to have it touched up for the camera. She recently completed "Lovers Courageous" with Robert Montgomery and is now at work on "Are You Listening?"



Photograph by Hal Phye

Helen Mack, the Fox player, recently completed her work in two pictures: "While Paris Sleeps" and "The Silent Witness." Helen admits she's a farmer's daughter. She was born in Rock Island, Illinois. She tried posing for artists and did some gown modeling before entering pictures. Although she can sing and dance well her really driving ambition is to be a brilliant dramatic actress. She claims she's never been in love.



Photograph by Otto Dyar

Paul Lukas, having finished working in "No One Man" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," will next be seen in "Thunder Below," opposite the famous Tallulah Bankhead. Paul is one of the hardest working actors in Hollywood right now. His favorite hobby is flying although the studio tries to forbid its actors from going up in planes. He likes to wink at the girls but his wife knows all about it and doesn't mind—she knows it's only a gag.



Photograph by Bruno

Anna Q. Nilsson has completed her recuperation. Her hip which she injured during a movie scene some years ago is now quite satisfactorily mended. Anna has innumerable friends, and she was always the life of the party—until her accident prevented her from going to parties. Everyone who knows her either intimately or just from her screen work is waiting with great excitement for her certain come-back.



Photograph by Ernest Bachrach

Joel McCrea, who not so long ago completed a swell job in "Lost Squadron," is now hard at work on "Bird of Paradise." This is going to be an important picture directed by King Vidor. Dolores Del Río will be the leading feminine character. Joel has been quoted as saying he doesn't like most Hollywood parties and now he receives noticeably fewer invitations.

He lives quietly with his family in Santa Monica.



Robert Armstrong has been given a new long-term contract by RKO—maybe because of his work in "Panama Flo" and "Lost Squadron." Since his divorce, Robert is one of Hollywood's most steadfast bachelors. He lives in typical bachelor quarters and his only companions are a dog and a cat. Is it possible Armstrong has decided to put women out of his life forever?

MODERN
SCREEN'S



Photograph by William Grimes

UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Dorothy Jordan lives with her mother and her co-ed sister in a nice little beach home. Dot, of course, is extremely popular with all of sister's collegiate friends. But she can't be dashing about to parties all the time because she is studying French and dancing and taking them seriously, too. She has completed "Lost Squadron" and will soon be seen in "Wet Parade."



Photograph by Irving Lippman

Dickey Moore got his start in pictures at the age of eleven months. It was in "The Beloved Rogue," with John Barrymore. He is now six years old and is soon to be starred. Dickey thinks his competitor, Jackie Cooper, is one swell actor. "The Expert" in which Dickey appears, is now being shown. His next is "So Big," the talkie of the Edna Ferber novel.

MODERN
SCREEN'S



UNPOSED PORTRAITS

Linda Watkins has a famous explorer-and-painter uncle—Major Arthur Radcliffe Dugmore. She prefers apartments to houses, having been a New Yorker since she was four weeks old. Her hobby is eating—but she only weighs a hundred and eight. Her next film will be "The Gay Bandit" with George O'Brien. She plays the piano exclusively for her own amusement.

Illustrated by
J. R. FLANAGAN

When Claudette Colbert's mother, Jeanne Loew, was a little girl, a strange visitor came to the Paris home one day. In spite of mama's instructions to let no one in, Jeanne did. She talked with the visitor, gave him a promise, and he kissed her farewell. But—she could not feel his kiss!



THE STARS' WEIRDEST STORIES

DO you believe in ghosts? In the theory of reincarnation—the theory that claims we visit this old earth more than once, bringing with us the traits and talents of those who died long ago? Do you believe in mental telepathy?

If not, how, then, do you explain the man in the caped coat who appeared to Claudette Colbert's mother when she was a little girl . . . the telepathic message flashed to Pauline Frederick . . . the strange words used by the little boy of whom Melvyn Douglas tells . . . the narrow escape and the sign Norma Shearer had . . . ?

Of course, our greatest scientists now admit there is mental telepathy. But ghosts—reincarnation—spiritualism. . . . Probably most of us do not entirely believe in them. We smile and deny—call it “nerves,” “an optical illusion,” “a strange coincidence.” I do not know. If there are such things, there are such things. Some stories

I find none too easily explained. There is, for instance, the story about the ghost in Claudette Colbert's family.

When Claudette's mother, Jeanne Loew, was a little girl of six, she lived in Paris on the top floor of a large house built around a center courtyard. The concierge's window just inside the high iron gates overlooked the little foot walk and the covered cobbled driveway leading to the inside square. The concierge missed no one who came or went. And if visitors didn't stop at his window of their own accord, you may be sure Monsieur Jouly went flying after them.

THE day second cousin Emily came from Alsace to live with the Loews, Jeanne was frightfully excited. Jeanne hoped it wasn't very wicked of her, but she was glad Emily's father had died. She never had seen him, so he wasn't real to her, of course. Too, he had been so ill—had suffered so—that perhaps. . . . And if he hadn't died Emily never would have come to them. There even was talk of the Loews adopting Emily. Then she would be Jeanne's really and truly sister.

Jeanne listened with interest when her mother spoke of her uncle, Emily's father. Of how very ill he had been. Of how hard it had been for him to look out for Emily, particularly after his wife's death. They often had invited him to bring Emily for a visit, it appeared. But he never had come. It was better for one with such a racking cough to remain in the country.

One May morning, when Emily had been with them for several weeks, Madame Loew had to run out to the shops.

“You and Emily wait here,” she instructed Jeanne. “I'll go faster alone. And if you are good, if you

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

Editor's Note:

This is the first in a series of strange stories—stories of actual happenings told by the stars. They will thrill you tremendously, as the supernatural and psychic thrills everyone, even those who scoff at its manifestations. But—remember this: science does not scoff. Science says only, "I do not know," and goes on searching for an explanation!



open the door for no one, I'll bring you sugar drops."

She went downstairs.

"*Bon jour*," she said to the concierge. "I'm going over to the market. The two children are upstairs alone. If anyone comes, have them wait. I shan't be long."

"*Très bien*," replied M. Jouly.

She was gone only a few minutes over a half hour.

"No one came," the concierge told her. She hurried on across the inner court and up the broad curving stairs to her rooms.

"Jeanne!" she called. "Emily!"

BOTH little girls came running into the kitchen where Madame Loew paused in unpacking her market basket to offer them the candy. But Jeanne, surprisingly enough, held back.

"Are you ill, *ma petite*?" asked the mother with quick concern.

Jeanne shook her head. But her bright dark eyes were dejected.

"You said I was to have candy if I was good . . . if I let no one in," she faltered. "And I forgot, mamma. I opened the door. A nice man came. I sent Emily into the kitchen first and—I let him in."

"A man was here while I was away?" Madame Loew was frankly puzzled. The house had no entrance save that guarded by M. Jouly. He must, in truth, be going blind that a man twice could pass unnoticed, going in and going out.

"The man knew about Emily," Jeanne told her.

"*The man knew about Emily!*" Poor Madame Loew was more puzzled than ever. "What did he look like?"

"He was thin. And very high." Jeanne stood descrip-

. . . These supernatural things happened! "Incredible," you say? But can you explain away the strange visitor who came to Claudette Colbert's mother? Norma Shearer's warning? Or Melvyn Douglas' vivid story?

tively on tiptoe. "And his shoulders, mamma, they bent forward as if they were sick. And he had long white hands. And he wore a funny coat. It had a little cape."

Madame Loew was trembling. Exactly so Emily's father, her dead uncle, had looked.

"His eyes? What color were they?" she asked.

"Brown," said Jeanne, "and blue, too. There was a piece of blue in one of them."

Madame Loew knew now that Jeanne was not romancing.

"And what did he say, this man?" she questioned, her uneasiness sharpening her voice.

"He said, 'You have a little sister now, haven't you, Jeanne? Do you like her?' I told him yes, I did, very much. And he said 'Will you keep her with you and be good to her always?'"

"When I promised I would, (*Continued on page 125*)



(From left to right) When the Blondell act was at its height of success. Mr. and Mrs. Blondell started it and when Joan was old enough she augmented it. (Next) Joan at the venerable age of one year. (Next) Joan on her grandmother's lap. Her uncle and aunt are behind and mother and father left.

THE TRUE STORY OF

... Joan's childhood and growing up days had everything—nice home, lovely parents, trips to Europe, a trip to Australia, adventures at school, adventures playing hookey. As gay and colorful as a bunch of balloons

By WALTER RAMSEY

THE Blondells were vaudevillians by right of heritage. Minstrelsy was their birthright, handed down from the days of King Richard, when one David Blondell had been the King's favorite minstrel in the troublesome times of the famous Crusades. Ed Blondell and Katherine Cane, Joan Blondell's father and mother, were neither crusaders, nor clubby with kings, but they carried the gift of making people laugh and passed it on to their three children, Edward, Jr., Joan and Gloria.

At the time of Joan's birth, several years before the arrival of Gloria, the Blondells were at the height of their vaudeville success.

Joan was a gay baby, the true daughter of her care-free, gay-hearted parents. Katherine and Ed Blondell made money, big money, in their successful act, "The Lost Boy"—and spent it generously. It is not part of the heritage of laughing minstrels to think of such bleak things as "a rainy day." No millionaire's children ever greeted the light of day in such comfort as did Joan and her brother, Ed.

A large apartment on Central Park West, a couple of



Joan Blondell is one of the prides of First National these days. She has a nice contract and is well set on the road to stardom.

servants, hansom's at the door, beautiful toys, little fur coats and caps, the bright lights of the theatre (for Ed and Katherine could not bear to leave their children at home alone even for the short duration of their performances), the laughter of happy people backstage, the exciting music from the orchestra pits—all these make up Joan's first impressions of life. Even in her infancy, so accustomed did she become to the excitement and color and noise, that nothing upset her—unless it was stillness



(From left to right) Little Miss Blondell at the age of two years. (Next) A picture of her taken when she was at the seashore. Looks sort of tintypish. (Next) A slightly more informal seashore pose—at four years old. (Next) Joan and her brother and mother. The driver is a neighboring swain.

JOAN BLONDELL



At ten, Joan was playing in her parents' vaudeville act. At thirteen she went to school for a while. At fifteen she went to New Zealand.

and silence. She was never so good a baby as when she was asleep in the drawing-room of a speeding train, with the clickety-click of the wheels singing her a lullaby. Even now she can sleep better on moving trains than any place else.

JOAN'S first trip to Europe was made at the age of seven months, when the Blondells took their act on a tour of the Continent. But London, Paris or Berlin . . .

the place made no difference to the infant Joan so long as there was orchestra music and trains and excitement.

The memories of her life from her third to her sixth year are a blur of different towns, different nurses, different grown-ups and no children at all, except her brother, who was her only playmate. "Yet," Joan told me, "no kid in the world ever had grander playmates than I did. I remember my sixth birthday—we were en route to Australia with the act. Aboard were such famous entertainers as Trixie Friganza, Paderewski, Fred Niblo (then in vaudeville), Al Jolson, The Dolly Sisters and the Singer's Midgets. Life on the boat was just one mad whirl. Costume parties, marvelous entertainment by these world-famous performers. Yes, and there was kid Joan herself right in the midst of the fray, begging to get in the excitement and being petted and amused and entertained by the stars themselves.

"When my birthday rolled around all of them gave me toys . . . and *what* toys! Al Jolson, who didn't have a suitable gift for a kid right on hand, presented me with a manicure set. I spent the rest of the day giving manicures to the other stars at five cents the ruined cuticle! When I look back on it all I don't see how it is possible for people to be any happier than theatre folks."

The Blondells returned to America when Joan was about seven, and Ed, Jr., nine. Shortly after, Gloria was born into the merry group, and during the temporary retirement of their mother, Joan and Ed formed the habit of attending afternoon picture shows. The movies delighted Joan. Most of the plots were lovely and sad, with Mary Pickford or Lillian Gish agonizing over something in connection with a "baby." The baby had no father . . . the baby was always starving, or something.

JOAN'S vivid imagination dwelt on a pitiful, orphaned infant; she, too, must have a helpless little baby to care and fight for. And for lack of anyone better suited for the rôle, her brother (older than Joan) unknowingly became her "little son." "Mother" Joan and her "son" would visit the department stores—the cheaper ones, in keeping with her allowance—and there she would painstakingly outfit him in woolen caps and sweaters . . . to keep the little fellow warm. Eddie's protests that he was smothering to death were of no avail; Joan would merely



(Left) Joan and brother Ed in what was then a smart car. (Center) Joan and brother Ed in what was then a smart bath tub. (Right) Joan and her brother Ed in Central Park near upper Central Park West.

look sad and timorously investigate as to whether or not she had enough money to buy him a glass of milk to "ward off starvation." "I tell you I'm not hungry!" Ed would yell. But Joan never minded. Of course, this little orphan *must* be on the point of starvation!

When Joan was a little past seven her parents began to worry about her schooling. When baby Gloria needed less exacting care, Mrs. Blondell rejoined the act. A year of one-week vaudeville bookings faced them. There were no near relatives with whom they could at that time conveniently arrange to leave Joan to assure her of an uninterrupted school term, so Dad Blondell arranged to get a permit that would allow her to attend classes for a week in each of the different towns where the act was to play.

At first Joan loathed the school routine. But after a month or two of one-week-stops in classrooms she began to look upon the other children not as classmates, but as a varying audience who thrilled to the tales of her gypsy life, and envied her. She manufactured elaborate tales and was gratified to notice that even the teachers were mildly impressed. Only once did her poise desert her. It was the consummation of a hastily eaten luncheon consisting of an ice cream cone with a dill pickle stuck in the middle, and Joan suffered from a plain, old-fashioned stomach ache. Amazed and embarrassed at her plebeian reaction, Joan carefully explained to the teacher: "I got a serious disease in the jungle when traveling with my father and every so often I have spells of throwing up." In view of this serious complaint she was invited not to return to the school!

WHEN Joan was ten she started her stage career with her father's act. It was a highly interrupted initiation into the theatre, as she could work only in those towns that permitted minor performers. No one ever railed against union laws as much as did Joan in the weeks she was ruled "off." Her part of the act was to imitate different people on the bill, do a gypsy dance and sing a song or two. She informed her father that she didn't care if she *never* saw another school again, but instead of having the desired result, this alarmed Blondell to the point where he took Joan back to New York, arranged for her to live with friends in Flatbush, Brooklyn, and insisted that she have a year of uninterrupted schooling.

She was enrolled in P. S. 139 and proceeded to be a plague to the teachers. Football and baseball were her chief activities, though she alternated this tomboy personality with such a quick change into beribboned and becurled femininity that half the boys in school fell in love with her. "At that time," she says, "I couldn't make up my mind whether I wanted to be a big out-door type or a clinging vine. So I tried both."

At the end of the year, the wandering Blondells found that they were billed for about six months along the coast of California, so they transferred Joan to Venice, California, where at the age of going-on-thirteen she became a student in the Venice School.

It was here that love came into her life in the person of Johnny Kenny, president of the eighth grade class, who was to figure in one of the most delightfully humorous incidents of Joan's life.

Joan thought that the innocent automobile riding in which some of the students indulged would be the zenith of daring. So after a few carefully dropped hints in Johnny's direction, it was decided that he was to "borrow" his father's car for the purpose of an unchaperoned motor-jant. Johnny's father consented to this experiment in evening motoring only on the condition that Johnny return the car in fifteen minutes and not get off the main street. Never did two people enter a motor with such fear and trepidation as Joan and Johnny. "I guess it's all right though," comforted Joan. "We are going to be married when we grow up." "Sure!" echoed Johnny.

THEY had driven about three blocks away from the house when Johnny timidly inquired, "What do we do now?" Joan's mind harkened back to the gossip she had heard at school recess.

"I think we pull up to the curb and park," she suggested. "And then I think you . . . you kiss me." (Blushes.)

They parked. Johnny politely kissed her. That was the first time. The second time wasn't so polite. The third time she began to have a hunch he liked it. The fourth time she was convinced. "Stop!" shouted Joan. Before the amazed young man could gather his wits, Joan had opened the door and was running down the road.

Suddenly Joan's movie observations had flashed through her mind. Hadn't Lillian Gish and Mary Pickford al-

At fourteen a boy friend gave Joan a puppy-love kiss—



Joan's fifth anniversary. You can't fail to spot her. Ed is immediately to the left. That's one thing that hasn't changed—the style in paper caps. (Right) Joan and Ed on the roof of their home on the West Side.

ways been kissed just like that before the screen went black in a “fade out”—and when they “faded in” again, was not Mary or Lillian always discovered pressing a baby to her breast? Ah, innocence!

Finally Johnny, running fast, overtook Joan. “What’s the matter?” he asked.

“We got to pray, Johnny,” whispered Joan. “We got to pray hard.”

“What for?”

“We got to pray about our sin,” Joan answered with awe in her young voice.

Tragically Joan dropped to her knees and pulled the amazed Johnny with her. They returned home in silence and all night Joan lay awake contemplating the situation! The next day she learned that Johnny’s father and mother had taken him away on a two-week vacation for the holidays.

There! That proved she was a betrayed girl! The man in the movies always left town and the sorrowing heroine stayed behind.

Katherine Palmer, whose father was a doctor, was one of Joan’s most intimate friends. The day Joan and Katherine came to the conclusion that Joan was to become a mother, they poured over medical books for hours discovering the correct procedure for expectant mothers. It was decided that Joan’s diet should consist of lots of lettuce, radishes and fresh vegetables, and that she should keep a watchful eye on her weight. Accordingly, she stuffed plenty of green vegetables down her throat—and stopped at every weighing machine she passed. They also decided that one of Joan’s mother’s old black dresses would be most appropriate for the maternity gown. Three days later Johnny returned to town because his sister had become ill. Joan frantically called the house insisting that she must see him. It mildly disconcerted her that he seemed delighted at the prospect. In the movies the men had always been nasty about seeing Lillian Gish.

NEVER for a moment losing sight of the drama of the situation, she requested that Johnny drive by for her and take her to the same spot they had been the night he kissed her. It took them some time to find the identical spot—but Joan insisted on it. When the scene was all set, and following a heavily dramatic pause, Joan

announced: “We are going to have a baby!”

“Who is?” asked Johnny.

“We are! You and me.”

Whereupon Johnny acted not at all like the men in the movies. He threw back his head and laughed. He laughed so hard that passing motorists laughed in sympathy. The louder he laughed, the harder Joan cried.

“You wouldn’t be laughing if you’d eaten as much spinach as I have,” Joan wailed.

It was then that Joan quietly and gently was told about “the facts of life” by a fifteen-year-old boy who has remained her friend to this day. “It may not have been as scientifically put as the dear little story about the birds and the bees,” says Joan. “But it was a lot more sensible and beneficial for the ignorant little kid I was.”

But neither Johnny nor California remained much longer in Joan’s life—for Ed Blondell’s vaudeville engagements were completed and once more the family went on “the big hike.”

It was Brooklyn, this time, and a short semester in Erasmus Hall for Joan. There she learned how to smoke cigarettes—and how to ditch school successfully.

IN time Joan’s unruly conduct had the desired effect on her family. They were afraid to go away and leave her, so they consented to take her on their tour through Honolulu, Australia and New Zealand.

Honolulu she remembers for the glory of its white beach . . . the pretty little native girls with their strumming ukuleles . . . and the time she herself decided to “go native” and ran through the rice fields clad only in a brassiere and a shredded-wheat skirt.

Australia . . . for another kid romance with the son of a hotel manager. Billy Sims was his name and he didn’t approve of tomboys. For his sake Joan went radically feminine, tying pink and blue satin bows in her hair and seeming to dote on afternoon teas.

New Zealand . . . for the beautiful little town of Christ Church. “I have seen many lovely places, but never one as lovely as that quaint little town,” says Joan.

At the end of the tour, the Blondells returned to America. Prosperous and carefree days for the roving Blondell family were over, and with their end, terminated Joan’s childhood. After thirty- (Continued on page 117)

and Joan, the innocent, thought she was a “roo-ined woman”

KID PARTY



(Above) The Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye and his wife, the Marquise de la Coudraye de la Constance Bennett. Doesn't Hank look funny? And Connie cute? (Right) Joan Crawford's sun-flower bonnet is effective.



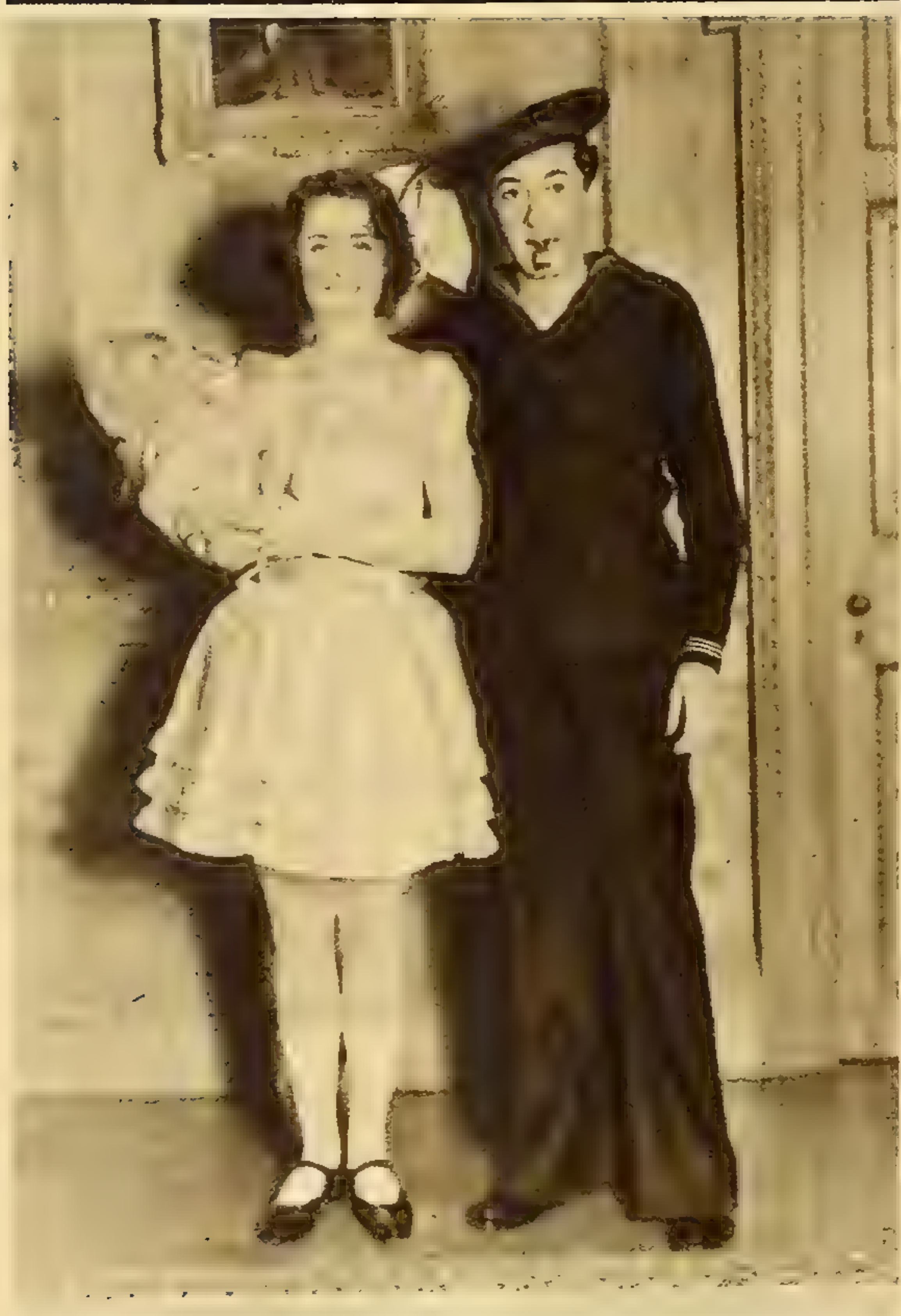


. . . Come to Marion Davies' party and get the thrill of seeing the movie stars dressed up as kids. These pictures are exclusive to
MODERN SCREEN



(Left) Meet Master Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., the pride of Eton or something-or-other. (Above) That boy looks awful big for his age—yes, it's the irrepressible Bill Haines. And doesn't hostess Marion Davies look awfully charming?

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg and Constance Bennett (right) at the Marion Davies' Kid Party recently held in Hollywood, California.



(Above) That little girl with the teddy-bear is Mrs. Norma Shearer Thalberg. And that's sailor-boy Thalberg with her. Awfully young to be married, aren't they?



Remember Aileen Pringle? She hasn't been seen on the screen recently, but she's looking well and happy, thank you. The apparent rube is Matt Moore of THE Moores.



We are good little sisters three,
Norma, Constance and Natalie.
Talmadge is the last name,
everybody—as if you didn't
know, you movie fan.



(Above) Orchestra leader,
kindly play the "Parade of
the Wooden Soldiers," while
Doug Fairbanks, Jr., Joan
Crawford and Bill Haines do
their original dance.

(Right) This little lady told you
all about poise in our last issue.
Remember? Karen Morley is
her name. The chap with her
is Robert Brahm. See the
nice lollipops?



(Right) With Nancy Carroll in "Wayward." This was made in the Paramount Long Island studios—and was the first picture which Dick had ever made there. His wife, Jobyna Ralston (with him on opposite page), accompanied him to New York and they had a high old time seeing the city and old friends.



IF YOU MET

By FAITH
BALDWIN

THIS good-looking young man who was born in the South and who was reared in the West and whose own life, background, struggles, success and romance are

as exciting as any motion picture in which he was ever played, is a regular person.

He is a person who should, and I believe does, have a singularly intelligent understanding of the rôles he plays because of the varied experiences of his own life and his capacity for meeting people on a basis of comradely interest. He is one of the few stage or screen representatives who appears genuinely interested in the other fellow's life, interests and opinions.

This is, I think, because his own life has not been confined to a rut and his education has been broad, both academically and in experience. It includes St. Thomas College at St. Paul, a spell of war education as a member of the colorful Royal Flying Corps, a brokerage office, swimming instructor at the St. Paul Athletic Club, and hockey player on the Club's team. It includes also the oil fields of Texas, and then the round of job seeking in Hollywood. That last-named phase of his life differed a little from the usual experience of Hollywood aspirants in that his first job, after numerous privations, was in the

... In previous MODERN SCREEN issues, this famous writer has proven her ability to write of the movie people so vividly that you feel you know them intimately. Herein she does it once again



RICHARD ARLEN —

film laboratory rather than as an extra and that his first extra work actually came about through a motorcycle accident which landed him in the Paramount Hospital with a broken leg.

RICHARD ARLEN has not permitted success to put him on a pedestal of his own making. He doesn't forget people. Mention someone who "knew him when" and his face lights up and he wants to know all about him. He's as excited at hearing the name of a chance acquaintance of years ago as a small boy is when he discovers an adventure. He says, "Gosh, do you know So-and-So? Where'd you meet him? Where is he now, what's he doing?" And he shouts across the table at his wife, "Look here, Joby—she knows my old friend Whosit!"

It's a refreshing characteristic when you consider that most people who have arrived—when you mention the name Bill Smith to them—are apt to raise an eyebrow and drawl, with languor, "Smith? Smith? I'm afraid I don't recall—you see, I meet so many people!"

It is this very eagerness and receptiveness of Richard Arlen which will probably make the way a little hard for him. Anybody as interested in life, as willing to listen to the other person, anybody not set with absolute single mindedness and ruthlessness upon his own concerns, is apt to be imposed upon.

Richard Arlen has played parts which, I fancy, he

hasn't liked and I fancy, also, that he has made the best of them without much kick, not from lack of character but from the promptings of an excellent and perhaps philosophical disposition. I cannot imagine him indulging in those bursts of temperament which distinguish many of our male, as well as our female stars and winning his own way through sheer wilfulness. He has, for one thing, too keen a sense of humor and would probably howl with laughter at himself in the middle of a temperamental antic.

It has been said of him in almost every article written about him that he is "likeable." This is perfectly true. He is likeable. It is a character trait, an integral part of his personality, that immediately calls itself to the attention and endears itself to the heart of the person who meets him. But to call him "likeable" and leave it at that is to damn him with faint praise. A likeable person is a jolly social or business asset, but if he stops at being just likeable he's apt not to be taken very seriously.

UNDERNEATH all the amiable likeability of his, Richard Arlen is a very definite person; a person, if I may use a current and not particularly romantic phrase, with guts. It took guts to do all he's done. It took guts to face failure at the top of success and to keep *on* keeping on, instead of giving up. To be sure, he attributes the incentive to carry on to the girl who afterwards became his wife—Jobyna (*Continued on page 122*)



SECRETS

Here's how they do it:

By being a good listener. Almost all of the stars agree on that.

By developing a charming personality—a delightful and charming personality is more important than beauty.

By acquiring mental, spiritual and physical health and well-being.



(Right) Jean Harlow has some very interesting things to say about the art of being attractive to men. One of them is care with make-up. Don't let it be obvious. (On the opposite page, reading counter clockwise) Joan Crawford thinks that a man likes a woman who knows her own mind. Sylvia Sidney says attractiveness depends on color. Kay Francis believes that health—not only physical, but mental and spiritual as well—is one of the best assets for attractiveness. Carole Lombard advises a complete course in naturalness in order to evoke interest from men. Dorothy Mackaill believes successful romance depends on leisure.



OF FASCINATION

If you want to learn how to be attractive to men, ask a movie star

BE a good listener!" That, in the unanimous opinion of some of the screen's most successful sirens, is the first rule a woman must learn if she wishes to be attractive to men. (And what woman, for goodness' sake, doesn't?)

These women should know. They are acknowledged to be among the most fascinating women in the world. They are paid fabulous sums for portraying alluring ladies on the screen.

And every one of them, when I asked her, laid down as rule number one, that trite, old-fashioned, well-known-to-our-grandmothers axiom. "Be a good listener! Encourage him to talk about himself and convince him that, to you, that is the most engrossing and important subject in the entire universe. He'll love it. Moreover, he will consider you not only a charming woman but also one of surpassing intelligence and keen perspicacity. He will also consider you beautiful. An interested, listening expression is the most becoming thing a woman can wear—and if she is convincing about it, she will probably never be able to drive the man away from her side!"

You see, our grandmothers weren't so dumb!

But you have to be clever about all this. Norma Shearer, whose sleek, suave charm is one of her greatest assets on the screen and who is, besides, a particularly successful wife in private life, puts it tersely.

TRY to be *really* interested in a man, in his affairs and in his opinions. If he is worth your efforts, then he is too smart, himself, to be fooled very long by pure pretense. He will see through you. And nothing disgusts a man more than a woman whose efforts to attract him are transparently false.

"Try to be intelligent enough not to be too smart. No man enjoys the company of a woman who knows more

By HELEN
LOUISE
WALKER

than he does and who is aggressive about it. He likes her to be intelligent enough to understand the weighty things he is telling her, intelligent enough to appreciate his superiority—but not intelligent enough to threaten it!

"Physical appearance is relatively unimportant. Beauty, well-chosen clothes, grooming attract a man's attention at first meeting, of course. Grooming is especially important! But a plain woman with a sparkling, friendly personality has more chance of winning and holding a man's interest than does the empty-headed little beauty whose exquisite features and flower-petal coloring attract him at first glance.

"Personality can be cultivated.

"Men like a woman with a sense of humor. Not a devastating, caustic wit. But an appreciation of funny things, the ability to laugh. It makes for tolerance and good fellowship and fun. It makes a woman a good companion. But—remember—laugh *with* him. Don't ever laugh *at* him!

"I used to think, before I was married to Irving, that a woman should use all sorts of artifices to catch and hold a man's interest. I thought she should be capricious and hard to please, that she should make him jealous, that she should never let him be too sure of her. I have discarded most of my old theories.

"I think now that the best thing a woman can do, if she wants to hold a man, is to make him depend on her. The woman who can make a man comfortable, put him at his ease, give him a sense of peace and well-being—has a better chance of permanent happiness with him than all the exotic, capricious, expensively alluring women!"

DOROTHY MACKAILL reminds you that settings and costumes are of the utmost importance in these matters. Men are very susceptible to these things.



Lucille Gleason has a curious and amusing theory. She thinks a lazy woman gets along better with men than any other kind. And she has a good reason.



Norma Shearer thinks that the secret of attracting a man is in being really interested in the things which interest him. Really interested—not just pretending.



Marian Marsh has a pretty good idea of one way to be attractive to men. And that is never to be mercenary. To be interested in him for himself.

"You need leisure for successful romance," she said, dreamily. "You cannot do it justice if you are pre-occupied with other things. You have to concentrate on it. That's why the girl with a career is so hampered.

"It is like the enjoyment of poetry. You must have time to savor it, to study it, to cultivate it. It is a very engrossing matter!

"Environment has so much to do with the attraction between two people. That is why you hear of 'summer flirtations' and 'steamship love affairs.' People get away, out of their workaday routines, into new and romantic surroundings and they find themselves interested in people they might never have noticed at home. That is why the visiting girl receives so much attention. She is new and mysterious.

"If you can't go traveling, you can at least pay attention to your settings at home. Make your background, your apartment or your home, interesting. Select your clothes for interesting effects. A woman changes her personality subtly with her frock. Try to put as much novelty into your various costumes as you can. Vary your personality with clothes, make-up, hats and so on. You've no idea, until you try, how much romance you can suggest by the tilt of a hat brim!"

Dorothy should know. She recently found romance—and marriage—in far away, languorous Honolulu—a romantic setting, indeed!

Sylvia Sidney added to the discussion of costumes by putting emphasis on color.

"Men are very sensitive to color," she remarked, "although very few of them can name any of the more subtle shades. Women should try to be as feminine as possible—that is, as different from men as they can. Men's clothes are drab and conventional and utilitarian. And they enjoy seeing women in frilly clothes—soft, clinging, fragile things of delicate hues.

"Most men do *not* like hard, brilliant colors—bright reds or greens or blues. But they do like soft shades of rose, mauve or blue. Make your clothes suggest daintiness, helplessness and dependence. You can do it with line, material and color."

Oddly enough, Kay Francis, who is considered one of the most smartly dressed women in Hollywood, feels that

clothes are unimportant in this pursuit of the male by the female.

"Health is what counts," she averred, stoutly. "I mean all kinds of health. Mental and physical and spiritual. There is nothing so attractive as a person who is strong and clean and clear-eyed—a person who has enough rest, enough exercise out of doors in the sunshine, the right things to eat—a person who leads a well-balanced existence. A woman who takes sensible care of herself possesses vigor and vitality and magnetism which are priceless.

MENTAL health is important if you wish to be charming. I mean a decent, kindly, common sense attitude toward life and toward people. You exercise your brain by thinking healthy thoughts just as you exercise your body by playing tennis. Don't let yourself be morbid or irritable or complaining. Don't let yourself carp or criticize unkindly or be unsportsmanlike. It will show in your face and in your conversation and will destroy your charm faster than age or bodily ill health can ever do.

"Study the man you wish to attract and then try to be what you think he would like you to be. I don't mean to pretend. I mean actually try to be the sort of person he admires. Any woman can do that if she tries. It is our heritage and it is age-old—that knack. Women have been perfecting themselves in the art of making themselves over to please the men they loved for ten thousand years. But it still takes study!"

Marian Marsh says, "If you want to be truly popular with men—if you want to be the kind of girl who has dozens of admirers—then don't, for goodness' sake, be *mercenary*! The girl who is really popular is the one who seems to have just as much fun when she goes for a drive in the country and lunches at a hot dog stand as she does when she goes, decked in orchids, to the theatre and an expensive night club.

"She not only has fun when a man takes her out but she sees to it that he enjoys himself, too. Her attitude assures him that whatever he does for her gives her pleasure. Every real belle knows these things. She never spurns the attention of unattractive men because the attractive ones, looking on, are (Continued on page 118)

SNOW IN HOLLYWOOD— ACTUALLY!



(Above) Judith Wood sampling some of California's unexpected whiteness. (Right) Richard Arlen has seen and played with snow before—but not in (sunny) California.

. . . The age of miracles is not yet over. But can you imagine the embarrassment of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce?



(Above) Juliette Compton made that snow man all by her little self. Not bad for the first time, eh? (Below) What Hollywood Boulevard looked like that morning.



No matter where this girl goes, no matter what she wears, no matter how much she denies it—people insist that she is Greta Garbo. Perhaps you think you'd be flattered—if people pointed you out as being the great Greta. But supposing it interfered with your work, your very life? Suppose it became a menace?

WHY I HATE GARBO

"Wherever I go, whatever I do, the whisper of 'Garbo!' taunts me," says the author.



By EVELYN GERSTEIN

ONCE upon a time, B. G. (my life is divided into two periods, *before* and *after Garbo*), I did have an identity of my own. As a movie critic and dramatic editor of a Boston newspaper, my opinions on life and art, the theatre and the movies, were taken seriously, and I had friends who liked me despite all that. But that, as I said, was B. G. and the copy boy who first announced my fatal likeness to Garbo, had not yet discovered it.

It came on me slowly; at first it was a still, small voice

telling of a resemblance in eyes and mouth. At first I was thrilled, as any one would have been, but that was because I didn't realize the import of all this. People had always liked me to talk to before that; now they began to look at me. And I assure you that when the American public likes to look, it doesn't know when to stop. So that without being a celebrity at all, I have lived the life of the hunted the past three years, a hunt that climaxed itself with the recent visit of La Garbo to New York.

Before then, there had always been a slight suggestion of doubt in the minds, though not in the eyes, of the saleswomen who insisted on bringing me Garbo hats and arraying me in Garbo velvets; and even when men in the subway gave me a seat, they were a little more puzzled than positive. I say all this in utter seriousness, the facts are more amazing than

any exaggeration could possibly be.

Friends who used to delight in my wisecracks and my honesty began to look at me strangely; they didn't quite trust my motives now. The screen image of Garbo had replaced the "me" in their imaginations. New men whom I met prepared for languors and when there were none, they forgot me. I was told that I had the glamor that Garbo, off-screen, lacked. And I, as a definite person, slowly evaporated. I became the New York incarnation, and street car conductors, brokers, cooks and movie extras deferred to me and continued to stare. Ladies who would never have shown interest in me suddenly invited me to teas to serve as the *pièce de resistance* along with the

... This, indeed, is one of the most unique stories we have ever printed. The story of a girl who resembles Garbo and whose manner of living—quite against her will—has been amazingly changed by this uncanny physical resemblance

French pastry—with the comment—"Garbo— isn't it uncanny?"

I USED to think that people liked me for myself, that they invited me to parties because they enjoyed my company; now I know better, it is only because I suggest Garbo and they can look at me as if I were in a frame. Wherever I go, whatever I do, whomever I meet, I am always introduced as "Greta." They think it is "cute" to do so—no matter how much I insist that I prefer my own name and identity.

A friend of mine gave a party for me last year, at least I thought it was for me until I arrived; then I discovered it was only to put over a hoax on his friends and introduce me as if I really were Garbo. I danced with a prominent politician whose conversation was charming: "Miss Garbo—it certainly is good to know that there are still some people in Hollywood with the clean reputation that you've got." I demurred, still dancing. "But it's awfully hard in a town like Hollywood," I said. "You're certainly right, Miss Garbo, but you seem to have done it!"

Now, how could I disillusion so quaint a gentleman? We danced on, it was all utterly serious and even my native Boston accent did nothing to dispell the illusion. The next man I danced with murmured about it's being "something to tell to his grandchildren, this dance." I couldn't believe that they meant it. But they did. Nothing I said could convince them I wasn't Garbo.

ALTHOUGH I have not changed my way of wearing my hair for years, I am always accused of aping the Garbo bob, even though she changes hers to suit her mood. And even my Boston accent, a thing that no Garbo could have, has not deterred them. "Oh, movie stars always put on those accents," one saleswoman who believed, insisted.

If there was any thrill at the outset, there is none now. I have been forced to change my entire mode of living; it is now impossible for me to ride in street cars or subways, and taxis are expensive. When I go to the hair dresser's or the manicurist's, the girls line up at the door

to stare and disbelieve. I have acquired a horror of first nights and Broadway at any time; of all the restaurants that I used to frequent where the rumor thunders along with me; and I must avoid all places where crowds gather. It seems to be the one score on which fashionable speak-easies and the Automat agree; and the look that pursues me is the same whether it comes at me over a baked apple in a lunch wagon or a lobster bisque at the Ritz, from the eyes of a senator's wife or a nursemaid in Central Park. Wherever I go, whatever I do, the whisper of "Garbo" taunts me.

I try to buy five dollar hats and six dollar dresses in little shops off the Avenue, but no one will show them to me; when I plead economy, the saleswomen smile enigmatically and insist on *creations* for me. At least three saleswomen always try to sell me a hat and the buyer insists on meeting me first hand. But I, unfortunately, have to pay the bills, and it is difficult to resist their pleas.

If I occasionally go to social functions or see friends off on the boat to Europe, the news photographers run after me and stories are bruited about that Garbo is "being seen around." I studiously avoid seeing her films or discussing her, but wherever I am, the talk inevitably drifts back to her. I have always liked black velvet dresses, but the last one I bought was in some strange way almost duplicated in one of her films two months later. I shall never be able to wear black velvet again.

THIS summer I tired of the struggle to convince editors in person that my ambitions were literary, not talkie; they smiled good humoredly, and assured me that any one who looked as I did, didn't have to bother to think or to write. I retired to the country. The first week there was the only respite I shall probably ever have until Garbo retires. Then I went to Stamford to visit the local department stores, and the old song and dance resumed its pace. Within a few days, the word had got about, and with the help of the grocer's boy who delivered my orders, the neighbors began to invade my privacy, and I was again in demand for the same old round of teas—not because any one was interested in me, but so that they could announce, with acclaim, "Folks, meet Greta." If Garbo hates publicity, I don't blame her. But why must I who am not Garbo, be pursued by hers?

But all this is really only a prelude to what happened to me when Garbo was in New York. Then there was no longer any doubt that I was she. I am quite sure that half of the population that thinks it saw Greta in New York really were only seeing me. I stood on an Elevated platform at Fiftieth Street on one of those days, waiting for a train. Suddenly the newsdealer on the downtown side bellowed across the tracks to the man in the booth on the uptown side, "Greta Garbo's over here." The word was magic, the crowd began to gather, and although I shrank into my coat collar, the stares precipitated themselves through even that defense, and it was only the swift arrival of the train that saved me from being mobbed. I got off at Macy's and two women pursued me the length of the first floor to the book department, and as they pursued, the word was broadcast so that I had to slip out of the Thirty-fourth Street door to avoid a riot.

At the Modern Museum, the boy at the desk murmured, "That's Garbo," and the stares redoubled. At a concert in Carnegie Hall, I stood up because I couldn't get a seat, and rested on the steps in the intermissions. When I returned to my improvised seat after the first half of the concert there was a near riot because a stout communist, acting on principle, had usurped my seat and a group of college boys were informing him that that was Miss Garbo's seat, and didn't he know who Miss Garbo was, etc.? The man who would, no doubt, have been delighted to give me the seat had he known that I was quite as impoverished as he, blandly (Continued on page 97)

THE INSIDE STORY OF "GRAND HOTEL"



Joan Crawford rehearsing a scene with Purnell Pratt, Murray Kinnell, Edwin Maxwell, Tully Marshall and Wallace Beery.

John Barrymore, Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone waiting for the director's call between scenes. John is playing the Baron, Lionel the accountant, Kringlein, and Lewis Stone, the doctor.



By WALTER RAMSEY

GRAND HOTEL" is the most discussed production ever to be made in a Hollywood studio.

Vicki Baum's episodic novel of a few hours of life in a great continental hotel has been sensational since the advent of her book two years ago. As a play it enjoyed a long and successful run of a year and a half in New York. Newspapers throughout the country ran the story in serial form for the interest of thousands of readers. Now as a motion picture it bids fair to eclipse all previous records.

Even without the background of the great story the cast alone is enough to inspire awe. Greta Garbo . . . John Barrymore . . . Joan Crawford . . . Wallace Beery . . . Lionel Barrymore. These are names that are bonfires of interest even when carrying a production *alone*.

As a production, "Grand Hotel" is tremendous. The lobby set alone extends over two sound stages on the M-G-M lot; the greatest technical experts available have been contracted to assist director Edmund Goulding in the big and little details of continental atmosphere that mean so much; the smallest extra rôle has been cast with the care usually afforded a hand-picked supporting cast; Vicki Baum and Goulding worked on the script three months before the picture approached production.

Yet, granting the magnitude of the actual film itself which, it is said, will usher in a new star era of motion pictures, it is the inside stories brimming over with irony, heartbreak, fraught with intense humanness, back of the



John and Lionel Barrymore and Lewis Stone in the gambling sequence (above). (Right) We'll give you three guesses as to who this lovely creature with the soulful eyes is. She plays the part of the dancer, Grusinskaya.





(Above) Director Edmund Goulding watching Joan Crawford and Wallace Beery rehearse a scene. (Right) And here is the scene as you will see it on the screen.



Jean Hersholt, who wanted to play the rôle which was assigned to Beery, was finally given the part of Senf, Grand Hotel employee.



Lewis Stone, that superb actor, was given that small part of the shell-shocked doctor.

... Modern Screen brings you—straight from the M-G-M lot—the absolute low-down on the clashes of temperament in this amazing all-star production

First, the story of Greta Garbo and John Gilbert.

For months, as the script was being prepared, it was believed that these two great stars who had written screen history together would be reunited in another great romance on the silver screen. But it never came to pass.

And then whispers were heard—that Garbo, whose say-so is law, had flatly refused to play opposite Gilbert, her former co-star and great romance. She had the power in the palm of her hand to do much toward restoring the former prestige of the man who had so ardently loved her.

It was believed that Gilbert was on tiptoe to play the rôle of the Baron . . . that he welcomed the chance to appear once again with the woman with whom he had scaled the heights of movie glory. But, it was said, if Gilbert appeared in the film that might mean so much to his tottering career, Garbo refused to be in the cast! That was the story.

But for once the true story was far, far more dramatic and arresting than the one conjured up by these Hollywood know-alls.

Greta Garbo not only wanted John Gilbert for her screen lover in "Grand Hotel" . . . she begged that he be given the rôle! She saw in the rôle of the Baron a great opportunity for the man who had once done so much toward enhancing her own glory. In discussing the part with Edmund Goulding, she constantly referred to the part of the Baron as "John." "He will be happy in this part," she is quoted as saying. "He will be himself again. It has everything for him . . . and he for it." The contemplation of Gilbert in the rôle made Greta happier with her own part of Grusinskaya, the dancer.

Although the rôle seemingly fitted Gilbert to perfection, it had previously been decided by the studio that no actor would be cast in "Grand Hotel" without a test. Yet something, perhaps a misplaced pride, made Gilbert appear indifferent when he was broached by Goulding on the subject of tests. At any rate, the fact remains that when Gilbert finally did consent to make the tests, they were listless and unworthy examples of the splendid work he is capable of doing!

Director Goulding, the studio executives and Garbo were surprised. It was agreed that other tests should be made of Gilbert. But for some unaccountable reason these, too, were unsuccessful. Rumors that John Barrymore was the choice for the Baron began to be circulated and that the part would be offered him if a previous contract permitted him to accept. It was then that Greta began to give typical Garbo-esque signs of balking on the production. "Ah ha!" said Hollywood, ignorant of the real story. "Garbo would not have Gilbert . . . she prefers Barrymore."

(Continued on page 93)

filmization of "Grand Hotel," that are overpowering in their drama.

"Grand Hotel" is many stories within a story. There is the story of Grusinskaya, the fame-weary dancer who found only age at the end of her glory road; of Kringlein, the pain-wracked accountant, pitifully searching for life before death overtakes him; of the romantic Baron—gentleman, crook and lover of Grusinskaya; of Preysing, the pompous German financier who comes to the "Grand Hotel" in search of backing for his tottering mills; of Flammchen, the little stenographer.

BUT let us look behind the curtains at the incidental stories of the real people in this drama.

WHY THEY'RE STILL PALS

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

THERE certainly is something between these two—Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor. Lovers on the screen, they deny, the studio executives deny, their friends and their respective husband and wife—all deny that off the set there is any romance between them.

Yet if it is not romance, what is it that hovers between this man and this girl? The deep sympathy, the understanding they share, vibrates so that even a casual outsider cannot help being instantly aware of it upon seeing them together.

Not long ago, I determined to fathom the Farrell-Gaynor mystery. And I succeeded. I know the answer and when I tell you, you will laugh and perhaps at first shrug your shoulders in disbelief.

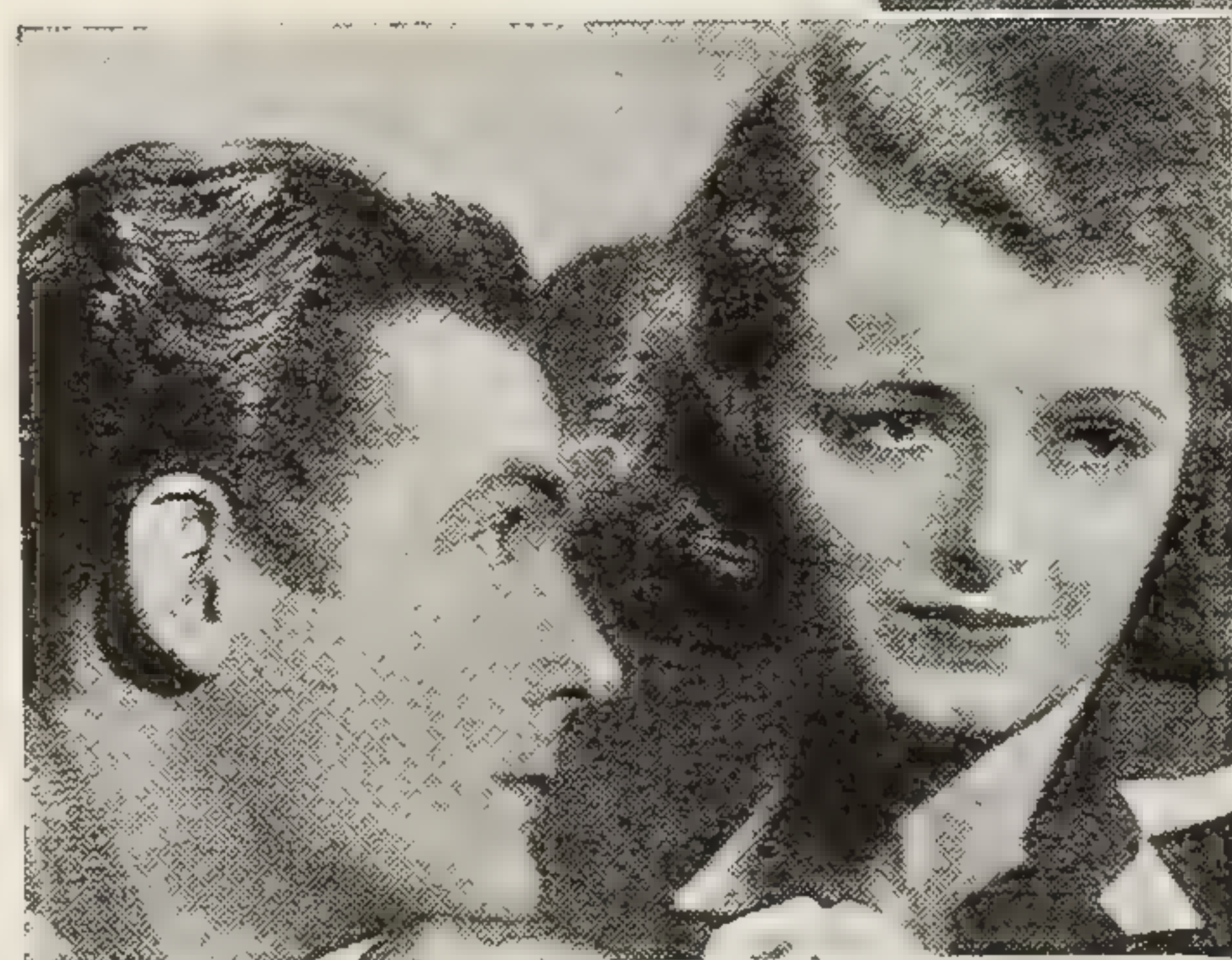
Yet the simple truth is that Janet and Charley are friends. They are the living proof that a genuine friendship can exist between two people of the opposite sex.

As I watched them across the after-luncheon coffee cups I could not but note the fact that Charles Farrell is intensely, unmistakably masculine for all his gentleness, while Janet is as feminine as a pink eiderdown powder puff, and acknowledge to myself that this may have something to do with the lasting, balanced quality of their friendship. But sex, I decided, strictly speaking, most certainly does not enter into their relationship. Nothing in the world is so rare and so precious as a genuine friendship and in this case it so happens that both friends work in the same place. Their job is a joint job and they love the job and their happiness in doing it together shows plainly on the silver screen.

COME on now, tell me!" I persisted, following up an earlier remark to Charles. "Just how do you two succeed in remaining such good friends after each of you has married? What is this secret something which binds you together and is so apparent that your fans can't get the idea out of their heads that there must be a love affair behind it?" Farrell (by the way, Janet always calls him Farrell—just the last name!) threw back his head and laughed boyishly.

"Listen!" he said. "Did you ever see two dancing-partners who would rather dance together than with anybody else? Who knew each other's rhythm, routine and balance perfectly? Who unhesitatingly followed the slightest hint from the other? Well, that's us! We play into each other's hands instinctively. That's one thing which keeps us friends—our work synchronizes without effort!"

"And there is no such thing as professional jealousy between us," Janet chimed in. "That comparison to a



"I wouldn't be any good without Janet," says Charley, speaking of his film work. "Nonsense," replies Janet. "I'm the one who feels like a cat in a strange garret without you, Farrell."

pair of dancers is a good one. The audience senses that element of harmony, of rhythm between us and mistakes it for a personal romance which has never existed."

BUT there are reasons why the public, and even some people who are near them, have made this mistake. For instance, Janet and Charles always rehearse their parts alone. They lock themselves up and go over and over a scene, trying to improve it, correcting each other's work, and what is most astounding, criticising each other with absolute frankness. Proof, indeed, that they are only friends, for lovers would never do this—they'd be too afraid of offending or hurting the beloved one.

Those two have known each other for many years and



. . . Even after Janet and Charles were married (not to each other) rumors continued concerning them. People couldn't understand why they were still friends. Well, here is the answer

nature, of blue sky. It is a natural and fine thing, and any intelligent wife should be willing to recognize it as such. Virginia Valli apparently comes under this category.

ON her part, though Janet confides in me the fact that Farrell's love-making before the camera is the most realistic and convincing of any man she has ever worked with, she has no thought of him as a lover of her own and never has had such a thought, even though more than once her engagement to him was announced. She regards him with tenderness of an almost maternal sort, an attitude which is both charming and ridiculous. Yet there is an element of sound sense in it, at that! Charles Farrell was an extraordinarily devoted son, and when he lost his mother it bewildered him. He depends on Janet's judgment now in so many things that at times it almost seems as if she, hardly more than a child herself, were trying to fill that older woman's place. Perhaps this is a mere impertinent guess on my part, though I think it's rather near the truth. Be that as it may, it is still certain that of the two, the petite Janet is the leader of the team, the more forceful and determined, possessing the greater amount of initiative, and that Charley follows her blindly once she has made up her mind about anything to do with the acting of a picture.

No one, seeing her with Farrell, could either doubt the depths of her liking for him, nor the thorough decency of the friendship on which that liking is based. Her husband, Lydell Peck, understands it, and as a matter of fact the two couples go about a lot together; not enough to cause comment, but as much as any normal foursome of a like kind might be expected to do. And I think it is greatly to the credit of Lydell and Virginia that they have had the good sense not to try and disrupt the friendship of the famous screen "sweethearts." No such thought, I am sure, has ever entered either of their minds.

Farrell told me an interesting and amusing fact about the way he and Janet work together.

"One reason," said he, "that we manage to stay friends is that during the making of certain sequences in every picture, we never speak to each other—often for as long as a whole week at a time! This always comes during the first half of the picture, towards the middle. We have been seeing each other on the set day after day. We are talked out, tired, a bit "nervy" perhaps. And then all of a sudden one of us goes silent and refuses to speak. Sometimes it is Janet who goes into the silence first, sometimes it is I who shut up. But it's a sort of mutually understood signal for respite. It keeps us from getting on each other's nerves. There is absolutely no offense or anger involved. We simply quit speaking to each other. Then when we begin making the love-scenes, speech comes back to us. We spontaneously talk and chat and laugh as before. It is as though the interval of silence had never occurred. There is something about the love-scenes which refreshes our whole friendship, gives it new life and vitality. And yet we are not in love. Sometimes I can hardly understand it myself." (Continued on page 120)

their friendship began long before fame had touched either. They met, originally, when both were working as extras in a mob scene, being introduced by a third "atmosphere" actor, and afterward sharing a frugal lunch. They knew the heartbreaks of Hollywood, the bitterness of struggle and poverty and through this period saw each other, though not constantly, enough to know and admire the kind of fight for success each was putting up. And so it was that when they were finally put into a picture as joint stars, they already had a mutual respect and the sound foundations for a real friendship; a feeling which was to grow and develop as time went on.

Such a friendship cannot and should not be destroyed by the fact that one or both parties marry. Farrell married Virginia Valli and it made no jot of difference in his liking and devotion where Janet was concerned, because the quality he gave Janet was and always had been an utterly different quality from that which he gives to his wife. I don't mean he is not friends with his wife; but that his friendship with Janet is at once so impersonal and so profound that it is genuinely sexless—as sexless as love of

. . . Out of Hollywood comes this poignant true story, a story of an Irish wolfhound and an actor who forgot, for once, that he was an actor—



Douglass plays to an audience from the moment he rises in the morning until he sleeps at night. Sometimes it's an audience of only one—himself.

PERFORMANCE INTERRUPTED

By HAGAR WILDE

THERE are two kinds of little boys. The kind who can have dogs and the kind who can't. Doug Montgomery (Kent Douglass in the movies) was the kind who could. All his life he had had dogs. A dogless existence was an unthinkable thing. Until he met Gaellic he had liked his dogs—but he had never loved them.

Gaellic, before Doug got him, was a resident of the Halcyon Kennels. He emerged from there with the noble name of Gaellic-King of Halcyon. He was just a puppy then, the size of a small Shetland pony. At first he was a little stand-offish. He didn't know this large blond boy who made clucking noises at him and assumed a possessive attitude about him. There wasn't so much as the wag of a tail from Gaellic-King for three days until he was sure he wanted to be Doug's dog. Then he decided and gracefully accepted his master's overtures.

The friendship grew. Before long, Gaellic was seeking Doug's approval. He got it. It became necessary to him. He exerted himself. All of his big body wriggled in ecstasy when he heard Doug's footsteps on the porch of the bungalow, and as Doug entered, all that huge body launched itself at him and hailed him as the greatest of men, the kindest of men, the most satisfactory

of men. No dog ever was more hero-worshipful.

Without realizing it, Doug let Gaellic take a place in his heart which could never be filled. He saw him as a person. He talked to him as a person. In his own words, he considered Gaellic the nicest person he had ever known.

Gaellic belonged in the Middle Ages, outlined in the dusk on a bleak hill with a background of moody towers.

GAELIC was too good to be true, and too good to keep. It was Gaellic who taught Doug that one cannot safely anchor his affections to things mortal. It was Gaellic who taught Doug that tears are not to be watched in the mirror for effect, that an actor can forget that he is an actor, that there are emotions which are not for the public.

Gaellic was the first person to halt the continuous performance of Kent Douglass Montgomery.

Grand person though he is, Doug has never been able to separate the real from the unreal. He plays to an audience from the moment he rises in the morning until he sleeps at night. Sometimes it's an audience of only one—himself. I'm quite sure that he does whole performances for himself in the mirror, not to perfect the

performance, but because he likes to see himself act. He expands for his friends. The performance becomes better.

He is Douglass Montgomery playing Douglass Montgomery, his favorite rôle. He is eaten alive by ambition and admits it. If he talks to a person who does not recognize him, he is vaguely uncomfortable and inclined to resent the person slightly. He adores autographing programs and pictures. He loves being stared at on the street and in restaurants.

He always makes entrances. His favorite entrance is what I call the burst. He bursts into rooms, breathless

and late, giving the impression that he has been running full tilt down Fifth Avenue and is about to collapse, dead, but smiling. He'll fool away hours of his time to enable himself to make this late entrance. He has others. That of the weary young man whose work and public have taken all. He's not as fond of that as he is of the burst, because it doesn't emphasize his youth. He admits that it's no fun catching a train if he doesn't have to run for it. Why he imagines catching a train under any circumstances is fun, I can't say. He thrives on the thought that if he doesn't hurry with his make-up they'll have to hold the curtain.

PROBABLY, deep down, Doug is an orderly, systematic soul, but the actor in him scoffs at the idea. His clothes are always in the middle of the floor. His mail is never answered. His telephone calls are woefully neglected.

Every month or so, he gives a special performance for this. It is that of the distracted young man who paces the floor and tears his hair because he cannot be like other people who answer their mail and make their telephone



(Above) Kent Douglass (Montgomery) and Gaellic-King. (Right) When Gaellic was bitten by a bee at the edge of the swimming-pool he didn't blame the bee but the pool. And that small incident indirectly caused Doug to do something which he will always regret.



Illustrated by
Morgan Dennis

calls to Aunt Emma to thank her for the red flannel nightie. I'm quite sure that the clothes of Doug's emotions are strewn about on the floor of his soul. When he gets around to it, no doubt, *that* rôle is going to give him more personal satisfaction than any of the others.

But there was one occasion when Doug forgot to act.

He had worked all night on that one occasion. I can picture him zooming up the steep hill which leads to Edgecliffe, his home, in the huge gray roadster he drives. He has a nice voice. I am sure he was singing the dawn in.

It was six o'clock in the morning when he arrived home. He expected Gaellic to bound through the bungalow door with an ecstatic greeting. There wasn't a sound inside. Doug opened the door and went in. His Irish housekeeper was sitting in the armchair. She had waited up for him.

Doug said, "What's the matter?"

She just looked at him and her under-lip quivered.

"What is it?" Doug said. "Mother?"

She shook her head. "Gaellic," she said.

"Is he ill? Where is he?"

She started to cry. Doug took her by the shoulders. He was scared. He felt like a little boy who knows that something has happened, but doesn't know what. "Where is Gaellic?" he demanded.

It came out in a burst of tears. Gaellic, who was taken out every night for his exercise behind an automobile, had been taken out that night, and he hadn't come back. A limp object had been brought back, but Gaellic was gone.

A car, rounding a curve at sixty miles an hour hadn't seen a gray dog galloping behind the other car.

Wild with grief, Doug demanded to see him. He was refused even that. The gardener had officiated at Gaellic's funeral, and the one Gaellic loved most was not present to bid him a last good-by. They were forever separated by a mound of earth. Gaellic below it, quiet, and Doug above, in torture.

Doug started to cry, and crying, blundered his way out of the bungalow and went to Gaellic's grave. He cried there, and then hearing them coming to comfort him, ran. This was one performance which would not be given for others. He went into the hills and stayed for hours, crouching on obscure ledges while the others searched for him. He was exhausted, but he could not sleep. Hours later, he crawled back to the house and into the garage, where he sat in his car and cried.

He remembered Gaellic's tricks, and one in particular. Gaellic had a stubborn streak. When he was ordered to do something he didn't want to do, he crouched down with his huge paws stretched firmly along the ground and stayed there, immovable and unhearing. Being too large to pick up bodily (he weighed 170 pounds) he always won.

NOT long before, Gaellic had been nosing around the flowers which skirted the swimming pool. He nosed the wrong flower and disturbed a bee. The bee did what bees always do when they're disturbed. With a howl of pain and outraged dignity, Gaellic bounded away and into the garage. He didn't blame the bee, but held the swimming pool directly responsible. When he came out again, his tail was between his legs and he cast reproachful glances over his shoulder at the pool. Nothing could persuade him that the swimming pool

hadn't deliberately jumped up and bitten him. He stuck to this belief in spite of everything Douglass could do. When Doug stood by the pool and called him, down would go Gaellic's tail, and his stubborn expression would spread slowly over his great face. Doug began to show him off. When people came, he would call Gaellic to the pool, and Gaellic always performed according to Doug's expectations.

Then one day, about three days before his death, Doug called him to the pool and meant it. Gaellic refused. Doug insisted. Gaellic refused again. Doug started toward him. Gaellic sat down and stretched his huge paws firmly along the ground. He was not going. He would not be bitten a second time.

Then (and this is what hurt, that day in the car) Doug walked up and whacked him. It was the first time in their association that the hand of Gaellic's god had been raised against him in anger. An expression of disbelief, a moment of indecision, and then Gaellic obeyed. He went to the pool with Doug—a great stricken dog. Doug won, and Gaellic lost, but now Doug wished that the victory had been Gaellic's.

When the car hit him, Gaellic had cried out, bounded over a fence, crawled off into a field, and when they found him, his huge paws were clamped firmly along the ground in Gaellic's stubborn position. He wasn't answering the call of death willingly, but apparently death, too, had whacked him, and Gaellic, whose big heart was broken by criticism, went.

The three days following, Doug could not eat. He could not sleep. He couldn't get that whack out of his mind. He would have given his right arm to be able to explain to Gaellic and tell him that he was sorry—that he really hadn't meant it.

A FEW nights after his death, Douglass drove into a gas station and turned off the switch. The man at the pump filled the roadster tank with gasoline and then said as he took the money, "Aren't you the gentleman whose dog was killed the other night?"

Doug couldn't answer. He stared straight ahead and folded his lips together. The person in the car with him answered. "Yes, it was Mr. Montgomery's dog."

Doug stepped on the starter. Without looking at the man, he said in a strained voice, "Did you see him? After he was killed, I mean?"

"Yes, I saw him."

"Was he . . . marked?"

"There wasn't a scratch on him. He just looked like he was asleep."

Then Doug drove away. He couldn't find his voice to thank the man who had given him that crumb of comfort. Even now, and months have gone by since Gaellic's passing, if Doug has to cry during a performance, he finds it far, far too easy—because Gaellic is always there to bring the tears.

But his favorite rôle is beginning to pall—the rôle of Douglass Montgomery playing Douglass Montgomery to a select audience of one. The rôle of the weary young man whose work and public have taken all. Because there is always the poignant memory of a big gray dog looking on with doggish adoration—reminding him of the night he forgot to act. The continuous performance has been interrupted by something too real to be dramatized.



ALL JOKING ASIDE — By JACK WELCH



DOROTHY MACKAILL CLAIMS SHE PROPOSED TO NEIL MILLER, HER PRESENT HUSBAND, AND ALSO TO LOTHAR MENDEZ, HER FIRST.



STAN LAUREL NEVER COMBS HIS HAIR.
[HE WEARS A HAT ALL THE TIME ANYWAY, SO WHAT?]



LUCILLE GLEASON AND HER SON RUSSELL WERE BOTH BORN ON FEB. 6 — TWENTY YEARS APART.



ARISTOCRATIC CLIVE BROOK CHEWS GUM ALMOST CONSTANTLY — HE SAYS IT WARDS OFF A DOUBLE CHIN.



JIMMY DURANTE, LIKE GRETA GARBO, WAS ONCE A BARBER'S ASSISTANT & FACE LATHERER.



INA CLAIRE CONFESSES

With David Manners in "The Greeks Had a Word for Them." Ina's trip to New York was to be present at the opening of this picture. Then she changed her mind.

Once and for all, this famous actress tells the truth about those rumors that she will re-marry Jack Gilbert

By ADELE
WHITELY
FLETCHER

INA CLAIRE isn't what she seems. This accounts for many things. According to Ina herself, it accounts for the short duration of her married life with Jack Gilbert. Because she isn't what she seems, Jack, she insists, was fooled by her. Practically everything else in the world has been given as the reason for the Claire-Gilbert divorce. But it is never, I think, until a year or two has passed, and passions have had time to cool, that it is possible to search in the ruins and find truth.

"I never should have married Jack Gilbert," Ina told me. "But all my life I'll compare every man I meet with him. To find most of them wanting. And there is nothing in this world I'd take in exchange for the six weeks of ecstasy I had with him. Nothing. It was the romance for which we women, Heaven help us, always have been ready to pay any price."

This, I think you'll agree, is the summation of a generous woman. Not at all the summation you would expect from anyone as selfish and egotistical as Ina Claire has been painted. It seems to me the very fact that she has been able to salvage friendship from her marriage with Jack Gilbert proves she has more humor and generosity than she ever has been credited with possessing. Most women aren't able to achieve this civilized coup even though their affairs never are exposed to the distorting and embittering publicity which Ina has experienced.

I saw Ina recently, just after the newspapers had announced that Jack Gilbert was joining her and that they would be married all over again. It was in the hope of stilling such rumors once and for all so that she and Jack may continue good friends in peace that Ina was willing to talk about Jack and herself, to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

"Jack and I will never re-marry," she said. "We tried marriage once to find we didn't click. We're successful friends but a hopeless failure as man and wife. For us

marriage simply doesn't work." "Have you any idea why not?" I asked her.

"I know exactly," she said. "Jack and I didn't know each other when we married. We must have been utterly mad. Both of us. I know I was. We'd had a bowing acquaintance of about three weeks and for

another three weeks we'd dashed around together. Feverishly.

"All this time Jack, of course, was as fascinating and glamorous and charming and brilliant as only Jack can be. I found myself standing off and thinking 'My, my, Ina, there is a man!' At sixteen I never was more smitten."

She tapped a Cubeb cigarette on the polished surface of her nail. Her match flared. I thought I saw her slim shoulders shrug, ever so slightly, as if in resignation of human frailties.

"Instinctively," she went on, "I think a man marries the type of woman he needs in his individual life. He may fall head over heels in love a dozen times. But not until he meets the woman particularly suited to his needs does he, as a rule, want marriage."

"And that's where, ridiculously enough, I came into Jack's life. That's where, unconsciously enough, I took Jack in."

"Jack, you see, thought I was what I play on the stage. He fancied me the cool self-contained Park Avenue elegante."

"In Hollywood I was among strangers. In the semi-tropical climate I relaxed at first. These things combined to subdue me. I seemed, for the time, more as I appear on the stage and less as I really am."

"Really I'm shanty Irish. Lazy. Sloppy. And sentimental. Oh, very sentimental. Gay when I'm with people. Inclined to be melancholy when I'm alone. Decided in my opinions. The last person in the world to make Jack Gilbert happy and the last person in the world to be happy with Jack Gilbert."



"Jack, you see," says Ina Claire, "thought I was what I play on the stage."

"Had I been what I seemed I would have been perfect for Jack."

"Had I been what I seemed I would have become Jack's stage manager in private life. He would have been in his element and I would have been in my element . . ."

I 'D have looked a fashion plate every minute. I'd have presided graciously over his home. Arranged lamps and flowers. Planned correct dinner parties. Arbitrated social difficulties with a rare diplomacy. I'd never have lost my temper. I'd never have disagreed violently. I'd always have been an appreciative audience."

She laughed with an impersonal amusement. "One night," she told me, "I remember Jack sitting watching me from across the room. Finally he said, with masculine satisfaction, 'You know, I can't imagine you making a scene.'

"I'd been lying on the sofa. I jumped up, I remember.

Really, I was startled. Frightened, too. For suddenly it dawned upon me that Jack thought I was what I so often play, a smooth, polished lady who always has herself well in hand, the type who, when her heart was breaking, would nod casually at the new curtains and drawl, 'The blue in that chintz isn't quite right.'

"'Oh, I'm alive!' I warned him. But it was too late. If this had happened before we married it would have given me an idea of what was bound to happen. And I think I would have been forewarned. But maybe not."

The laughter in Ina's eyes was as Irish as the smart Kelly green gown and hat she wore.

She had come to New York for the opening of her new picture, "The Greeks Had a Word for Them," in which she plays a successful and wisecracking gold-digger. But that very morning she had decided to sail for Europe and not attend the première after all. It is like her to make elaborate plans to do one thing (Continued on page 123)

MODERN SCREEN



ARSENÉ LUPIN (M-G-M)

At last this fascinating figure of fiction reaches the screen in a glorious romantic adventure picture that superbly combines thrills, laughter, love interest and mystery. Perhaps you remember the master cracksman who robs the rich in Robin Hood fashion just for the fun of the thing. Well, here he is, flouting the law to his heart's content, and climaxing his depredations by filching the "Mona Lisa" from the Paris Louvre. It would spoil the fun to disclose his identity, so you must see for yourself whether Lionel Barrymore, brother John, Tully Marshall, John Miljan or another of the exceptional cast plays the rôle of the romantic rascal. The Brothers Barrymore, of course, are perfect.



LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Pathé)

Of course, the "past" of this lady is highly synthetic. She's really Constance Bennett, a quite nice girl. But when David Manners falls for the wiley Merna Kennedy, ignoring the shrinking violet, Constance, the eldest Bennett girl sets out to remedy matters. She accumulates Ben Lyon and Don Alvarado. One suicides, and the other's wife sues her for alienation of affections. So she becomes popular as a lady with a past.

But even so, she yet doesn't win her objective, for beneath it all Dave is as good a boy as Constance is a girl. So she has to undo all her labors by confessing all before she finally winds up in her lover's arms. It's not new stuff, but it's dependable talkie fare.



THE GREEKS HAD A WORD FOR THEM (United Artists)

Three pleasant Chanel-gowned gold-diggers, impersonated by Ina Claire, Madge Evans and Joan Blondell, keep this well-mounted, sophisticated comedy moving from laugh to laugh with just sufficient breathing space between giggles to introduce a little sympathy.

Ina is the villainess, in that she poaches upon the masculine preserves of her pals. Joan is blond and fluffy, physically and mentally, while Madge imparts a somewhat more sombre note. They win and lose their men, squabble between themselves, and eventually run off together to Paris, leaving Ina's prospective bridegroom waiting at the church.



LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)

As sweet a story as the cinema has offered on its screen, this one presents Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans as the sort of struggling young persons you and I know best. They are hero and heroine of a simple, straightforward little love tale which features effort and failure, trial and discouragement, love and victory. And in the end you'll all realize that the obstacles encountered and overcome were placed in their paths by a stern, yet kindly Fate to prove their courage.

There is no luridness in the picture—not even a personal villain. And, although Frederick Lonsdale is the author, the tale is neither high-brow nor sophisticated.



LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)

Richard Dix, Joel McCrea, Bob Armstrong—what more do you want in the way of heroes? For girls there are Dorothy Jordan and Mary Astor. The villain is Erich von Stroheim. And the background is Hollywood. So, you see, here's a perfect set-up for any and all movie enthusiasts. For good measure, there are any number of aerial thrill stunts.

The story has Richard, Joel and Bob as ex-army fliers seeking a kick with their jobs. Drifting to Hollywood they organize a thrill squadron, and fly for Von Stroheim in the guise of a half-mad producer. The suspense is terrific, and there's more than one death before a half-sad, half-happy ending is attained.

REVIEWS

Read these reviews and see if that picture is the sort of thing you'll like

Six—count 'em—six murders committed before your very eyes! So you'll guess that this is no film to sleep through—or after. It's doubtful if Mr. Poe would recognize his horrible masterpiece in the cinematic version. But for a' that, it holds a terrific kick for fans inclined for the horror-thriller cycle established by "Dracula" and "Frankenstein."

There is, however, a leavening of comedy in the production, and the beauty of the ancient French background relieves the grimness of the tale. Instead of the great ape of Poe's fable, we have Bela Lugosi as a half-mad, monkey-man scientist. There are any number of breath-taking pursuits before he is brought to justice.

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)



It seems, after all, that modern gangdom is a crude, crass and upstart institution, so for this one Hollywood has gone back to the ancient and honorable Chinese Tongs. These, originally, were merchants' guilds. As civilization progressed and grew complicated, however, it sometimes became expedient to remove competition. Thus the hatchet man came about.

That exquisite actor, Edward G. Robinson, plays the title rôle, and weds the daughter of an old friend whom he slays regretfully in compliance with his Tong's instructions. Subsequently he yields the girl to a lover, whom he also kills, though unregretfully, when he brings her unhappiness. The picture is impressive.

THE HATCHET MAN (First National)



Pola Negri makes her talkie début here as a cabaret girl who becomes a Queen. And if the costume vehicle chosen for the occasion isn't entirely satisfactory, at least Pola proves that she may be greater in sound than she was in silence. Her voice is unusually pleasing.

The story plants her as the sweetheart of a ruined officer, Basil Rathbone, whom she leaves because she loves him. The King, ably played by Roland Young, actually makes her his Queen, and when Rathbone, maddened by jealousy, refuses homage, he is imprisoned. Freed, later, at her behest, he foments revolution and ruin, learning the truth too late. H. B. Warner and Reginald Owen are good.

A WOMAN COMMANDS (RKO-Radio)



On the strength of "Emma," Marie Dressler is bound to figure prominently among the candidates for the Academy Award which she won last year. As housekeeper to a struggling inventor, and foster mother to his children, the actress contributes another of her heart-stopping characterizations brimming with tears and laughter in proper proportions. A successful invention makes Jean Hersholt a millionaire, and puts the family into society. But when he marries Emma their hifalutin' aspirations get a set-back. Dad dies on his honeymoon and the kids try to break his will by accusing her of murder. She's acquitted, of course. But the ending isn't happy. There's a great cast.

EMMA (M-G-M)



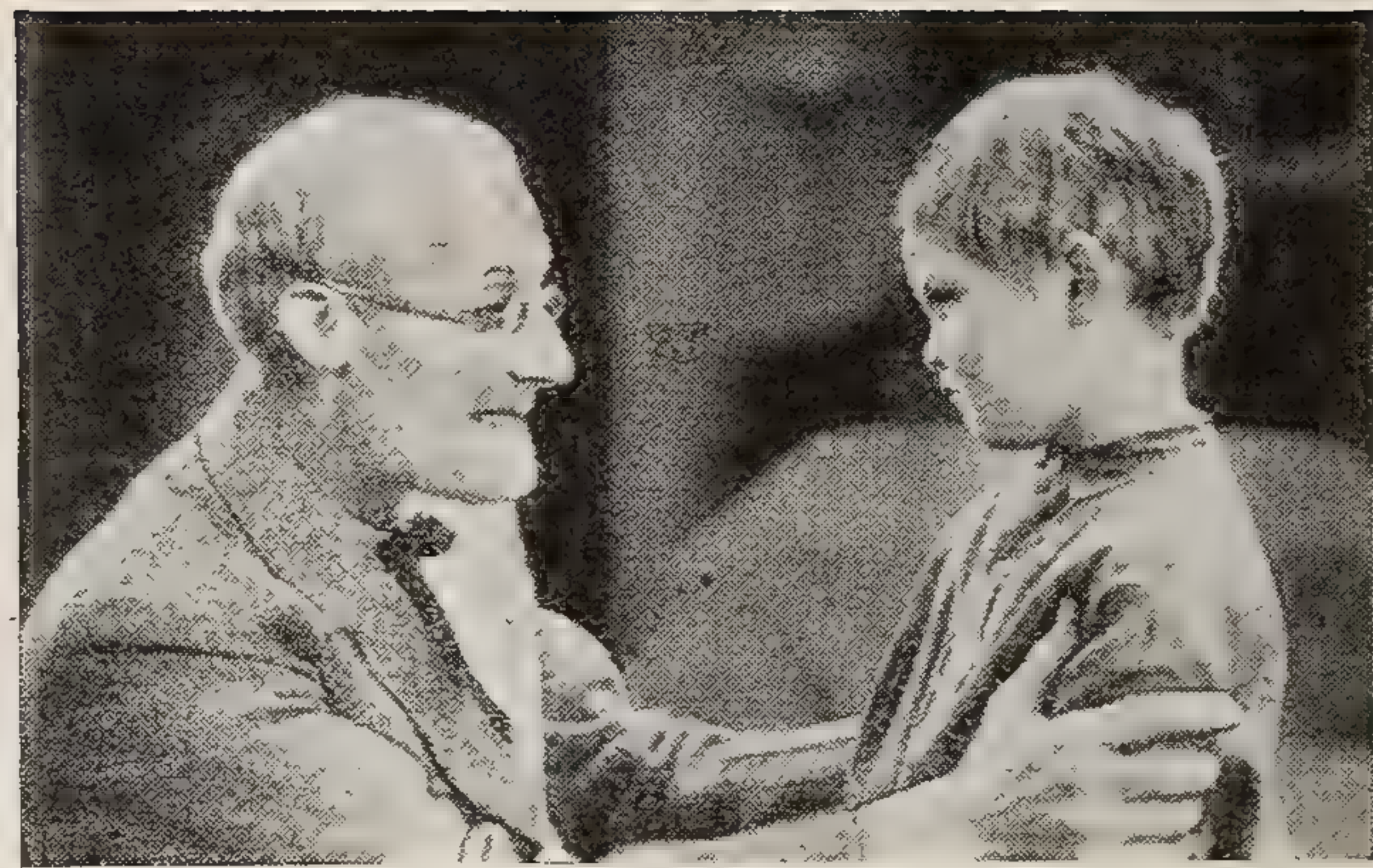
Another simple, unpretentious picture that rings the entertainment bell right out loud, and signalizes another hit for Jimmie Dunn and Sally Eilers as a couple of dance-loving kids who make the grade to happiness. As "Mulligan & Kirk" the youngsters promise one another not to fall in love, but to work together "for the good o' the act." But the tribulations that so humorously beset them make them easy targets for Cupid's shafts. So there's a happy ending. Not, however, before the villainous millionaire appears upon the scene, and Jimmie punches himself right out of a good job. Looks like Jimmy Dunn and Sally Eilers really are going to be another Farrell-Gaynor team.

DANCE TEAM (Fox)





WAYWARD
(Paramount)



**THE
EXPERT**
(Warner Bros.)

The romance between a show-girl and a scion of wealth, shadowed by the menace of an interfering mother-in-law, is bound to be interesting. Especially when Nancy Carroll, Richard Arlen and Pauline Frederick are in it.

The mother, you see, conspires against the young married couple and Nancy is just sufficiently dizzy and careless to provide the elder woman with ammunition. This causes the separation of the two youngsters, and both suffer a lot before the reconciliation.

You all know what an old pest Chic Salé can be—and how you love him in spite of it. Well, he's both pestiferous and lovable, when as an ancient widower he comes to live with his daughter, Lois Wilson and son-in-law Earle Foxe. Without meaning to, he raises ructions all along the line—pals around with rascals from the Old Men's Home, becomes involved with crooks, and gets himself into all sorts of jams. Everything turns out nicely, though, in the end. Lots of laughs.



**TOMORROW
AND
TOMORROW**
(Paramount)



FORBIDDEN
(Columbia)

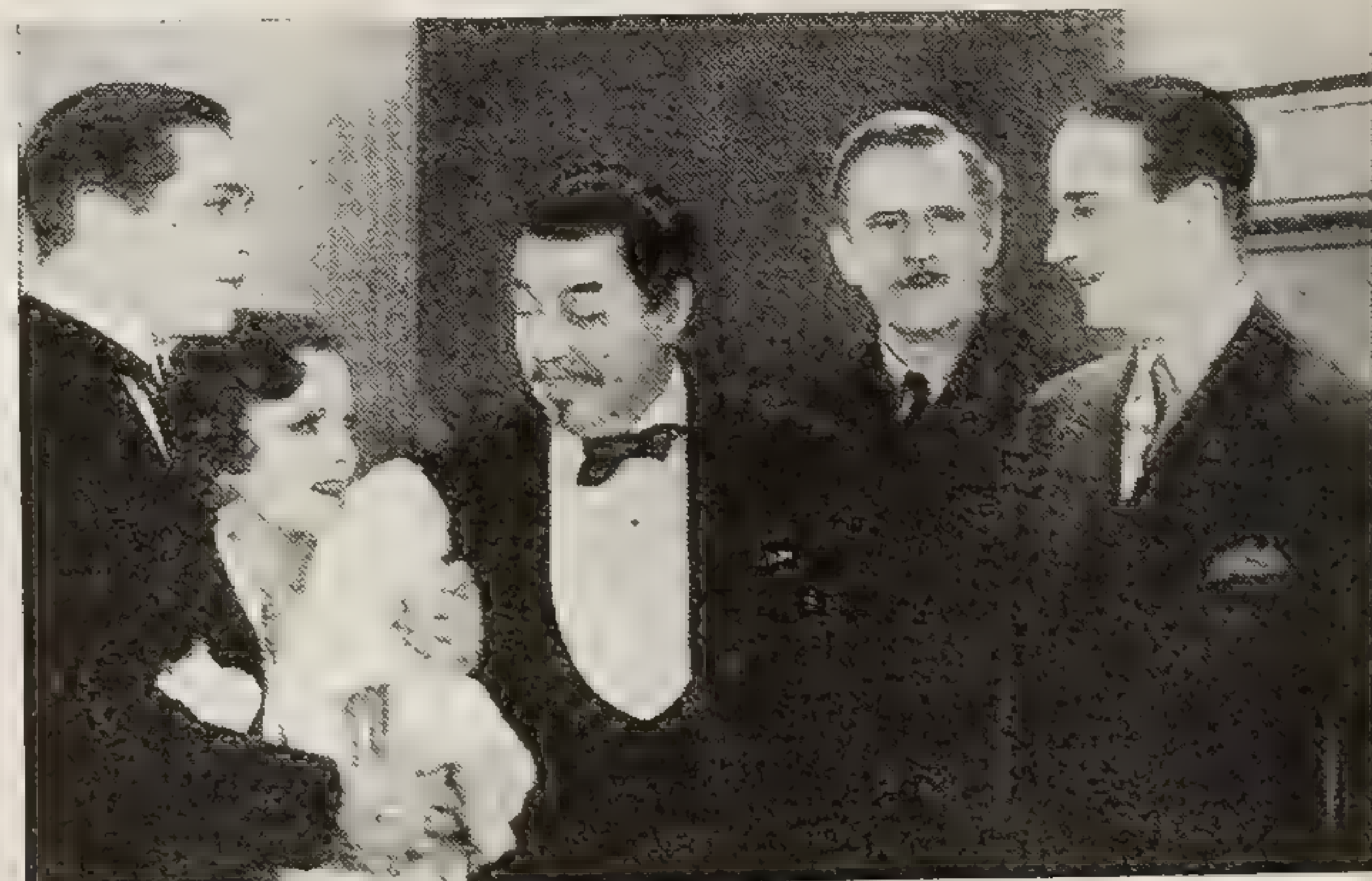
Director Richard Wallace has done admirably in bringing this Philip Barry stage play to the picture screen. No one could possibly help being intrigued with the triangle tale in which Ruth Chatterton is torn between two loves.

Ruth, emotionally starved on a diet of casual affection from Mr. Ames, yields to the love of Mr. Lukas. Her son grows to boyhood, the counterpart of his real father. His illness brings about the necessity for one of those Chatterton sacrifices. Of course, Ruth meets the test.

Barbara Stanwyck does one of those age transitions in this, her latest picture, by which the Hollywood make-up men add decades to the years of our favorites. At first she is a young girl seeking love. She finds it in the person of Adolphe Menjou. And in the end she's left alone again. The film is reminiscent of a half-dozen others. In the story, you see, Mr. Menjou is married to another, so poor Barbara can share only his heartaches and none of his triumphs. There's not much fun in the film.



THE MENACE
(United Artists)



**CHARLIE
CHAN'S
CHANCE**
(Fox)

This is the new title under which "Scarface" finally passed the censors. Paul Muni, one of the theatre's most distinguished craftsmen, plays the rôle of a vicious hoodlum who rises through murder to power.

Before the well-known just desserts are dealt out, however, there are reels of excitement which will make you clutch your chair. It's just about the top-notch underworld picture. Aiding and abetting Mr. Muni are Osgood Perkins, Boris Karloff and Karen Morley.

Perhaps it was Charlie Chan's absence from Honolulu on a New York vacation that accounted for the recent crime outburst in the pineapple islands. In any event, in this film, Charlie finds a dead cat under a chair in the apartment of a man pronounced dead by heart failure. And this gives him a clue in an amazing murder case. Inspectors H. B. Warner and James Kirkwood may get off on the wrong scent. But good, old Charlie tracks the killers through Chinatown and Park Avenue.

MODERN SCREEN

April, 1917

Theda Bara

How would you have liked MODERN SCREEN in 1917? On this and the following four pages we try to give you a slightly exaggerated idea of what it might have looked like. Amusing—?

The Greatest Magazine of the Silent Drama



Beautiful Viola Dana, the Metro star, whose next picture will be "The Mortal Sin." Prince Pierro Troubetzkoy, the noted artist, is very anxious to do a portrait of Miss Dana (see Gossip section, page 62).

Editorial

April 1917

ONE is consistently astounded by the rapidity of the constant changes in all the multitudinous phases of the moving picture business. It is not so long since what we call today a full-length feature was utterly undiscovered. In those days the fascination of the shadow drama was brought to us in comedies, dramas and travelogues of one reel each. Think of it, one reel! Today we have our three- and four-reel dramas; our two-reel comedies and occasionally even a two-reel travelogue. And now comes the amazing news that one of the leading comedians is going to make a three-reel comedy!

MORE important than these drastic changes are the amazing metamorphoses which have taken place in the theatres where these movies are displayed. No longer is the nickleodeon popular. No, indeed! Today, America's young men and young women—movie fans all—sit in luxurious theatres and see their movies amid superlatively gorgeous surroundings, access to which costs anywhere from twenty to sometimes as high as thirty cents per person. Felicitations indeed to an industry which is capable of such a rapid climb. Away with everything pusillanimous hereafter!

And someone, the other day, even went so far as to say that the time is not far off when movies will show at regular theatres at regular theatre prices—giving only two performances a day. Frankly, we feel that this is merely the dream of someone full of reverberant hope. In fact, it is as foolish as saying that someday

pictures will speak! Fantastic, is it not?

ALTHOUGH this is not the reviewing department, we feel we must step outside our editorial province for one infinitesimally brief moment. We do want you all to see Mary Pickford's latest film. It is called "Poor Little Rich Girl" and is one of the finest things she has ever done. (See picture below.)

MORE and more of the movie producing companies are migrating to the land of sun and flowers—California. Los Angeles seems to be the mecca of the industry at present, although one or two of the studios are beginning to congregate at a little place called Hollywood which is situated in the environs of the City of the Angels. If migration con-

tinues in this unprecedented fashion, before many more moons have shone New York and Brooklyn and Fort Lee will be quite bereft of the gay crowd of people who earn their livelihood by gesturing before the cinematograph camera.

WE are tempted to quote here one of the many splendid letters—so grateful to the editorial heart—which we receive from our readers. This letter (from Lucille S.) says: "I want to express my feelings for William S. Hart. His characterizations show him to be so fearless and yet so gentle. And his treatment of women in his films—ah, it cheers this old heart of mine to see him. He, at least, still understands the meaning of the word chivalry and the nobility of womanhood." And, may we add, "How very true!"



Maurice Tourneur, the brilliant director, going over a scene for "Poor Little Rich Girl," the beautiful golden-tressed Mary Pickford's latest contribution to the silent drama.



N INTERVIEW WITH VALESKA Suratt

By Gregory Middlebottom

I AM only a young gentleman and when the bewhiskered editor of *MODERN SCREEN* told me to interview Valeska Suratt I must confess, if I am to be completely and devastatingly honest, that my knees actually trembled. To think of being in the presence of such a great movie star! To think of actually conversing with her!

So terrified was I that for the small fraction of a moment I rather wanted to plead indisposition. But then my better nature asserted itself and I said, "Gregory, where is your courage?" So, catching hold of my hat, I literally sprinted out of the editorial sanctum and jumped on a passing horse-car.

Having leaped aboard the fast moving vehicle I noticed that the motorman at once accelerated the speed. Somehow, I believe, he must have known that I was on the way to interview a great personage and he was anxious that not one precious moment should be lost in transporting me thither.

As I was ushered into the presence of Miss Suratt I discovered her lounging on a luxuriously upholstered couch on which innumerable cushions rested; each and

every one bearing her initials beautifully embroidered in monogram. (See picture below.) She smiled as she saw me and I quickly got out my little pad and pencil.

"What do you think of the future of the silent drama?" I asked.

Miss Suratt waved a beautifully manicured hand in the air. "Who can tell?" she replied with a charming smile. "Of course, while I am not a prophet, I do think that some day the silent drama will constitute the greatest force for entertainment that anyone has ever seen." She paused for one little moment. "And moreover," she continued as she toyed with one of the monogrammed cushions, "I think that they will be one of the most educational forces as well."

She waited while I finished copying down what she had said. Then she looked at me, preparatory for the next question.

"Do you like being a 'vamp' (siren) on the screen?" I asked gently, not wishing to offend.



But of course she wasn't offended—she is far too good and noble a woman for that. "I like playing that sort of part," she said slowly, her eyes looking into vast distances, "because I am trying to do something different. Heretofore, 'vamps,' as you so expressively call them, have always been such totally impossible women; altogether too devilishly feline, if you know what I mean," she paused.

"And, now, one more question, Miss Suratt," I said. "What do you think of this new fangled woman's suffrage idea?"

Miss Suratt smiled. "For those that like it, I can't see anything objectionable about it. Some women seem to feel that it is necessary to vote. Personally, I shall always believe that woman's place is in the home; that is, of course, most women."

A little later tea was served and some gay friends of Miss Suratt's came to call. I left feeling triumphant that I had obtained such a peppy interview; feeling sure that the editor of *MODERN SCREEN* would be satisfied with my noble efforts.

(And you bet he is—The Editor.)



"I discovered her lounging on a luxuriously upholstered couch on which innumerable cushions rested."

DON'T MISS THESE FILMS

THE CLODHOOPER (Triangle-Ince-Kay Bee) Charles Ray, the newest cinema favorite with the ladies, is very good indeed in this comedy-drama of country life. Into the part of the bashful country boy, Charles pours all his artistry.

THE FALL OF THE ROMANOFFS (Selznick) An exciting drama of the Russian Revolution which will stir both your blood and your imagination. Don't miss the evil machinations of the arch-devil Rasputin. Edward Connelly, Alfred Hickman and handsome Conway Tearle are all excellent.

WITHIN THE LAW (Vitagraph) Winsome Alice Joyce once again proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that she is a superb actress



in this tremendously effective photo drama of the famous stage play, "Within the Law." As the heroine who gets tangled up with those unpleasant crooked persons, Alice's characterization is the personification of heartbroken womanhood.

CLEOPATRA (Fox) This is Theda Bara's supreme achievement; the climax of a career full of tremendous achievements. As the famous figure of history, Miss Bara's portrayal is superb. The production is one of the most lavish to ever come out of a movie studio. It is said that this colossal contribution to the silent drama amounted to the staggering total of nearly a million dollars. Really, what are we coming to?

NEWS AND GOSSIP OF THE CLAN THAT ACTS!



J. Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson in a highly dramatic moment from their new photo drama which is cleverly titled "Weights and Measures."

This lovely lady with the superb tresses is none other than the Queen of the American Serial—Pearl White.

A NEW style of hairdressing has been devised and by none other than the girl who is interviewed on the opposite page, Valeska Suratt. It is called the Suratt bob. Here is how this new coiffure is achieved: Miss Suratt parts her beautiful hair in the middle, letting the luxuriant tresses droop over her shapely shoulders. Then they are curled (the tresses not the shoulders) until they fall no lower than the shoulders. In this way Miss Suratt's gorgeous tresses give the impression of having been bobbed without having really been bobbed at all. Clever?

Viola Dana, the charming Metro star, has been invited to sit for her portrait by Prince Pierro Troubetskoy. Prince Pierro Troubetskoy is a noted artist and is very anxious to do a portrait of Miss Dana as the Madonna. Miss Dana's youth, the clear beauty of her features and her spirituelle appearance in the robes worn in her new picture, "The Mortal Sin," has impressed everyone who has seen her. Incidentally, since Miss Dana's recent stand against vivisection, her home has been besieged by children, bringing with them the unwanted kittens of the neighborhood. The dear kids decided that Miss

Dana would see that the kittens' well-being and continued existence was assured.

Kathlyn Williams, the Morosco star, is an authoress as well as a movie star. Her name is among many illustrious others which comprise the roster of The Author's League of America. She has written, among other things, "The Strange Case of Talmi Lind" and "Bride of Baldoon."

According to Mary Miles Minter's press agent, the little Minter girl has never been kissed.

Doug Fairbanks, athlete supreme, has purchased a California home. It is located at the base of Los Angeles Hill. The man with the infectious grin is building a swimming pool in this home. He has plans for teaching his seven-year-old son to swim. Wonder if the kid will grow up to be a star like his dad—if the name Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., will ever be as famous as Douglas Fairbanks!

Many people believe that thirteen is an unlucky number and many people believe that seven, or multiples of seven, is lucky. But it takes Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle

Arbuckle to be original and say that, for him, number sixteen is the lucky number.

He started it off by weighing sixteen pounds when he was delivered by the stork. And the day was the sixteenth of March, 1886. He has been in the theatrical profession for sixteen years—was married to Minta Durfee on the sixteenth of the month. When he signed up with Joseph M. Schenck, negotiations started on the sixteenth of last December, were concluded on the sixteenth of January and the contract was formally signed on the sixteenth of February.

Furthermore, he left Los Angeles on the sixteenth of March for his journey across the continent to begin work on his first Paramount comedy, "The Bulcher Boy." There are sixteen people in the company with him and one hundred and sixteen prints were made of the picture.

Oh, to be a movie star! Pauline Frederick is the proud possessor of a Stutz car and a gorgeous country home in Mountain Lakes, New Jersey.



Carlyle Blackwell



Marguerite Clark



Roscoe (Fatty) Arbuckle



Priscilla Dean



Wallace Reid



Ethel Clayton

SHE BURNS HER BRIDGES



(Above) As she was in 1924, before even the movies claimed her. Her first job as an extra in the movies was really brought about by a coincidence. (Right) Today she is working for Fox.

By JEROME BEATTY

PERHAPS Marian Nixon is not the tiniest star in motion pictures, but I can't at the moment think of any who would cause less agitation of the beam when she hopped upon the scales. Certainly she appears to be the most fragile.

If you picked her up and dropped her on a concrete sidewalk, she'd shatter into a thousand pieces and it would take you all day to sweep her up. At least, that's what you think when you first meet her.

But stout hearts are not to be found in stout bodies alone, and Marian has heart and spine enough for an Amazon queen, with some left over for the Amazon queen's pet tigers.

She's a girl with a pet philosophy—"If you just keep plugging, everything will come out all right"—and that pet never has turned to bite the hand that feeds it.

Hers is a story of a girl who always traveled on her own power. She has had to work for everything she wanted.

"There were three children—all girls—in our family in





Alexander Kirkland and Marian Nixon in "Charlie Chan's Chance." This is Marian's first picture for Fox. Her next will be "After Tomorrow." Her present agreement with Fox is on a picture-to-picture basis. If they like her work in these two films, however, no doubt they will put her under long term contract.

According to this author—who is one of America's most prolific writers, particularly about Hollywood—Marian Nixon never looks back

Minneapolis, and my father, who was in the shoe business, didn't have any too much money," she told me.

"One of my sisters was taking violin lessons and the other was taking piano lessons, which used up about all the spare money. I wanted to be a dancer, an ambition which inspired no enthusiasm whatsoever at home."

Marian was known as one of the smartest girls in that part of Minneapolis. She had finished the eighth grade at the age of twelve years.

"You ought to be a school teacher, Marian," her friends advised. "It's a fine life and a bright girl like you would get along great. There's no telling how much money you might make. A thousand, maybe two thousand dollars a year—and a vacation all summer!"

A thousand, maybe two thousand dollars, sounded like a lot of money. It is a lot of money. But because she was a spunky little person and made up her mind that school teaching was not for her, motion picture producers now pay her a thousand, maybe two, a *week*!

MRS. HELEN S. NOBLE was, and still is a prominent dancing teacher in Minneapolis. Marian went around and found that lessons might be had for as low as one dollar each. That was perhaps ten years ago.

But how to get the dollars, particularly when one still was going to school?

She trod the streets and rode the elevators of Minneapolis until at last she found a job. A department store could use her every Saturday in the complaint department, taking care of the files, and they would pay her \$1.25 a day!

That was a break! With the twenty-five cents, she could take an extra lesson every fourth week and she went back to Mrs. Noble's and enrolled.

As far as Marian was concerned, everything was settled. There was not the slightest doubt in her mind but that she was well launched on a dancing career. She learned quickly and almost before she knew it—certainly before the family had grasped the rather distressing situation—she had quit school and was dancing in prologues at Minneapolis and St. Paul motion picture theatres.

The family said it never would do, this dancing thing. She would come to no good end.

"They almost were right," she smiled.

If you ever have experienced a Minnesota winter you can understand that there was some consternation among the dancing troupe when one blizzardy day the ballet master announced that next (Continued on page 111)

THE BOY

. . . From Wallace Ford—the man who is considered by many as a screen “discovery”—comes this story, more amazing than any Hollywood scenario



Although he's a success now, Wallace Ford's boyhood and youth is unbelievable in its heartbreak.

People being what they are, Ford found his unknown parentage a handicap. But one believed in him.

WITHOUT A NAME

By HARRIET
PARSONS

could turn for such information—no one who could fill in the gaps for him. Even now that some of the missing fragments have been supplied the picture is broken and incomplete.

Until recently Wally Ford knew only that he had been an orphan from birth—

a charity child passed from household to household, often unwanted, frequently mistreated, dependent always on people who were no kin to him. Think of what that means. He has never known a relationship with a single person of his own flesh and blood.

At the age of eleven he found himself on a farm in Ingelow, Manitoba, a God-forsaken Canadian village, the ward of an enormous, hulking farmer and his equally enormous wife. He remembered vaguely that he had been adopted some four or five times prior to that. And still more vaguely he seemed to know that first of all he had been one of many boys in Dr. Bernardo's Catholic Orphanage in Toronto. Because it was the custom of the institution to import a number of destitute and parentless lads each year from London and find them "homes" in the larger colony of Canada, he knew that he might very possibly have been English-born. In some inexplicable fashion he felt sure that such was the case—that he was an Englishman—but he had no way of making certain.

ONE thing he knew—that he was wretchedly unhappy. It was quite clear to him that his foster parents had adopted him in order to have a chore boy—someone to perform the menial tasks of the household without pay. They had no love for him nor he for them. At length, weary of beatings and harsh words and knowing from remarks overheard that his guardians were deliberately hiding from him the facts of his ancestry and birth, he ran away. He felt no gratitude or obligation toward the two towering bullies who demanded cringing obedience from him and gave him nothing in return.

An undersized, forlorn little boy, he cut himself loose from the only ties he knew and went bravely out to face an alien world—nameless, kinless, friendless. He called himself Samuel Jones because others had always called him that. But he believed it to be a name plucked from thin air and attached to him by the Catholic fathers because he had to be called something. Though small, the

HOLLYWOOD has in its midst a true story more dramatic than the most breath-taking screen epic, more searing in its pitiless reality than a "Public Enemy" and more romantic than a "Seventh Heaven." There is in the film colony a young man who, until a year ago, did not know his name, his age, his parents or his native land. Back of him lay some thirty years of bitter struggle, years of wandering with the spectre of hunger always at his heels. Before him lay the fruits of a hardwon success in the theatre—a success achieved under a name he had arbitrarily chosen for himself. Beyond that he knew nothing of himself—nothing of whence he came or what his heritage might be. The name by which you know him is Wallace Ford and I tell you his story in these pages because, since his début in "Possessed," he has become a film personality to be reckoned with.

The story of Wallace Ford's childhood is necessarily sketchy for it must be pieced together from such fragments as remain in his own memory. There are few of us who cannot reconstruct our early years with the aid of parents or others who surrounded us from birth. But until a year ago Wallace Ford had no one to whom he

With Jean Harlow in "The Beast of the City." This is his latest film, just recently released.



In "Freaks," the M-G-M circus picture. That's Coo-coo, the Bird Girl, with Wallace.



With Joan Crawford in "Possessed." It was this part which made Ford a success in a big way.

fact that he had to fight his way alone and that he was somehow cut off from the normal human circumstances that surround most children, made him feel older than he really was. Because he felt grown up, he decided arbitrarily that he was fifteen. He knows now that he was only eleven when he embarked on that solitary and difficult expedition into the world.

He walked miles to the ramshackle little railroad station at Ingelow. There a friendly engineer and fireman let him ride with them in the cab to Winnipeg. To repay them he shoveled coal and helped stoke the engine all the way, not because they demanded it but because there was firmly implanted in him the idea that he must earn his way through life—every step of it. Even at eleven, when most children take for granted the support and protection of their elders, Samuel Jones expected to have to pay for everything he got. Brutal that such knowledge should have been gained so young. Yet it brought Samuel Jones through a boyhood that would have turned nine out of ten lads into criminals, or at best beggars, and made him a man of honor, independence and integrity.

WHEN that engine puffed into the roundhouse at Winnipeg, young Samuel found himself plumped into the midst of a railroad strike. The strikers were holding the roundhouse as a fort, refusing the scabs entrance and the scabs—or strike breakers—in return were besieging the roundhouse and taking pot shots at any regulars who ventured out. Because he was only a child, Samuel could come and go without danger. He made himself valuable by bringing in food and cigarettes to the beleaguered railroad men, and when the strike was over he was awarded a job as call boy. It was his duty to wake the train crews and get them out on schedule. There were surprisingly few late trains out of Winnipeg during Sammy's few months on the job. When he couldn't rouse the weary men by pounding on their doors he climbed through the transom and went to work at closer quarters. Eventually he earned himself a railroad pass to Winnipeg and set out in search of bigger worlds to conquer.

In Winnipeg he remained until the outbreak of the World War, eking out an existence by means of any work he could find. No job was too hard or too menial as long as it brought in an honest penny. At one time he was an usher in the local stock company headed by the late Theodore Roberts. Whenever there was a chance for him to play a bit he did so—not because of any love for the theatre or any ambition to become an actor—but simply because it was another way to make money. Between shows he sold papers on the corner. In those days he had one starkly simple motive for everything he did: to ward off starvation. The sum of his ambition and dreams of the future was a square meal and a place to sleep. Thus, when the War broke out and Canada was calling for volunteers, he tried through every recruiting office within miles to get into the army. At that time he believed himself eighteen and was adding a couple of years for good measure. But he was in reality only fourteen and no medical examiner would pass him. He was desperate—not because of thwarted patriotism—how could he yearn to serve his country when he didn't know what that country was?—but because of hunger and the need for a steady job.

IT was at this time that he met a man named Wallace Ford. Ford was a man of intelligence and education

Wallace Ford played the hoofer in the famous stage play, "Broadway." Although that was made into a picture some time ago, Wallace didn't go movie till fairly recently. His first stage hit was made in the renowned "Abie's Irish Rose."



—but a born hobo. He believed the world owed him a living and would never pay for anything if he could beg, borrow or steal it. An American by birth, he was bumbling his way back to the United States and young Samuel, hoping to find more prosperous conditions over the border, went along.

During the two years it took them to get from Winnipeg, Canada, to Iowa, Samuel was under the constant influence of the older man's radical beliefs and complete lack of ethics. Added to this, the desperate difficulty of getting honest work along the way conspired against Samuel's integrity. But his childhood realization that one got only what he earned in this world armored him against temptation—then and later. Today, looking back, the erstwhile Samuel Jones says he knows there must have been good blood and good character somewhere in his ancestry or he would never have come clean-handed through those soul-trying days.

In his wanderings with Wallace Ford, Samuel did every conceivable kind of work: harvested in the wheat fields, washed dishes, waited on the table in saloons. Sometimes he was paid in currency, sometimes in food. Always he was in actual want. He had a good voice and used to sing in the street for pennies. Occasionally he got a chance to sing or play a bit on the stage.

Toward the end of the trek, Ford heard that his mother was dying in Sioux City, Iowa, and turned toward home. They were riding the rods and a day's journey from Sioux City Samuel saw him fall to his death between the wheels of the train. With the only human life which had ever been close to him wiped out before his very eyes, the boy did not know where to turn. He and Ford had lived from day to day with no set destination or plan, until they headed toward Sioux City. Their companionship had been the only thing which remained constant as they wandered from job to job. (Continued on page 114)



Photograph by Will Walling, Jr.

Whenever they can get away from studio work, personal appearance tours and all the other duties connected with the business of being a movie star, Joe E. Brown and his wife (although she is not a professional, she always accompanies him) retire to their lovely home up in the hills near Lake Arrowhead, California. It's the perfect spot to get rid of that tired feeling.



A black and white dinner ensemble which we think is awfully smart—and very, very original. The gown is black chiffon and black ciré satin. "There's nothing so effective as to use bright and dull materials of the same color in a dress," says Miss Lane. Diamond shaped pieces of the satin mark the hipline and form the upper parts of the pointed insets in the skirt. The almost tailored jacket is of heavy white satin and black broadtail. The diamond motif is carried out in a broadtail inset in the back, in the pointed collar and the banding at the bottom of the jacket.



The combination of blue and gray is going to be very much in vogue this Spring. And above is Jeanette's street coat in that very combination. The material is a spongy wool cloth in a brightish dark blue that goes marvellously with Jeanette's red-gold hair. The huge cuffs and shawl collar are gray squirrel. Notice how all the width is concentrated above the waist. All smart coats—and dresses, too—will be like that this season, so you people with broad shoulders will be right in style. Jeanette's hat is matching blue silk, stitched in gray and her shoes blue patent leather with gray trim.

JEANETTE MACDONALD'S WARDROBE

. . . Really stunning clothes for early Spring. And such tricky collars, cuffs and other details that you can copy yourselves!

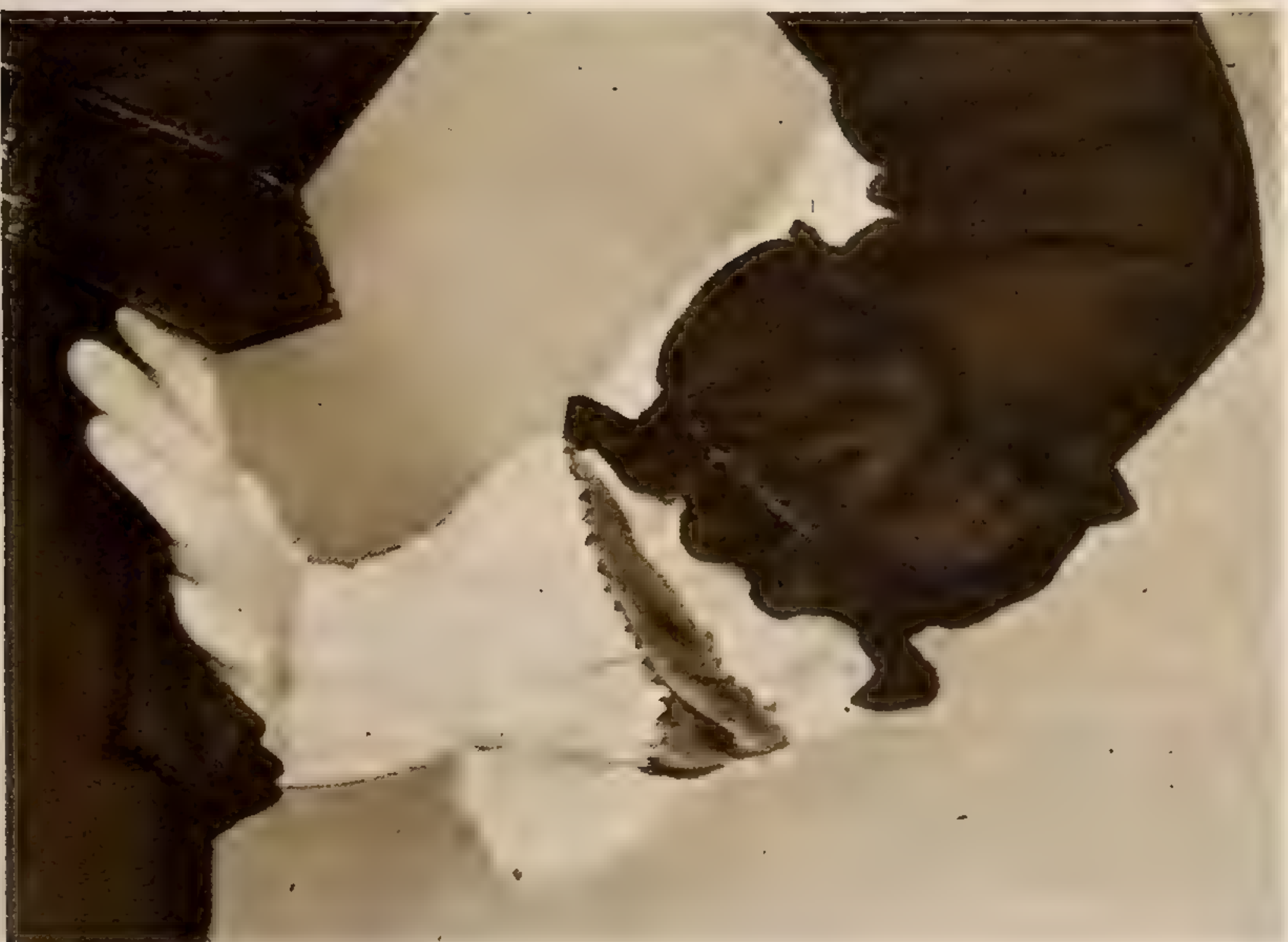
We want to call your attention particularly to the pictures in this installment of the wardrobe series which show the detail of Jeanette MacDonald's frocks, hats and coats. They are most helpful, whether you sew or "buy ready-made." And note Miss MacDonald's words about tailored things!

By VIRGINIA T. LANE

I SAW her first at a garden party. It was one of those parties where you walk miles over the same space of amazingly green lawn in a vain effort to keep warm in your flowered chiffon frock.

"Positively, the only warm thing around here is Jeanette MacDonald's hair." This from a perennial bachelor who has squired more Hollywood stars than any other living man. And Jeanette's hair really is the most glorious reddish gold. Add to that a very slim young figure, a creamy skin and deep-set hazel eyes and you have Miss MacDonald.

Jeanette is not one of your tailor-made young ladies who stride along in suede cloth military coats and brilliant



Above is the dress—and to the left is its very unusual cuff. The material of the dress is black crêpe and there are two tiny black ruffles at the edge of the higher-in-front skirt. And now for the trimming: white pleated organdie forms the collar and the V-shaped trimming under the crossed bands of black on the front of the blouse. The cuff starts with a pouf of black, shows a bit of white organdie, a dash of crimson silk and then finishes in organdie.

There's sleeve interest for you!

(Right) Blue net, traced with blue sequins, and decked with a bertha that is caught at the waist with two large pink roses. Romantic? Well, rather! (Below) The large picture shows a very sophisticated Sunday night frock. The black chiffon which forms the dress is traced with a leaf design in (you'd never guess) patent leather. The lower skirt has a slight fullness. The fichu is of black chiffon velvet. And isn't the little hat cute? (You can see the detail of it in the small picture.) Pancake in shape, of the same material as the dress. And a cockade of ostrich feathers.



cravats. That type can be intensely interesting, but if Jeanette tried to emulate them she'd feel completely lost. She requires soft, smooth lines, delicate finery, that "magic touch of whimsy."

Since she has done quite a bit of globe-trotting, her garments bear various labels—Paris, New York, Hollywood. One and all they're cunningly contrived to *play up her hair*. It's her salient feature. Wise lady, she makes the most of it.

BUT there's a secret about dress that I've learned only recently," she confided to me. Tea was being served in her green, gold and white dressing room. "I've always thought I should go in for contrast. Everyone told me it was the thing to do. I had a hat a long time ago that blended with my hair and I liked it immensely. Others didn't, though. Dressmakers whose opinion I valued said, 'Dear, dear!' and looked pained when they saw me in it.



(Left) Black and white again in a strikingly original evening gown. Over a black velvet sheath, Jeanette wears a tunic of heavy white lace. A floppy bow of the velvet marks the waistline in back. (Below) The larger picture shows another of Jeanette's street dresses. This one is made of fine black corduroy—belted, and with just the suggestion of a tunic conveyed by a tuck below the hipline. The collar is of white fluted organdie. And white ermine edges the little capelet. (You can see these details better in the small picture.)



I began to think I was quite wrong about its becomingness. Then a short while ago in Paris, a famous coutourier told me that I must dress in monotone effects as near the color of my hair as possible!

"'Dress around your hair,' was the way he expressed it. He told me to wear red fox—a fur I've always loved and never dared to use. Well, within the hour I bought a black suit simply *buried* in red fox. And at the same time I ordered a perfectly plain dress of golden brown satin following the Grecian style, and a pair of golden kid slippers. Both outfits proved a huge success. So much so that I'm having a new Spring evening dress made of crêpe roma in a henna-gold shade. I'll be like the stalk that had 'ne'er a flower on it.' You know—one solid color scheme.

"Have you ever taken a fancy to a hat and worn it and worn it and worn it?" she asked. "And then had it copied in other materials and colors? I have a hat that's more of a cap, really. It's one-sided and looks as if it might go



The large picture directly above shows another one of Jeanette's evening gowns. Very formal and very simple in design. Over a foundation of icy blue satin, pink lace in a block design is fitted. Only—and you can see this better in the small picture at the top of the page—the blue satin comes out on top for two rows around the waistline. Pink net forms the deep, full border of the skirt. And the only trimming is a blue satin bow at the center front.

The large picture shows a dressy suit of royal blue velvet and summer ermine. Notice that the tiers of the skirt slant upward a bit—a good line for the new season. The collar is deeply notched and very flattering. The small picture (above, left) gives you a close-up of it. The hat and purse are royal blue velvet, too. The hat is Jeanette's favorite—very tiptilted, with a rolled edge and a huge blue velvet flower perched on the left side.

sailing off my head at any moment. But I love it. I've had others made like it in a rough woven straw and in a corded silk. The original is in blue chiffon velvet and it has a rolled edge and a large flower of the velvet on the left side. I bought it along with an afternoon suit of the same material. There's a bag to match, too. The jacket of the suit has a rolled collar of summer ermine and the bottom is quite full. So are the tiers of the skirt. They all slant upward from back to front in a rather amusing manner and, of course, the hemline dips in the back as a result. (There's a picture of this suit above.)

Many of the new dresses, I notice, are longer in back than in front. A number of mine are. One is a beige tweed sport—very simple and the sort of frock you live in. It's self-trimmed and the belt is dark brown patent leather. The full length coat that accompanies it is collared with cross fox and belted with brown suede. The over-sleeves, trimmed with brown leather buttons,

are its chief feature." (See page 75 for pictures.)

WE fell to discussing the Spring fashions—the braided scarf and belt ensembles in gay colors that give such a spirited air to white dresses; the vivacious velveteen jackets that come in every hue of the rainbow; the silk crocheted berets, many of which have funny, unrecognizable birds and animals worked in them; white novelty knitted bouclés with abbreviated coats that are so wonderfully popular for afternoons—you wear flared white doeskin gloves with them and impudent hats that sport a festive feather directly in front. Style interest seems to be centered in shoulders and at the wrists.

A clever street frock of Jeanette's, for instance, has wrist-bands of pleated organdie. Actually! They're headed with bands of bright red crêpe and more organdie. The dress, itself, is black crêpe with a pointed hip yoke and the skirt (longer in back (Continued on page 116)



(Right) Quaint and 1890-ish if you like—but wouldn't you love to have an ensemble like that? Brown lace forms the dress, with the four skirt tiers ruched in taffeta. The sleeves and collar of the brown velvet jacket are elaborately shirred and corded. (Above, left and right) A smartly practical beige tweed ensemble. The dress has an interesting skirt. The coat is trimmed with cross fox and huge brown leather buttons.



Photographs on these pages
by Otto Dyar, courtesy of
Paramount studios

LET'S TALK ABOUT



(Left) Tarzan of the Apes, known in private life as Johnny Weismuller, and Una Merkel. (Extreme left) Did you know Edward G. Robinson's wife is an actress? Here she is with her husband in "The Hatchet Man" make-up.

... Our Hollywood listeners-in bring another handful of entertaining chit-chat for your information and delight

YOUNG Howard Hughes has been having his share of tough luck lately. Aside from the bankruptcy of the Multicolor Company in which he was heavily interested—the three or four pictures which represented a goodly sum of his money have met with disapproval from the censor boards and their release has been help up. "Scarface" had to be slashed and several sequences retaken before the board would pass it. When that was done, Hughes thought his worries were over and was all set for a short vacation in Havana, but at the last minute the New York censors didn't like some scenes in "Cock of the Air"—representing about \$800,000 of the Hughes bankroll. Howard finally convinced them that it was okay but he wasn't able to take the vacation.

Maybe the young producer didn't feel so badly, after all, about the interrupted vacation—because Billie Dove

hit New York just about the time he would have sailed for Havana. Some say that Billie was the main reason for the trip's postponement—there are others, they say, who could have stayed behind to argue with the censors.

A telephone operator at one of the big studios was called to the boss' office and there given a severe lecture. At two o'clock in the afternoon the girl had answered, "Good morning, this is the Blank Studio."

FOR a while, Maurice Chevalier was doing a lot of hanging around Marlene Dietrich's set. It wouldn't be Hollywood if there had been no "rumors." But they proved to be false and died down. Now we have the real explanation—we hear that Marlene and Maurice may do a picture together, and that Ernst Lubitsch himself may

HOLLYWOOD



Did you know that Ann Harding has a sister? Edith is her name. Edith Gately. Her married name is Mrs. Robert Nash.



A distinguished young man adds his hand and foot prints to the cement at Grauman's Theatre. His picture, "The Champ," played there.

take over the megaphoning. May, we say. But wouldn't it be perfectly swell if it really came to pass?

MARION DAVIES did one of the most genuinely kind things during the Christmas holidays that we've ever heard about. A year ago, Marion's cook died leaving a seventeen-year-old daughter absolutely alone. The magnanimous star took it upon herself to send the girl to a private school—to give her all the advantages that any young girl could wish for. But with the coming of Christmas, there seemed to be no place for her to go. Without a moment's hesitancy Marion invited her to be a guest at her palatial home—the social gathering place for all Hollywood's famous.

This month's prize simile: As vague as a press agent when you ask him a question his star client wouldn't like.

AT a recent theatre opening a smartly dressed matron rushed up to Clark Gable. "Oh, Mr. Gable, will you autograph my evening bag?"

Clark gallantly replied, "I couldn't do that—it would ruin your purse."

Crestfallen, the woman returned to her party, but a few minutes later her husband, a successful local business man, approached Clark with the bag in hand. "Pardon me, Mr. Gable," he said hesitatingly. "It's all very silly, I realize, but would you mind autographing this bag? It's my wife's and I know I shall not have a moment's peace unless I can argue you into doing it. Do you mind?"

"Not if your wife doesn't mind having the bag spoiled," laughed Clark. And he and the man proceeded to have a long talk about business conditions, polo and so on. They found a great many mutual interests and made an engagement to have lunch together the next day!

LOOKS like Mr. and Mrs. Melvyn Douglas are in Hollywood for a good long stay. Melvyn is under personal contract to Sam Goldwyn and after a highly successful appearance with Gloria Swanson in "Tonight or Never," Paramount borrowed him for a couple of pictures. Mrs. Douglas (she is Helen Gahagan who starred in "Tonight or Never" on the New York stage) strangely enough was brought to the attention of RKO officials when she appeared on the Los Angeles stage in the same play. Now she has signed with that studio under a contract calling for one picture with an option for others.

Sam Goldwyn met Howard Dietz, who wrote "The Band Wagon," and remarked: "I like your 'Bandbox'."

Dietz acknowledged by answering: "Thanks, Mr. Goldwyn, I like your 'Arrowroot'!"

This is as reported by the Hollywood Reporter.

UNA MERKEL surprised us all when she motored down to Tia Juana and became the bride of Ronald Burla, young aviation engineer, the second day of the New Year. The young husband is very handsome.

LOOK FOR MORE GOSSIP ON PAGES, 6, 16 AND 92



Photograph by Russell Ball

GRETA'S THWARTED AMBITION

By LILLIAN SHIRLEY



For years Greta Nissen worked to perfect herself in one of the higher arts. All, apparently, to no avail

THE bright and golden things of life—success, beauty, money, position, adulation — don't always bring happiness; not even in Hollywood, the secret Mecca of Everywoman's desire. An old story, eh?

Well, perhaps so, but there is Greta Nissen—

A born dancer, trained to it from the age of six, the dance fills Greta's soul, is close to being her religion, and the Fates have turned her into an actress with little or no opportunity to do the thing she fought and suffered to acquire. If that be tragedy, there it is. That's why

she feels that somehow life has tricked her. That's why she chafes, rebels beneath her calm. That's why this lovely Norwegian of the deep blue eyes, the pale gold hair, the skin of the texture of fine-spun silk, carries with her the undercurrent of frustration that tinges all she does.

Not that she is grieving, sorrowful, gloomy, uninterested or lacking in her work. She's far from that with all her vivid energy, charm, gaiety and verve—but one can't be with her ten minutes without discovering the tiny canker at the core of her success.

"Why do you look at me—so?" she asked suddenly,



(Above) With Allan Dinehart in "Good Sport."
(Above, left) Greta's one opportunity to dance—in the stage version of "Beggar on Horseback." (Left) "We Norse people take life acutely; we lean to the sombre." That is Greta's heritage.

"Well," she answered, "there has been experience and disappointment; sorrow."

"Of the heart?"

"I am not in love. I have never been. Oh, I don't mean the little passing emotions that young girls jump in and out of, like that, several times. Those are nothing but the feminine growing pains; the woman being born. I mean the serious affairs. We Norse people take life acutely; we lean to the sombre. I think we have never produced a great laugh-maker; a comedian; but tragedians, mystics, apostles of gloom—in every village. So when I experience a great disappointment, I am inclined to regard it intensely, and you see the effect of that."

NOW, no matter what the exterior—the superficial in Greta Nissen, she is a woman of great moods, with the glow of a hidden fire. She made herself clear in few words. This was no woman in love—with herself or with another. It was the spirit pulsing with the fervor to create, to express, to burst through the restraining flesh. And fate apparently has forbidden it, frustrated a great desire.

"I cannot help that I have in me a great urge," she went on. "It is a heritage, the same thing that drove Leif Ericson across the northern seas to find America five hundred years before that—that trader, Columbus, ventured. I cannot be content to sit down, to be just in the home. I must be what I must be."

And bit by bit, as something unfolding, the real Greta Nissen began to appear. Vital, dynamic, the urge to dance swells up in her. And she keeps herself up, keyed to "be what she must be." Three hours every day she rides; as nearly as possible every day she swims in the sea, and for a time of every day she dances—not on the dance floor with a partner, please, but the solo, interpretative dance to express a mood. Until recently she believed that to be her life work, and now she doubts if there is a place in the world for what (Continued on page 110)

looking searchingly at me across the luncheon table. "I'm trying to see behind you," I replied. "Something that is half hidden. It makes you intriguing."

"Intriguing, eh?" she commented. "Why? Because I have no romance? Because I do not eat your salads—which I think is for rabbits? Because I do not go in beauty parlors and never use cosmetics?"

"No," I answered. "It's because you seem so young and to be so wise and to know so much that you could not have learned, and to look—so—so sibyl-like."

"Well, I am Norse," she said gravely. "And you know all we northern folk have much of the witch, the warlock and the mystic about us."

"And then—on the screen—you always seem to be looking—reaching for something that is not there," I went on.

"Yes?"

"It is either sorrow or experience."



Times became so hard for Mary Carr that she was forced into bankruptcy. Belle Bennett had to open a restaurant in order to earn a meager living. She has had one "bit" in over a year.

Claire MacDowell, with years of stage experience behind her, can only get tiny screen bits—and those not often. Vera Gordon's lot, too, is just as tragic. But she is not downhearted.

NOBODY'S MOTHER

By S. R. MOOK and JACK JAMISON

AL JOLSON gets down on his knees, yells "Mammy!" and a million handkerchiefs are drenched with tears. Nick Lucas sings "Put them all together they spell M-O-T-H-E-R," and the record sells into the hundreds of thousands.

In the silent days of films, there was a little group of women who played mother parts on the screen. We hardly ever knew their names—but we knew their faces! And seeing them in the early part of the film, we knew that right would triumph in the end. No son—or daughter—with a mother like one of these could be entirely bad.

Perhaps you recall reading in the newspapers three years ago of the young pickpocket who was hauled into a New York police station. Scarcely more than a boy, behind him lay a lifetime of crime. He had been reared in an orphan's "home" where cruel treatment had embittered him. Later, evil companions in cheap pool-halls and flop-houses had completed his ruin. It was not his first arrest, young as he was. But, as the police emptied his pockets before shoving him into a cell, they found a tattered photograph.

"Who's that, kid?" the officers asked jokingly. "Your best girl?"

The boy turned white with anger. "Keep your dirty mouths shut about her, see? She's my mother."

"Don't kid us," said a burly cop. "I've seen her in the movies. You cut this out of a magazine."

"That's all right—she's my mother just the same. She's the only mother I ever had."

WHERE are they now—these mothers? They wander about Hollywood—hurt, bewildered looks in their eyes. Today they are out of work—Nobody's Mothers.

One of the most loved of them all is Margaret Mann. No one who saw the picture can ever forget her as the dear old mother in "Four Sons." The picture won a gold medal for being the best of the year. She has a huge scrap book full of clippings and stories—Cinderella at Sixty.

She was placed under contract by Fox at a salary of \$10,000 a year and everyone cheered. It is doubtful if there has ever been a more popular success in Hollywood. Everyone who knows her loves her, for on the screen Mrs. Mann was merely playing herself.

Feeling her future taken care of, and the need for pinching pennies past, Mrs. Mann sailed for her native Scotland on a visit to her sister whom she had not seen for twenty years. Life seemed sweet, indeed, just then after the years of heartache and struggle.

Several months later she returned to Hollywood. There was nothing for her at the studio and at the end of the first six months her option was permitted to lapse. She had collected, actually, \$5,000 and had spent most of that on the strength of the promises made her.

"I believed all those things people wrote," she explained. "Had I known they were going to let me go so soon I'd have hoarded every cent of that money. Even after I started free-lancing again, I couldn't believe that I wouldn't be able to find work—in the face of the notices I had received and the compliments paid me by directors and producers for my work."

"Finally, the last of my savings was gone. I have a sick husband to support—and we had to live, so there was nothing for me to do but go back to playing extra parts and bits. People criticized me for it. What was I to do? We couldn't starve and my husband had to have attention."

SHE told us some of the things she has been up against. Insults suffered at the hands of assistant directors. It was not a plea for sympathy—it was a simple recital of one phase of Hollywood life. But it brought tears to the eyes of a couple of case-hardened reporters.

In "Transatlantic" there was a fleeting glimpse of her at the pier, clutching a child by the hand as the steamer sailed.

The pity of it is that there is no woman in pictures today more aristocratic in bearing and appearance than

Where are the movie mothers of yesteryear?



Mary Alden is having a hard time these days. It was published in a newspaper that she was broke. "I'm not broke," says Mary, "but I'm battling."

Margaret Mann at one time was a famous movie figure—today all she can get is little better than extra rôles.



Margaret Mann. Directors go groping for women who can play society dowagers while one of the finest actresses the screen has produced languishes in idleness.

And who can ever forget Vera Gordon's portrayal of the mother in "Humoresque"? Who can forget the sacrifices she made for her son to enable him to become a great violinist?

Mrs. Gordon, with years of stage experience behind her, works but rarely now. She began her career on the stage of the City Theatre in Ekaterinoslaff, Russia, at the age of twelve, in the plays of Tolstoi and Ibsen. "When I was thirteen," she said, "I was playing the parts of seventy-year-old women by way of training. When I was seventeen I came to America—steerage—on a boat which took twenty-one days to make the stormy crossing. But it was worth it. Abroad, we look on America as the Land of Promise.

"When I arrived, I played in theatres, first on the East Side and later on Broadway. And then the movies. Every *real* actress loves to play many parts. That was one reason I loved the movies. I could appear in so many more pictures than plays and reach so many more people."

SHE paused a moment and sighed. "We don't belong to the public, we film mothers. We belong to about ten Hollywood executives. If they think the public wants to see only young and pretty girls—we're out.

"Everyone I talk to seems to think that 'Humoresque'—my biggest picture and a gold medal winner—would make a great talkie. But if only two or three of those executives think it won't, 'Humoresque' will never be made. But my spirit isn't broken. Perhaps some day I will get

"After all, it's inevitable that the public should tire of us old girls sometime," Kate Price says gallantly.



a chance again. But, until that happens, I must play in 'The Cohens and Kellys,' when Universal makes one of those pictures—which is seldom."

Mrs. Gordon's home life, the perfect love between herself and her husband, are things to bring thrilled tears to your eyes. And, like most of her race, she has a deep sympathy for everyone who has suffered. She will scarcely talk of herself for concern over others less fortunate even than she.

"Poor Belle Bennett," she sighs. "No one can imagine the wonderful ability Belle has. (Continued on page 113)

Forgotten and alone, they meet the bleak winter of life

MASTERS OF HORROR

It's more than curious that BORIS KARLOFF should be the successor to Lon Chaney

Here is the story of the man who played the monster in "Frankenstein"—a rôle which had a terrible effect on him while he was playing it. He didn't like the part—it was too gruesome. But, it was a stepping stone to the "break"—and, curiously enough, this Lon Chaney type of part bore out a prophecy which Lon Chaney himself made about Boris Karloff years ago—a prophecy which has come true in great part.

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

Boris Karloff as the frightful monster in "Frankenstein." During the making of this picture Mr. Karloff was horribly affected by the gruesome rôle.

IN Lon Chaney's old dressing room at Universal there sits a man who, but for that unpredictable thing called Destiny, might today be obscure, unknown and still driving a truck for a Los Angeles paint firm for a wage of \$5.00 a day!

That man is Boris Karloff, the monster of "Frankenstein," now under contract to Universal and slated for stardom in "The Invisible Man" and other Chaney-esque portrayals which may carry him eventually to the heights achieved by that great master. Karloff, taking a day from his truck driving to play an extra in one of Chaney's pictures, had he not stopped his ancient flivver to pick up a man who asked a ride into Hollywood, might have known a different story.

Discouraged by his failure to get steady work in pictures, after thirteen years of screen and stage work, Karloff had taken this truck-driving job with the George L. Eastman Company of Los Angeles. Now and then an opportunity came for a few days extra work and although he clung grimly to his ambition,

Karloff, as he left the Universal lot that day, was about ready to toss in the towel and forget pictures forever. As he drove out through the gates a stocky, shabbily dressed individual who wore a tattered cap well down over one eye, hailed him from the curb.

"Going into Hollywood?"

"Yes," replied Karloff, "climb in!"

"Left my car at home for my wife today," said the man and with a start of surprise Karloff realized that his hitch-hiker was none other than the star of the picture, the great Lon Chaney himself!

"Lon never knew how nearly he came being wrecked," smiled Karloff as he told me about it, "for when I saw who it was I almost ran that flivver into a telephone pole!"

AS they rolled over Cahuenga Pass, Lon, in his sympathetic and human way, (Continued on page 120)



KARLOFF AND LUGOSI

BELA LUGOSI is haunted by the mysterious woman with yellow eyes

(Left) Bela Lugosi as he appears in the new Universal thriller, "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Sidney Fox is playing in it, too.

Author's Note: I am convinced this story is not a fabrication. Bela Lugosi is not the sort of man to make up things. Furthermore, he did not tell this story with the expectation of its being published. And the telling of it affected him so terribly that it was obviously true. Lastly, I have spoken to a man who remembers Lugosi's strange behavior during one of the performances when the woman appeared to Bela.

By J. EUGENE CHRISMAN

HER eyes are yellow, round and yellow with the unblinking stare of an owl or a cat and in their depths lies a mysterious and compelling something which I cannot explain—but it has wrecked my life! But in spite of her eyes, she is beautiful."

And that is how Bela Lugosi first described to me "the woman with yellow eyes." Four times she has come into his life; first when a mere youth, to give him three weeks of romance so passionate, so vivid as to make him her unwilling slave for life. Three times more she has appeared, once following each of his marriages and although she spoke to him but once, the mystery which lies in those yellow eyes tore him from the woman he loved. Bela Lugosi will never marry again. He is afraid—afraid of the woman with yellow eyes!

And does this sound like a page torn from a penny dreadful or one of the weird folk-tales, such as that of the Dracula, told beside peasant firesides in Lugosi's native Hungary? Perhaps it does, but unbelievable as it

may sound, I had it from the lips of the man whose life's tragedy it is, told without the knowledge that it would be given to the world.

It all began in the little town of Abazia which lies on the shore of the Adriatic.

"I was only a youth then, in the year 1914," began Lugosi, "when I met her. At the time it struck me as unusual that she was introduced only by her first name, Hedy. I bowed over her hand, as is the custom of our land and glanced up into her eyes. It was as though I had received a shock of electricity. It is utterly impossible to describe the fire, the ecstasy which shot through my veins. I could see that she, too, had felt the same reaction and for what seemed hours, our glances held as we looked deep into each other's souls. Suddenly I found myself and, releasing her hand, I muttered some banal words and sat down. We talked for a while but I could



not keep my eyes from hers and each time they met that same mysterious current seemed to strike. It was not love, it was not even passion, at that time, but something deeper which I had never felt before. I cannot explain it, even now.

"I saw her home and hand in hand we walked," continued Lugosi, "and not a word was spoken. At the steps to her home, or apartment, we stopped and faced each other. In an instant we were in each other's arms and the world was lost."

Then followed three weeks of what must have been such a romance as those which have become classic in history.

THEN one evening I left her for a short time to attend to some errand. When I returned she had gone. Not a thing belonging to her was in the apartment, but on the table I found a scribbled note. It said, 'We may never see each other again but remember you are mine always.' I was like a madman. I wept, I flung myself on the bed and tore at my hair. She was gone and I could not find her and for weeks I could not eat, I could not sleep, I tell you I was crazy, stark mad."

Probably the call to the colors saved Lugosi from madness, for war broke out and he went to Galacia with his regiment, as a lieutenant of the Forty-third Hungarian Infantry. He was badly wounded at Rohatin on the Galacian front and again in the Carpathian mountains during the Russian advance. From the field hospital he was sent back to Budapest and there, while convalescing, he met the woman who was to be his first wife. Her name was Ilona Szmik, a society girl of Budapest who had come to cheer the wounded. Lugosi returned from the front in 1918, after the Armistice, to the Royal National Theatre and the stage.

"I tell you we were happy. Two people could not be more happy. I returned to my work with a fresh enthusiasm and the critics were most generous in their praise. My future seemed assured and I loved Ilona as she loved me. We began to think of children."

Then, for the first time, the woman with yellow eyes struck! One evening Lugosi went on for his performance.

"No sooner had the curtain risen than I knew that something was wrong. I was not myself. I forgot my lines, I acted like a dummy. Then suddenly my gaze seemed drawn to a seat in the front row. There, her great yellow eyes glowing like a cat's, sat Hedy! My blood turned to water in my veins and my limbs trembled so that I could hardly walk. Through me flashed that same mysterious current. My passion for her had gone and certainly I did not love her but as I looked into her yellow eyes, something happened to me. I managed to finish the play and when I hurried from my dressing room to find her, she was gone."

The woman with yellow eyes had gone without a word but she had no need to speak. From that moment Lugosi's interest in his wife waned. In a few days, after desperately trying to break the spell, he told her that it was all over.

STRANGE as it may sound, in view of what happened, my heart was broken. I loved Ilona, my wife, yet something which no man can explain had come between us. I remembered Hedy's note, left on the table of her deserted apartment in Abazia. That first wild passion was gone. I did not love her, I did not hate her, but—" Lugosi brushed his hand across his eyes as if to sweep

away a sinister vision. "—I tried to find her but failed. At nights I lay awake trying to solve the mystery of this strange woman who, with her stranger power, was keeping her promise that we should belong always only to each other. I recalled the weird folktales which I had heard from the peasants on my father's estate in Lugos, stories of werewolves, of vampires such as the Dracula was. Knowing something of hypnotism, I realized that this strange power of Hedy's was similar to the second stage of hypnotism and yet unlike it. As for my wife, I never saw her again."

For several years Lugosi continued his work on the Hungarian stage. His fame grew and he was termed by an adoring populace "The John Barrymore of Hungary." Tours into Germany and adjacent countries were equally successful and then came the Bela Kuhn uprising. A political refugee, Lugosi escaped and after many adventures landed in New York in 1921. Soon afterward he formed his own company of Hungarian players, most of them refugees like himself and in New York, Cleveland and other large cities they played to Hungarian audiences.

"In my company was a girl of my own race to whom I soon became attached. Strangely enough her name, too, was Ilona. We became sweethearts and soon decided to get married. Once more I was in love and this time, I decided, no matter how many yellow eyes appeared in my audience, I would find happiness."

But he reckoned without his Nemesis. Two weeks after his marriage he walked on the stage in Brooklyn where his company was playing, to find the woman with yellow eyes in the first row of his audience. So great was the shock of those glowing yellow orbs that his company thought Lugosi had been struck by an attack of heart trouble. Somehow he managed to finish the show.

"The same mysterious power was there! Recovering, I went home and although the same thing had come between us that had broken my first marriage, I determined to fight through and continue to love my second Ilona. Two nights later when I went to my dressing room after the play, Hedy stood at my dressing table facing me, her yellow eyes seeming to melt the very marrow in my spine. She spoke to me in her deep, low voice:

"'There must be no third time, Bela. I came to you in Budapest and you felt my power. Here, across the water, you will feel it again. You are fighting against it but there is no use. You belong to me and always will. Let this woman you have married go.'

"'But, Hedy, why do you do this to me? We no longer care for each other and you have turned me away from two women I did love. Who (Continued on page 124)



When Lugosi was a young man, living in a little town on the shore of the Adriatic Sea. This was taken about a month before he met the woman with the yellow eyes.

MODERN SCREEN'S GALLERY OF HONOR



Photograph by Hurrell

We honor Marie Dressler for her endearing portrayal in "Emma."



Photograph by Irving Lippman

We honor good old Dick Barthelmess for his work in "Alias the Doctor."



Photograph by Don English

We honor Marlene Dietrich for her subtle glamor in "Shanghai Express."



(Left to right) Clark Gable and Mrs. Clark Gable. Jimmie Dunn. Genevieve Tobin placing the winner's crown on Francis Quinn for the forty lap race.

AT THE

(Below) Goodness knows how many thousands of people attended the auto races—count them for yourself if you feel like it.





AUTO RACES

Some more of those fascinating intimate pictures of the stars during off-duty hours



(Top of page, left to right) Molly O'Day buying a program. Bessie Love and some of the Glendale Legionnaires who acted as ushers. Neil Hamilton deeply engrossed in a race. (Immediately above) Edward G. Robinson and his wife. (Left) Fighting for place around the curve. This is one of the thrilling moments.





Carroll Photo Service

(Above) No. 8 rounds the curve at breakneck speed. (Left) Hoot Gibson is an expert race critic—he used to be a race track driver himself. (Right) Ralph Graves is the man buying the bottle of pop.

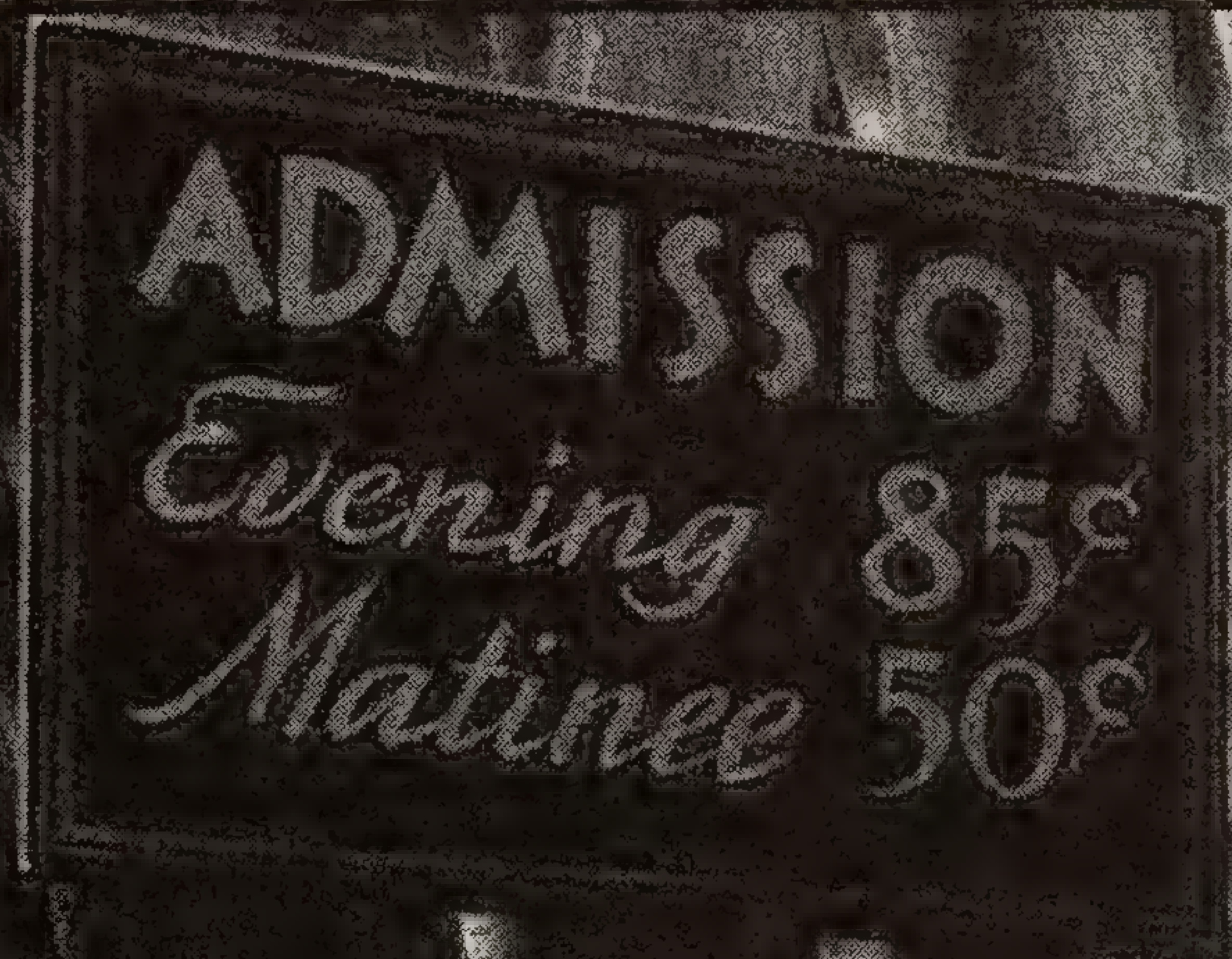


(Above) Cliff Edwards, sometimes known as Ukulele Ike. (Right) Recognize that cleft chin and fine mouth? Righto—Richard Barthelmess.



Allow us to interrupt the races for a moment and introduce you to the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye and his wife, née Constance Bennett. Did you see the picture of them on page 34?

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



Time for the movies—
No time for her gums
and she has "pink tooth brush!"

You bet there's a big thrill in a swell movie! But if you want to live romance, as well as watch somebody else's romance, better spend a few seconds a day keeping your gums in condition!

You won't have an attractive smile for long unless your teeth stay sparkling white and sound. And that means you must keep your gums firm and healthy!

Your gums probably aren't firm and

healthy. Modern foods are too soft and creamy to stimulate your gums. Lacking work to do, your gums have become lazy and sickly. Two to one they're so tender that they bleed. That's why you now may have "pink tooth brush".

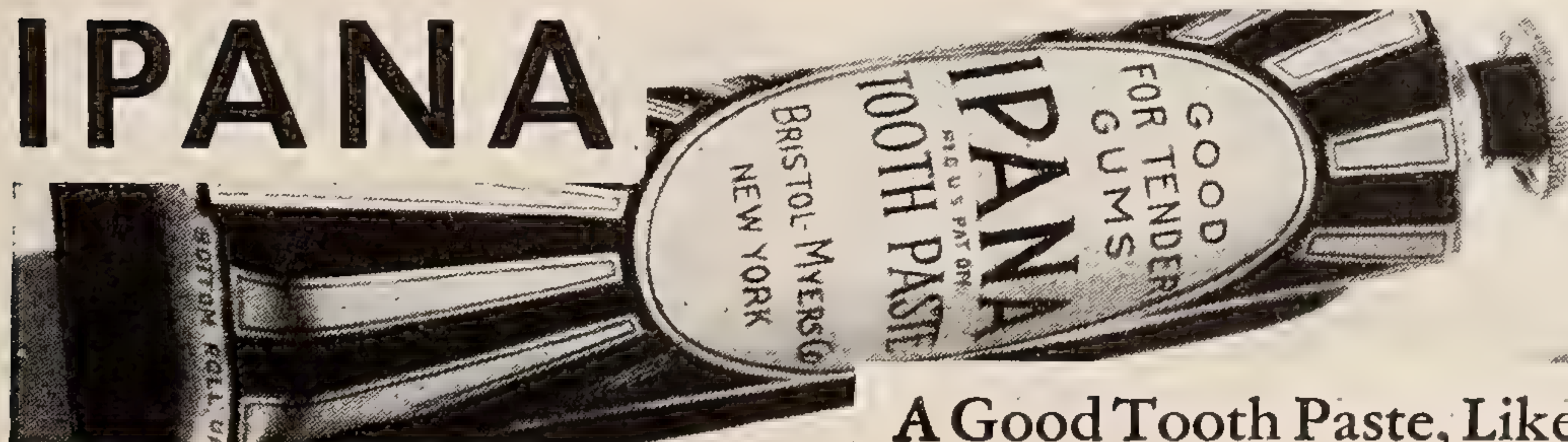
And when "pink tooth brush" arrives, take heed! For it's Nature's danger signal—a warning that more serious gum troubles are on the way. Gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea may be just around the cor-

ner. And you certainly don't want to take chances with the soundness of your white teeth! Yet that's another thing "pink tooth brush" warns you about!

You can improve the condition of those gums of yours if you'll use Ipana Tooth Paste with massage. Clean your teeth with Ipana. But every time, rub a little more Ipana right into your gums.

You'll soon notice a new sparkle in your teeth. Use Ipana with massage regularly, and you'll be able to forget "pink" on your tooth brush!

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Hair treated with Combination
Hot Oil Treatment and Shampoo.

*"Her Hair
Grows
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Every Day"*

Leading beauticians depend upon this Hot Oil Treatment to revitalize lifeless hair. It stops falling hair, removes dandruff, cleanses the scalp and nourishes the hair to new vigor and beauty. It also makes the ideal shampoo, as it is free from soap or alkali. Everyone in the family should use it.

Super Set

The superb Nestle waving lotion for finger waves or water waves. It makes every wave more glamorous and longer lasting. SuperSet is greaseless and fast drying. There is no deposit or sediment. The SuperSet wave is the finest wave you ever had.

ColoRinse

Use it after your next shampoo for the new tone color it will give your hair. It is neither a dye nor a bleach, but a harmless, vegetable compound. It gives the hair a natural, radiant loveliness and restores its youthful sheen and glamour. Two rinses in one package for 10c.

The Nestle-Le Mur Co., New York City

10c

Small sizes at all 5c and 10c stores
large size at your beauty parlor.

MORE ABOUT
HOLLYWOOD

SHH! SECRETS ABOUT THOSE MOVIE FOLK!

THE "Bird of Paradise" company, with King Vidor as the director, and Dolores Del Rio as the star, was all set to leave for location in Hawaii. But there was an upset in their plans when news came of the rumpus being raised in Honolulu on account of several attacks on white women by native islanders. As a result it was decided that Vidor would take the company to Florida, instead, for the exterior shots.

No sooner had the news of the change in plans been printed than the studio received telegrams from Washington assuring them that a motion picture company would be perfectly safe in Honolulu. So everything was once more switched around and director Vidor left for Hawaii with his technical staff, to be followed a few days later by Dolores Del Rio, Joel McCrea and others of the staff.

Even among Hollywood's biggest stars, a trip to Hawaii with all expenses paid by the studio, is much welcomed. In fact, it's a darned lucky break!

MACK SENNETT, creator of stars, has done it again—only it's not a bathing beauty this time, but Bing Crosby. Mr. Lasky, after seeing his work in the Sennett shorts, has offered Bing a contract whereby he will appear in a feature-length production with an option for two more if that's a success.

Lasky wants Bing's first picture to be "Wild Waves," from the stage play which is soon to open on Broadway, but Bing himself prefers another story, the locale of which is mostly a radio station. We don't know at this writing who will win but, at any rate, the story will be a light as well as a romantic one to show off all of Bing's talents.

HE has never played any but starring rôles.

That is the distinction enjoyed by Clarence Whitehill, leading baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, who was engaged by Vitaphone to enact the rôle of George Washington, in the two reel Washington Bicentennial Celebration film, "Washington—The Man and the Capital," which will soon be released.

When he was selected to play this rôle Mr. Whitehill, although this was his first attempt at motion picture work, continued his record as a star performer. However, what is even more unusual is the fact that Mr. Whitehill refused to take any compensation for his Vitaphone work. His contract with the Metropolitan forbids his singing or acting for anyone else for pay, so Mr. Whitehill volunteered to enact George Washington for expenses only. Lyon Mearson, author of "The French They Are a Funny Race," and other books,

wrote the scenario for Mr. Whitehill's picture.

This month's bedtime story:

There once was an actor who never paid his bills. One day he took a friend downtown to help him pick out a new suit. The original price of the suit was \$125, but after an hour of fast talking, the actor succeeded in getting the price lowered to \$85.

"I'll take it at \$85," said he. "Charge it to my account."

After leaving the tailoring shop, his friend asked, "Why did you waste the fellow's time getting the price cut? You don't intend to pay for the suit anyway."

"Oh, that was to ease my conscience," replied the actor. "I've known him for years and I didn't want him to lose any more than necessary!"

CLIVE BROOK felt sorry for his children awhile back and decided that another winter should not pass without their seeing some real snow. All the Brook youngsters were born in sunny California and had never enjoyed the sight of a snowfall.

So Clive ups and rents a big cabin at Arrowhead Lake for a month . . . pays a terrific premium rental because it happened to be at the top of the winter season—and all the little Brooks frolicked to their hearts' content in the snow. Then they returned to Hollywood—and the morning after they arrived back home, everyone in "sunny California" awakened to see a two-inch deep snowfall! (There are some pictures on page 43.) Clive suddenly realized that he had spent a few hundred needless dollars so that the kids might see real snow—and while he was pondering over the expenditure—they were making snow men on the front lawn of his Hollywood home!

THE huge party that followed the opening of "The Fall Guy" in which Jim and Lucille Gleason co-star was quite a bang. It brought together, in an informal way, a great crowd of celebrities. (See pictures on page 130.)

Bob Montgomery was one of the first to show up and unfortunately had to leave early . . . Mary Nolan was very much in evidence with her husband . . . of course, Mary Brian was there with Russell Gleason . . . Mary appears much more sophisticated of late and her gown of blush red was a lovely contrast to her rather pale complexion and dark hair . . . Dolores Del Rio took the invitation at its word and arrived informally . . . her dress, of dull gold and silver, in a zebra effect, would have been terrifically trying to the average run of movie beauty—but on our Dark Star it was a brilliant idea . . . Joan
(Continued on page 98)

Inside Story of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued from page 47)

JEAN HERSHOLT and Buster Keaton were two almost pathetically eager candidates for two other big rôles in the film. Hersholt, under contract to M-G-M, saw in Preysing, the German financier, his greatest screen opportunity to date. He didn't balk at the villainous, sensuous aspects of the character. He begged for the chance to do the rôle with its every unlikable, weak characteristic intact. In spite of Hersholt's pleadings, an official statement came from the studio that Wallace Beery would portray the part. Yet Wally loathed the rôle of Preysing!

Coming on the heels of such "sympathetic" hits as "The Champ," "Min and Bill" and "Hell Divers," Wally saw the rôle as detrimental to everything that had gone into the building of his present reputation with the fans. To him it was a step back to his "villain" days. For a week or two he went on a one-man strike, refusing to show up at the studio, threatening to walk out on his contract and retire before he would play the rôle. Hersholt had no greater booster than Beery. "Hersholt has the accent, the appearance, the capability," argued Beery. "In him they have a perfect man for the rôle. I will not play it!" Hersholt took heart at Beery's rebellion. He, himself, had put up every argument why he should be given a chance to be Preysing. And Beery (his rival) was backing these arguments. There was nothing to do but wait . . . and hope. . . .

BUT while the much contested rôle of the German financier is awaiting final word from the studio's front-office powers, let us look in on the scene of Kringelein, the pitiful accountant under sentence of a dread illness, reaching pathetically for just one taste of real life before the end. Buster Keaton loved this rôle. With something of Kringelein's own wistful avidity, Buster would report to Director Goulding for test after test. The rôle of the bewildered, half-comic, half-tragic accountant may have meant to Buster a chance to do something besides slapstick comedy. Keaton put so much heart and feeling into his efforts that for a while it seemed that they would be crowned with success.

Then on the horizon of Buster's opportunity loomed that great actor, Lionel Barrymore. From the front-office came reports that Lionel would play Kringelein, not Buster. With a stiff upper lip and a smile of good grace, the comedian, who hungered after this bit of real drama, waited. . . .

Simultaneous with these developments, Joan Crawford was holding up Flammchen's off-stage drama with marked dissatisfaction at being cast in the rôle of the little stenographer. Joan saw the stage play of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued on page 95)



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"I just soak everything in those thick Rinso suds—and the clothes actually come whiter than ever!" says Mrs. Adam Montague of New Haven. "It's all I use—no bar soaps or softeners," writes Mrs. Joseph Heller of Milwaukee.

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saves the clothes; spares your hands, too.

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THE MODERN SCREEN DIRECTORY (Players)

MARRIED, AND IF SO, TO WHOM; BIRTHPLACE; WHERE TO WRITE THEM; STUDIO AFFILIATION; CURRENT AND FUTURE RÔLES—BROUGHT UP TO DATE EACH MONTH

COMPLETE STUDIO ADDRESSES

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Educational Studios, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
First National Studios, Burbank, California.
Fox Studios, Movietone City, Westwood, California.
Samuel Goldwyn Studio, 7210 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, California.
Paramount-Publix Studios, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Pathé Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
RKO-Radio Studios, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Hal Roach Studios, Culver City, California.
Mack Sennett Studios, Studio City, North Hollywood, California.
Warner Brothers Studio, Burbank, California.
United Artists Studios, 1041 No. Formosa Avenue, Hollywood California.
Universal Studios, Universal City, California.



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ALBERTSON, FRANK; married to Virginia Shelly; born in Fergus Falls, Minn. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Traveling Husbands" and in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; and "Speed Crazy," Universal. Now appearing in musical comedy.
ALEXANDER, BEN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio; in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.
AMES, ADRIENNE; married to Stephen Ames; born in Fort Worth, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "24 Hours" and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount.
ARLEN, RICHARD; married to Jobyna Ralston; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Touchdown" and in "Wayward." Now working in "Skybride." All for Paramount.
ARLISS, GEORGE; married to Florence Montgomery; born in London, Eng. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Millionaire," "Alexander Hamilton" and "The Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.
ARMSTRONG, ROBERT; divorced from Jeanne Kent; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Reckless Living," Universal; in "Panama Flo" and "The Tip Off," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.
ARTHUR, JEAN; marriage to Julian Ancker annulled; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount; and "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.
ASTHER, NILS; married to Vivian Duncan; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. After several months away from the screen, expects to make talking picture come-back soon.
ASTOR, MARY; married to Dr. Franklyn Thorpe; born in Quincy, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Smart Woman" and "Men of Chance." Featured rôle in "Lost Squadron." All for RKO-Radio.
ATES, ROSCOE; married to Ethel Rogers; born in Hattiesburg, Miss. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ladies of the Jury," RKO-Radio; in "The Champ" and "Freaks," M-G-M. Now working in "Hold 'Em, Jail," RKO-Radio.
AUSTIN, WILLIAM; married to Dora May Howe; born in Georgetown, British Guiana. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Tailor-Made Man," M-G-M; and "Corsair," United Artists.
AYRES, LEW; married to Lola Lane; born in Minneapolis, Minn. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Starred in "Heaven on Earth," "Impatient Maiden" and "Spirit of Notre Dame." Next will be "Laughing Boy." All for Universal.
BAKEWELL, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Hollywood, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Hands," M-G-M; in "Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal; and "While Paris Sleeps," Fox. Now working in "Cheaters at Play," Fox.
BANCROFT, GEORGE; married to Octavia Baroshe; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Scandal Sheet" and "Rich Man's Folly." Next will probably be "On the Black Sea." All for Paramount.
BANNISTER, HARRY; married to Ann Harding; born in Saginaw, Mich. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé; and "Husband's Holiday," Paramount.
BANKHEAD, TALLULAH; unmarried; born in

Huntsville, Ala. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "My Sin" and "The Cheat." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.
BARRYMORE, JOHN; married to Dolores Costello; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Mad Genius," Warner Bros.; co-starred in "Arsène Lupin," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Grand Hotel," M-G-M. Now starring in "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.
BARRYMORE, LIONEL; married to Irene Fenwick; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Man I Killed," Paramount; in "Mata Hari," "Arsène Lupin" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.
BARTHELMESS, RICHARD; married to the former Mrs. Jessica Sergeant; born in New York City. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Last Flight" and "Alias the Doctor." Now starring in "Cabin in the Cotton." All for First National.
BAXTER, WARNER; married to Winifred Bryson; born in Columbus, Ohio. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Cisco Kid" and "Surrender." Now starring in "Scotch Valley." All for Fox.
BEERY, NOAH; married to Marguerite Lindsay; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Shanghai Love," Columbia; in "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox; in "The Drifter," Kent Prod.
BEERY, WALLACE; married to Rita Gilman; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Champ" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M. Featured rôle in "Grand Hotel."
BELL, REX; married to Clara Bow; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Battling with Buffalo Bill," Universal; and in "Forgotten Women," Trem Carr.
BELLAMY, RALPH; married to Catherine Willard; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Magnificent Lie," Paramount; and in "Surrender" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.
BENNETT, CONSTANCE; married to the Marquis de la Falaise; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract Star. Starred in "Bought," Warner Bros.; and Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Right to Live," RKO-Pathé. Next will be "The Dangerous Set," Warner Bros.
BENNETT, JOAN; divorced from John Martin Fox; born in Palisades, N. J. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hush Money" and "She Wanted a Millionaire." Now working in "Widow's Might." Next will be "Salomy Jane." All for Fox.
BICKFORD, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Cambridge, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Guilty Generation" and "Men in Her Life," Columbia; and "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Ambition," Universal; "Thunder Below," Paramount.
BLANE, SALLY; unmarried; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Spirit of Notre Dame," Universal; in "Good Sport," Fox; and in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany.
BLONDELL, JOAN; unmarried; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Blonde Crazy," Union Depot; and "The Crowd Roars." Now working in "The Famous Ferguson Case." Next will be "Saturday's Children." All for Warner Bros. Also, in "The Greeks Had a Word For It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

(Continued on page 96)

Inside Story of "Grand Hotel"

(Continued from page 93)

and took particular note of the opportunities afforded Flammchen (probably comparing them with those afforded Grusinskaya, Garbo's part). And then, they say, she saw her lawyer! Though Joan's rebellion was intense—it was short-lived. Several conferences with the tactful and persuasive Edmund Goulding convinced her that the screen Flammchen enjoyed greater opportunity than the play and novel gave to the part, and that the rôle for the screen had been built up so that it took second place to none.

ON the cast sheet will be Greta Garbo as the dancer; John Barrymore as the Baron; Wallace Beery (not Jean Hersholt) as Preysing. Hersholt has been handed the smaller and less demanding part of the hotel clerk. He says no more of Preysing. He, like Keaton, can be a good loser. He will give his best to the rôle of the clerk.

Joan Crawford became reconciled to Flammchen; in fact, almost enthusiastic, once she fully realized the possibilities existent in the character of the pretty stenographer. Lewis Stone, who has been playing near-star rôles for several years, was cast as the philosophical Doctor of the piece—a small rôle, indeed, for this veteran of the stage and screen. The characterization of the Baron's unscrupulous chauffeur goes to John Miljan—another case of a small part for a big actor. And Tully Marshall, veteran character actor, enacts the rôle of Gerstankorn, Preysing's mercantile rival. Tully, who has been receiving top feature billing in recent years, will perhaps not even get screen credit in this melting-pot of stars.

Now that "Grand Hotel" is well under way, superlative peace and calm reigns on this set of many stars. Prophesied temperamental fire-crackers have not exploded. None are expected. Billing on this picture has been previously decided upon. Garbo's name heads a list of five to be "starred" in the following order: Greta Garbo; John Barrymore; Joan Crawford; Wallace Beery, and Lionel Barrymore.

Joan Crawford links arms with Lionel Barrymore in a quiet corner of the set, and they walk back and forth studying their lines. The famous John Barrymore is actually eager about his rôle. As for Wallace Beery . . . well, Wally still thinks Jean Hersholt would have been excellent. But Wally has been "ironed out," in the jargon of the studios. He will give the part all he has.

The hotel clerk, Jean Hersholt, cannot suppress a sigh as he must look upon another interpreting the rôle he wanted above all else.

The drama of "Grand Hotel," with its myriad dramas, moves serenely on. Is it any wonder that it is the most discussed production in Hollywood?

You are in a BEAUTY CONTEST every hour of every day!

A CAKE of Camay Soap—and you have the finest beauty treatment in the world. Buy a dozen cakes—today—and watch this gentle soap bring out the natural beauty of your skin. With Camay your skin will glow with new, deep cleanliness!



The girl above is meeting her husband's big chief! What impression would you make if you were in her Beauty Contest? Every man, from office boy to president, responds to clean, natural loveliness.



Natural loveliness begins with immaculate cleanliness. But be sure you use only the most delicate, the safest, of beauty soaps on your precious skin!



Delicate Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Resolve to begin its use today and open up a new era of beauty for yourself and your precious skin!

YOU have only to *look* at a cake of Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women—to know why 73 eminent skin doctors commend its use. Camay is creamy-white! There's no coloring matter—no "chalkiness" to dry out your skin. It is delicate, gentle, *safe* for that precious skin of yours. Luxurious Camay lather and warm water—then a cold rinse—and your skin has regained its natural shell-like beauty. It is soft, too—and smooth as flower-petals! You *are* in a Beauty Contest, every hour of every day. Let Camay help you win!

CAMAY

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THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 94)



You can have them instantly by the simple magic of the new

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Dormant, in your eyes, is a soulful, bewitching kind of beauty that only dark, luxuriant, naturally long-appearing lashes can bring into play.

But, have YOU such lashes? They are easily acquired, and in just an instant, by the effortless use of the NEW Maybelline Eyelash Beautifier. A few simple brush strokes and the marvelous transformation takes place.

You must be sure, however, to use genuine Maybelline—because it's perfectly harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and it actually tends to stimulate lash growth. Try it. You'll be amazed and delighted with the result. So will those who see you! Obtain the NEW Maybelline at any toilet goods counter. Black or Brown, 75c.

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Clip

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10c enclosed. Send me Purse Size of the new Maybelline. ☐ Black ☐ Brown

Name _____

Street _____

Town _____

State _____

BOARDMAN, ELEANOR; married to King Vidor; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Squaw Man," M-G-M; and "Women Love Once," Paramount.

BOLES, JOHN; married to Marcellite Dobbs; born in Greenville, Texas. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Frankenstein," Universal; starred in "Good Sport," Fox. Now working in "Widow's Might," Fox.

BOW, CLARA; married to Rex Bell; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Starred in "No Limit" and "Kick In," Paramount. Returning to screen soon in a Sam Rork production.

BOYD, BILL; married to Dorothy Sebastian; born in Cambridge, Ohio. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Suicide Fleet," "The Big Gamble" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.

BOYD, WILLIAM; divorced from former actress; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "The False Madonna" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

BRENDEL, EL; married to Flo Bert; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; and "Delicious" and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.

BRENT, EVELYN; married to Harry Edwards; born in Tampa, Florida. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Pagan Lady," Columbia; in "Traveling Husbands," RKO-Radio; and "High Pressure," First National.

BRIAN, MARY; unmarried; born in Corsicana, Texas. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Front Page," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Runaround," RKO-Radio; in "Homicide Squad," Universal; and "It's Hell to be Famous," First National.

BROOK, CLIVE; married to Faith Evelyn; born in London, England. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Husband's Holiday" and "Shanghai Express." Now working in "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer." All for Paramount.

BROWN, JOE E.; married to Kathryn McGrau; born in Holgate, Ohio. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Broadminded," "Local Boy Makes Good" and "Fireman, Save My Child," First National.

BROWN, JOHN MACK; married to Cornelia Foster; born in Dothan, Alabama. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Last Flight," First National; in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal; and "Yukon," Standard Pictures.

BUSHELL, ANTHONY; married to Zelma O'Neal; born in Kent County, Eng. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final" and "Expensive Women," First National; and "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.

BUTTERWORTH, CHARLES; unmarried; born in South Bend, Ind. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Side Show" and "Manhattan Parade." Now working in "Beauty and the Boss." All for First National.

CAGNEY, JAMES; married to Frances Vernon; born in New York City. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Blonde Crazy," "Taxi" and "The Crowd Roars." Now starring in "Saturday's Children." All for Warner Bros.

CANTOR, EDDIE; married to Ida Tobias; born in New York City. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Whoopee" and "Palmy Days." Next will be "Kid From Spain." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

CAROL, SUE; married to Nick Stuart; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Graft," Universal. Now making personal appearance tour.

CARRILLO, LEO; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lasca of the Rio Grande," Universal; in "Guilty Generation," Columbia; and "The Girl From The Rio," RKO-Radio. Now working in "The Broken Wing," Paramount.

CARROLL, NANCY; married to Francis Bolton Mallory; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Personal Maid," "The Man I Killed" and "Wayward," Paramount.

CAVANAUGH, PAUL; unmarried; born in Chiselmhurst, Kent, Eng. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak" and "Devil's Lottery," Fox.

CHANDLER, HELEN; married to Cyril Hume; born in New York City. Write her at First National

studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "Fanny Foley Herself," RKO-Radio; and "A House Divided," Universal. Now on the New York stage.

CHAPLIN, CHARLIE; divorced from Lita Gray; born in London, England. Write him at Charles Chaplin studio, Hollywood. Producer-star. Starred in "City Lights." Now in Europe.

CHASE, CHARLIE; married to Bebe Eltinge; born in Baltimore, Md. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract comedy star. Starred in "Hasty Marriage," "What a Bozo" and "Nickel Nurses." Now working in "Balmy Days." All for Roach-M-G-M.

CHATTERTON, RUTH; married to Ralph Forbes; born in New York City. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Once a Lady" and "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," Paramount. Now starring in "The Rich Are Always With Us," Warner Bros.

CHERRILL, VIRGINIA; divorced from non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Girls Demand Excitement," "Trailin'" and "The Brat," Fox.

CHEVALIER, MAURICE; married to Yvonne Vallee; born in Paris, France. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Smiling Lieutenant" and "One Hour With You." Next will star in "Love Me Tonight." All for Paramount.

CHRISTY, DOROTHY; married to Hal Christy; born in Reading, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Night Life in Reno," Supreme; in "Convicted," Mannon Prod; and "Papa Loves Mama," Universal.

CHURCHILL, MARGUERITE; unmarried; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill" and "Riders of the Purple Sage," Fox.

CLAIRE, INA; divorced from John Gilbert; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Rebound," RKO-Pathé; and "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists.

CLARKE, MAE; divorced from Lew Brice; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Final Edition," Columbia; in "Reckless Living," "Frankenstein," "Impatient Maiden," "Night Club," Universal.

CLYDE, ANDY; unmarried; born in Blairgowrie, Scotland. Write him at Mack Sennett studio. Contract comedy star. Starred in "Half Holiday," "Taxi Trouble" and "Shopping With Wife." Now working in "Heavens! My Husband." All for Mack Sennett.

CODY, LEW; widower of Mabel Normand; born in Waterville, Maine. Write him at Tiffany studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M; in "X Marks the Spot" and "File No. 113," Tiffany. Now working in "Yukon," Standard Pictures.

COLBERT, CLAUDETTE; married to Norman Foster; born in Paris, France. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Secrets of a Secretary," "His Woman," "The Wiser Sex" and "Sensation," Paramount.

COLLIER, WILLIAM, JR.; unmarried; born in New York City. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Street Scene," United Artists; in "Sporting Chance," Tec-Art; and "File No. 113," Tiffany. Now working in "After Tomorrow," Fox; "Dancers in the Dark," Paramount.

COLLYER, JUNE; married to Stuart Erwin; born in New York City. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton," Warner Bros.; in "Honeymoon Lane," Sono Art-Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox.

COLMAN, RONALD; separated from Thelma Ray; born in Surrey, England. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Devil to Pay," "The Unholy Garden" and "Arrowsmith." Next will probably be "Cynara." All for Goldwyn-United Artists.

COMPSON, BETTY; divorced from James Cruze; born in Beaver, Utah. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Three Who Loved," "The Lady Refuses" and "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

COOGAN, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Glendale, California. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount.

COOGAN, ROBERT; boy actor; born in Glendale, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Skippy" and "Sooky." Now working in "The Miracle Man." Next "Love Me Tonight." All for Paramount.

(Continued on page 101)

HERE ARE THEIR BIRTHDAYS FOR MARCH AND APRIL— WHY NOT SEND THEM A BIRTHDAY GREETING?

Lois Moran	March 1	Wallace Beery	April 1
Jean Harlow	March 3	George O'Brien	April 5
Edmund Lowe	March 3	Spencer Tracy	April 5
Dorothy Mackaill	March 4	Virginia Cherrill	April 12
Conrad Nagel	March 16	Charles Chaplin	April 26
Joan Crawford	March 23	Fifi Dorsay	April 26
El Brendel	March 25	Dorothy Sebastian	April 26
Warner Baxter	March 29	George K. Arthur	April 27
Eddie Quillan	March 31	Lionel Barrymore	April 28
Victor Varconi	March 31	David Manners	April 30

Beauty Advice

(Continued from page 15)

Now, about brushing. (You must get awfully tired of hearing me talk about brushing.) I don't suppose I need to tell you that it will do no good to brush your clean locks with a dirty brush. On the other hand, continual washing of brushes softens the bristles. So try dipping your hairbrush in a bowl of bran every day or so. It will help keep the brush clean and if a few flakes of bran get stuck in your hair they won't hurt a speck—they'll brush right out. Even so, you really ought to wash your brush every week. In warm water and mild soap, and stick the handle in a milk bottle and let the brush dry in the sun.

If your hair is bleached, you ought to give it frequent rinsings in vinegar and water. Vinegar invigorates and strengthens the hair.

If you have white hair, a bit of blueing in the rinsing water will give it that snowy look. And there is actually a white brilliantine on the market for white hair. There is one, too, which combines brilliantine and blueing in some mysterious process. It's rather expensive but gives lovely results.

A tonic low in alcohol percentage, rubbed into the scalp after the shampoo and after the hair is thoroughly dry will close the pores (thus helping to prevent those after-shampoo colds) and also keep the oil glands from being over-stimulated.

Write to Mary Biddle about your beauty problems. Be as definite as you can about them. She will be glad to help you. Address Mary Biddle, MODERN SCREEN Magazine, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York City, N. Y., and enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply.

Why I Hate Garbo

(Continued from page 45)

refused to move for a movie queen. I smiled, the boys were radiant, they all offered me their places, but I refused and sat quietly in a corner because the music had begun again. La Garbo is informal, a bohemian, she loves art and music, etc. . . . and so a little more was added to the Garbo legend.

AFTER the concert I waited for friends and I can say, without exaggeration, that until I turned my back on the crowds, every second person "recognized" me. A vehement woman, with several others in tow, all of Amazonian proportions, rushed up to me, assured she had met me before and introduced her friends in quick succession. They mumbled and continued to stare. I went to a restaurant, an old favorite

After this

marvelous beauty bath

instant improvement in your skin

Every woman who desires a soft, smooth skin should try the marvelous Linit Beauty Bath . . . Results are immediate—no waiting—a delightful bath—and the cost is trifling! . . . Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub—bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then feel your skin! In texture it will be soft and smooth as velvet . . . Linit neither takes away too much of the necessary oil in the skin, nor does it dry up the skin by clogging the natural oil in the pores.

Prove it
with this
test!

After dissolving a handful or so of Linit in a basin of warm water, wash your hands. The instant your hands come in contact with the water, you are aware of a smoothness like rich cream—and after you dry your hands, your skin has a delightful softness. You'll be convinced!



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is sold by your Grocer, Drug-
gist and Department Store

THE BATHWAY TO A
SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN



● Little Miss ALICE ANN BUTTGEREIT, of Verona, Pennsylvania.



BABY "WENT TO ALMOST NOTHING"

Then Eagle Brand saved the day!

"Here is a picture of our daughter, Alice Ann", writes Mrs. Joel Buttgereit, 132 Arch St., Verona, Penn., "to show you what Eagle Brand has done for our baby when three other baby foods failed.

"Our baby weighed 9 pounds at birth and went to almost nothing. Then we tried Eagle Brand, and with her first feeding, she seemed satisfied. She started to pick up right away and at eight months weighed 26 pounds and had 8 teeth.

"We can never express our gratitude for what Eagle Brand has done for our baby."

If your baby is not thriving on his present food we suggest that you and your doctor consider Eagle Brand. Send for free booklet. The new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare" contains practical feeding information and suggestions for supplementary foods—orange juice, cereals, cod-liver oil, etc.—advised by doctors.

● (Every picture and letter published by The Borden Company is voluntarily sent us by a grateful parent or other relative.)

FREE! Wonderful baby booklet!

THE BORDEN CO., Dept. 1-7
350 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me—free—the new and complete edition of "Baby's Welfare".



Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Please print name and address plainly

of mine, where I learned later Garbo had dined a little while before. Three waiters rushed a table at me, that is all that I can call it, and even after I had spoken—and you must realize the utter dissimilarity in the quality of our voices to appreciate this—the stares continued, from men and women alike. I think the women are worst.

I met a friend at the Savoy Plaza and I was literally shadowed through all of the corridors by a newspaperman whom I recognized, though he did not know me. Soon a group of his fellows had gathered and as I passed them, I caught little fragments of the great discussion. "It's Garbo's eyes . . . and her mouth—but the A. P. said she was in Chicago by now."

If I were a person whose only claim to attention was her resemblance to a star, perhaps all this would not disturb

me so. But I am a writer of reasonable intelligence. I have my way to make in the world and that is not Hollywood.

Yet, no matter what I do to my hair, no matter what clothes I wear, it still persists, this *leit motif* that is now so powerful that it has seriously interfered with my life and career. No one takes my literary pretensions seriously; no one believes me constant in love; and no one appreciates my sense of comedy, for I have been stamped the "*femme fatale*," and that, I assure you, is fatal to la femme.

When I say that I "hate Garbo," do not misunderstand me. I have written too often of her amazing sensibility as an actress to say that convincingly now. But her reflected glow has lost for me that right to individual integrity that means far more than a shadow existence off the screen.

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 92)

(Chubby) Marsh arrived with one of Hollywood's playboys . . . Joan seems younger each successive time she appears; she was all decked out in a dazzling creation of deep maroon velvet.

Along towards the end of the evening (when the photographers were running rampant getting their pictures), the party got real clever. Jack Oakie decided that the existing master of ceremonies was not up to par so he grabbed the baton to lead the orchestra as well as take over the duties of head-story-teller, pointer-out-of-big-shots and whatnot. It was at this time that Hollywood learned that Jack has been wasting his time in Hollywood, as he could no doubt make a great deal more money in Harlem. Really, if you had been there at the last minute, you would have heard some very strange things from the band-stand. All in all, a great evening.

Hollywood is telling that Billie Dove attended the New York Mayfair in the company of Charlie Lederer . . . and that Howard Hughes was seen with a gorgeous society girl from Walter Winchell's home town. Maybe it's just another tiff. Billie, it is also said, danced most of her dances with Jimmie Walker! If you will recall, a few issues back we gave the news that Billie and Howard were friends again! How quickly things change in Hollywood!

DOUG FAIRBANKS, JR., can give all the ladies (and men) a few tips on reducing. Several months ago Doug awoke to the fact that he wasn't photographing as well as heretofore—he had become jowly and heavy. This was a surprise, because a couple or three years ago Doug's worry about weight had always been in the other direction—because at that time he literally looked under-nourished and his greatest aim was to put on a few extra

pounds. Then wife Joan Crawford took over the matter of his diet and insisted that Doug eat certain amounts of potatoes and other weight-increasing foods—and drink milk. Suddenly he found himself overweight (for the screen)—but he also discovered that he had grown very fond of dishes that certainly wouldn't be included on Sylvia's diet menus. The only solution was exercise—and plenty of it.

Now Doug is back at his best weight. He told us that most of the extra poundage came off when he and his dad organized a football team which played regularly over at the United Artists studio. Since the gang has discontinued the daily games, Doug goes through a systematic set of exercises every day, besides golfing and horseback riding two or three times a week.

"You can't keep your weight down, no matter how much you diet, unless you exercise!" advises Doug.

Irving Hoffman gets credit for dubbing Greta Garbo "*America's Swede Heart*."

THE report is that Rose Hobart will give the movies the big go-by—and return to the stage. Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton offered Rose the leading feminine rôle in the play they have bought (which Ruth will probably direct) and Rose accepted.

If Rose prefers the legitimate stage to working before the camera, she isn't the first. Kent Douglass, for one, left behind some swell offers of picture contracts when he made tracks for the Big City and the Broadway stage. Likewise Leslie Howard. Even Barbara Stanwyck has a yen to do a stage show and she has enjoyed tremendous success on the screen.

Acting before real footlights is like the Yellow Fever—they can't ever get it out of their blood, it seems.

LOOKS like Hollywood has grown international minded. The other evening at a local auditorium there was a heated debate on the Russian Soviet question. Among the movie folks we saw listening intently to both sides of the question were Kay Johnson, her husband, director John Cromwell, Paul Bern, and Florence Eldridge (Mrs. Fredric March). These folks seemed just as interested in the debate as other Hollywoodites are at the prize-fight stadium watching their favorite sluggers slug.

Don't feel sorry for yourself if sometimes you have to wait in line to see your favorite movie star on the screen. Jimmy Cagney waited exactly one hour and forty minutes before he could get a seat to see his new picture which was showing at a Hollywood theatre. And he admits that Jimmy Cagney isn't even his favorite actor!

A NEW Paris importation is the ring that Maurice Chevalier brought back to Hollywood from his last crossing. And it has Hollywood in stitches! The ring, it seems, is made so that when the wearer shakes hands with an unsuspecting friend, the inside of the ring vibrates. It is said that this is enough to scare the average movie star to an early grave. Those who have so far been the victims of Maurice's little ring all thought they were being electrocuted or something.

A friend borrowed the ring from Chevalier and proceeded to try it out on Tallulah Bankhead. She almost hit the ceiling of her dressing room. (By the way, Tallulah occupies the rooms that Ruth Chatterton had while at Paramount.) But immediately after she had discovered what the gag was, Tallulah was yipping all over the studio for a ring "just like that one!" It was found, however, that they are not to be had in this country, and so Tallulah has cabled an order to a friend in Paris. So, in the future, when you shake hands with Miss Bankhead (you lucky person), just remember we warned you.

Loretta Young went dancing the other night with Gloria Swanson's second ex—Herb Somborn, of the Brown Derby Somborns.

Evidently one try at the old marriage game is enough to last Loretta for some time to come. Since her divorce from Grant Withers she's been going with a steady list of different boy-friends, and before any really serious rumors can develop, Loretta has switched her affections. For awhile Ricardo Cortez threatened to become a steady suitor, but he and Loretta parted just friends.

LOOKS like Reno, the American divorce mill where so many famous picture players have had their marital knots untied lately, might meet its Waterloo in Chihuahua, Mexico. In that small Mexican town it is now possible to get your divorce in exactly five minutes—without any previous residence in Mexico. One bright young fellow has in mind a complete airplane service from the large cities of the United States direct to this new divorce

Spring brings a DOUBLE DANGER



TO THREATEN

Delicate Complexions

Play safe! Here is a simple, effective way to guard your skin from the treacherous extremes of the season.

● "BEWARE OF SPRING!" For years the foremost beauty specialists have sounded this warning . . . Sharp, blustery winds one minute. Cold, driving rain, the next. And then, indoors to the parching atmosphere of over-heated rooms and offices.

No wonder sensitive skins wither under the attack! No wonder complexions become dull and cloudy! . . . Luckily there is a way to withstand these extremes of weather and temperature. A simple 5-minute beauty ritual, now used daily by millions of fastidious women.

Famous Olive Oil Preparations

Everyone knows the beneficial effects of Olive Oil—its soothing and toning action on the skin. OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder won universal acclaim because of its marvelous Olive Oil base. Now, by a special patented process, this same famous ingredient is embodied in a complete assortment of the finest cosmetics.

Begin tonight! Spend *two minutes* ridding your pores of dirt and make-up with OUTDOOR GIRL Liquefying Cleans-

ing Cream. Then spread on a thin film of the velvety Olive Oil Cream to nourish your skin while you sleep.

Tomorrow morning, start with a stimulating application of OUTDOOR GIRL Skin Freshener. Follow with OUTDOOR GIRL Vanishing Cream, as a protection from the elements and a perfect powder base. Next rouge your lips, using Lipstick or Lip-and-Cheek Rouge. Finish with OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Face Powder in any of its smart shades, if your skin is normal, or with the fluffy *Lightex* blend, if it is naturally oily. All this takes only *three minutes!*

Free Trial Packages!

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Beauty Products are surprisingly inexpensive! You can purchase generous "purse-size" packages of exactly the same quality as the larger packages, for as low as 10c—and more economical sizes from 25c to \$1.00 at leading chain, drug and department stores.

If you want to sample 3 of the most popular OUTDOOR GIRL Beauty Products, send 4c in stamps for liberal trial packages of the new Liquefying Cleansing Cream and the two face powders. Crystal Laboratories, 134 Willis Avenue, New York City.



Lightex for oily skins in the red box . . . With Olive Oil for normal skins in the purple box

OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil BEAUTY PRODUCTS

Death waited for him at every corner . .



. . yet she married him!

To her shame and sorrow she loved him—this reckless man of the underworld whom the police called "English." And then when the net began to close around him . . . when the Grim Reaper steadily stalked his steps . . . she married him, believing that to be the only thing which might save his life.

But what form did his gratitude take? Imagine her horror when he brought into their home a woman from out of his past! What could his wife do then? What would most girls have done?

PEARL BOTSFORD

gives you the astounding answer in her most thrilling novelette:

"BRIDE OF HEARTBREAK"

You'll find it *complete*—with many other absorbing love stories in the March 22nd issue of

Sweetheart Stories

15c — At All Newsstands



DEPILATORY CREAM
Perfumed—White—Quick—Safe. Just spread it on and rinse off. All Stores. Giant Tube 50c. Small 10c.
ZIP Epilator—IT'S OFF because IT'S OUT
(Formerly \$5.00) Now in a new \$1.00 size package
Permanently Destroys Hair

A NEW Perfume!



The most exquisite perfume in the world. Sells at \$12 an ounce—\$2.50 for bottle containing 30 drops.

ROMANZA—the Aristocrat of Perfumes. Single drop lasts a week. Never anything like this before.

Paul Rieger's Romanza is the most refined of all perfumes. Made from essence of flowers, without alcohol.

SEND
FOR

TRIAL BOTTLE



Send only 20c (silver or stamps) for a trial bottle of this marvelous perfume—"ROMANZA".

Paul Rieger & Co., 131 First St., San Francisco

Mecca. He'd better make the Hollywood-Chihuahua service continuous. He'll get plenty of business from the film city. Hollywood can always appreciate a nice, clean divorce obtained in only five minutes.

This is under-cover stuff—but one of the larger studios is using an authentic rum-running fleet for a picture they are making! It's a story of racketeers and liquor smuggling—and the prop experts thought that getting the boats that actually are used by real rum-runners would lend that "real McCoy" atmosphere to the production.

CARL LAEMMLE, JR., is going to give us an absolute innovation in one of his forthcoming Universal productions—the Americanized version of a foreign picture! How does that strike you? Of course, we've seen and heard a lot of foreign versions . . . but we never heard English used in a "foreign" talkie.

The other evening during a preview, the press were given a treat . . . just one reel of the picture made in the Swiss Alps. The rest of the production will be made here in Hollywood. We failed to catch the title used in the German version . . . but then, it will be changed anyway. Just remember, if you hear about a picture in which some of the action takes place in the Alps . . . rush to it! That sample we saw was great. The most beautiful photography and the most thrilling action we ever saw combined in one reel . . . and we had no idea what the story was about—the dialogue was in German!

AND no sooner had Helene Costello been bundled aboard the boat for Europe than we are all surprised to find our friend Mr. Lowell Sherman at the Coconut Grove in the company of none other than the famous star of the New York stage . . . Ethel Lind Terry!

The one-time relative of the Costello family didn't wait very long before finding someone to console him. He gave the beautiful lady his undivided, suave and polished attention throughout the entire evening.

"Pa" Arlen and "Ma" are back from the Big City after making their first visit in seven years. Dick wore tails to the Mayfair dance and did he have fun? Dropped his silk topper and broke his cane!

LEW CODY has a new practical joke that is working swell. When a friend phones Lew to say that he would like to call the next Sunday and bring a bunch of pals along, Lew explains that he's sorry . . . but he's arranged to go down to Hoot Gibson's ranch (ascertaining beforehand that Hoot won't be there.) He then invites the friend to call him at the ranch on Sunday . . . and maybe he can get permission to bring the whole crowd down.

Lew then arranges with the Gibson caretaker to telephone him as soon as the friend's call comes through to the ranch, having the caretaker advise the friend that "... Mister Cody is down at the barn and will call you back soon." A

few minutes later Lew calls, saying he is 'phoning from the ranch, and proceeds to invite the whole gang down for the day. After a forty-mile drive—only to discover no one home—said friend is a bit put out. But he thinks twice before he invites himself and "a bunch of pals" so casually to Cody's place again.

Hollywood's new malady is the "Polo Widowitis." Its victims show much the same symptoms as evidenced in cases of golf widows—only their husbands spend a great deal of time riding horseback and knocking a little white ball up and down the polo field—instead of donning golf knickers and making off for the greens. Will Rogers was the first of the movie colony to get the polo bug—and was followed by Jimmy Gleason, Guinn Williams, Hoot Gibson and Ralph Forbes. More recent converts are Darryl Zanuck, Director Michael Curtiz, Reggie Denny, Robert Montgomery and Clark Gable. Wives of these polo enthusiasts have threatened to form a club calling themselves "The Poor Party of Polo Widows," and Sally Eilers and Marian Nixon say they'll head it.

THE depression is over in Hollywood. Oh, yeah? Whether the answer is yea or nay, the fact remains that the Barrymore yacht, *Infanta*, has been sold! John probably caught so many fish the last trip that he couldn't see any reason for keeping such a costly trinket lying around. It has since been announced that the group of men who purchased the yacht (it generally does take a group of men to buy anything from a movie star!) are in the business of renting it—especially to motion picture companies. We don't want to discourage those boys, but we understand that movie companies already have a yacht!

TOM MIX is just about the most "recovered" man Hollywood has ever seen. Not many days ago he was finally pronounced out of danger at the hospital where he had escaped death by a miracle. And then the other evening he was conspicuously present at the Embassy Club—wearing a white coat, white, ten-gallon hat, and white shoes. We might add that Tom looked swell and is all set to make millions of kids happy by starring in that old-time Western thriller called "Destry Rides Again."

The month's most interesting sight: Marie Prevost dining at the Coconut Grove with her ever-present Buster Collier. And two tables away sat Kenneth Harlan with another beauty. Marie and Kenneth were once Mr. and Mrs. They acknowledged each other's presence with a friendly nod.

JACK HOLT is a big, he-man screen type. It seemed quite right when he announced not long ago that he had become associated with the cattle business in San Joaquin valley. Well and good, everybody said. Jack's just the type to take an interest in the ranching

(Continued on page 102)

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 96)

COOK, DONALD; divorced from Frances Beranger; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Mad Genius," "Safe in Hell" and "The Man Who Played God," First National. Next will be "So Big," First National.

COOPER, GARY; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "City Streets," "I Take This Woman" and "His Woman," Paramount. Now vacationing in Europe.

COOPER, JACKIE; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Champ," M-G-M; in "Sooky," Paramount. Now working in "Limpy," M-G-M.

CORTEZ, RICARDO; widower of Alma Rubens; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "White Shoulders" and "Men of Chance," RKO-Radio; and "No One Man," Paramount. Now working in "Symphony of Six Million." Next will be "March of the Nation." Both RKO-Radio.

COSTELLO, DOLORES; married to John Barrymore; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Returned to talking screen, starring in "Expensive Women," Warner Bros.

CRAWFORD, JOAN; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "This Modern Age," "Laughing Sinners" and "Possessed," M-G-M. Now working in "Grand Hotel." Next will be "Letty Lynton." All M-G-M.

CRAWFORD, KATHRYN; divorced from non-professional; born in Wellsboro, Pa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Flying High" and "Emma." Featured in "Polly of the Circus." Now working in "Grand Hotel." All for M-G-M.

CROMWELL, RICHARD; unmarried; born in Long Beach, Calif. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Shanghai Love" and "Maker of Men," Columbia, and "Emma," M-G-M.

CUMMINGS, CONSTANCE; unmarried; born in Seattle, Wash. Write her at Columbia studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Lover Come Back," "The Guilty Generation" and "The Man Who Dared." Now working with Ben Lyon in untitled prize fight story. All for Columbia.

DACOVER, LIL; married to non-professional; born in Java, Dutch East Indies. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "The White Devil," UFA; and "The Woman From Monte Carlo," First National. Now in Europe.

DAMITA, LILY; unmarried; born in Paris, France. Write her at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "The Woman Between" and "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; and French version "One Hour With You," Paramount. Now working in "He Met a French Girl," Paramount.

DANIELS, BEBE; married to Ben Lyon; born in Dallas, Texas. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Maltese Falcon," "Her Past" and "Honor of the Family," Warner Bros. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

DAVIES, MARION; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "It's a Wise Child," "Five and Ten" and "Polly of the Circus," M-G-M.

DAVIS, BETTE; unmarried; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Way Back Home," RKO-Radio; in "Juvenile Court," Tec-Art; in "The Menace," Columbia; and "The Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.

DEE, FRANCES; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount; and "Nice Women," Universal. Now working in "Sky Bride," Paramount.

DELL, CLAUDIA; divorced from Phillip Offin; born in San Antonio, Texas. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio; and "Left Over Ladies," Tiffany. Now working in "Ambition," Universal.

DEL RIO, DOLORES; married to Cedric Gibbons; born in Mexico City, Mexico. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "The Girl from the Rio," RKO-Radio. Now starring in "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.

DENNY, REGINALD; married to Bubbles Steifel; born in Surrey, Eng. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" and "Private Lives," M-G-M.

DIETRICH, MARLENE; married to Rudolph Seiber; born in Berlin, Germany. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract star. Starred in "Morocco," "Dishonored" and "The Shanghai Express," Paramount.

DILLOWAY, DONALD; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; and "Lady With A Past," RKO-Pathé.

DIX, RICHARD; married to Winifred Coe; born in St. Paul, Minn. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Starred in "Public Defender," "Secret Service" and "Lost Squadron." Next will be "March of the Nation." All for RKO-Radio.

DORSAY, FIFI; unmarried; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Mr. Lemon of Orange" and "Young As You Feel," Fox. Now appearing in vaudeville.

DOUGLASS, KENT; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance

(Continued on page 104)



Date broken because of bad skin! Photo specially posed by Miss Alice Way

So ashamed of her Poor Complexion she locked herself in her room!

A few weeks later she had a lovely skin—a better figure!

NO USE! She'd powdered and powdered but *still* those hateful blemishes showed—marred her charm. She *couldn't* keep that date. Couldn't, *couldn't*—no matter how much Mother scolded!

Broken-hearted over her complexion. Hiding away in her room—ashamed, *afraid* to face people. That's Virginia when her story starts—but she's a "changed creature" when it ends!

She confesses...

"My complexion has always been dull and muddy and sometimes it broke out. Recently I have been in a badly rundown state, thin, stomach often upset and feeling low generally. My skin got worse than ever. I was so ashamed of it that one night when I had a date I actually locked myself in my room.

"Lucky for me, a friend advised Ironized Yeast. It purified my blood so that my pimples vanished. It gave me an appetite and I was able to take care of all I ate. I gained six pounds in three weeks." Miss Virginia McPherson, 6726 Honore St., Chicago, Ill. This is only one of hundreds of equally fine reports from Ironized Yeast users everywhere.

Many quick results

A radiant complexion is only one of the many benefits Ironized Yeast brings. This wonderful tonic acts on the entire system—helps end constipation, nervousness, that "always tired" feeling—at the same time it builds firm, healthy flesh!

In Ironized Yeast you get rich, specially cultured, specially imported "beer yeast"

—concentrated seven times! Thus seven pounds of "beer yeast" are used to make one pound of the yeast concentrate used in Ironized Yeast. The Biological Commission of the League of Nations regards this concentration process as so vitally important that—at an official session in Geneva, Switzerland—it recommended its adoption as a world-wide standard.

Ironized Yeast is put through still another scientific process. It is *ironized*—treated with three distinct types of energizing, blood-enriching iron. The result is a pleasant, easy-to-take tonic tablet—almost unrivalled in its amazing body-building results. A tonic which helps strengthen the nerves, the stomach, the intestines—adds strong tissue, too!

Tested three times

Not only is Ironized Yeast manufactured by trained experts, but it is *triple-tested* for actual health-building results. These tests are made by our own scientists, by an eminent physician and by a professor of Bio-Chemistry in a famous college.

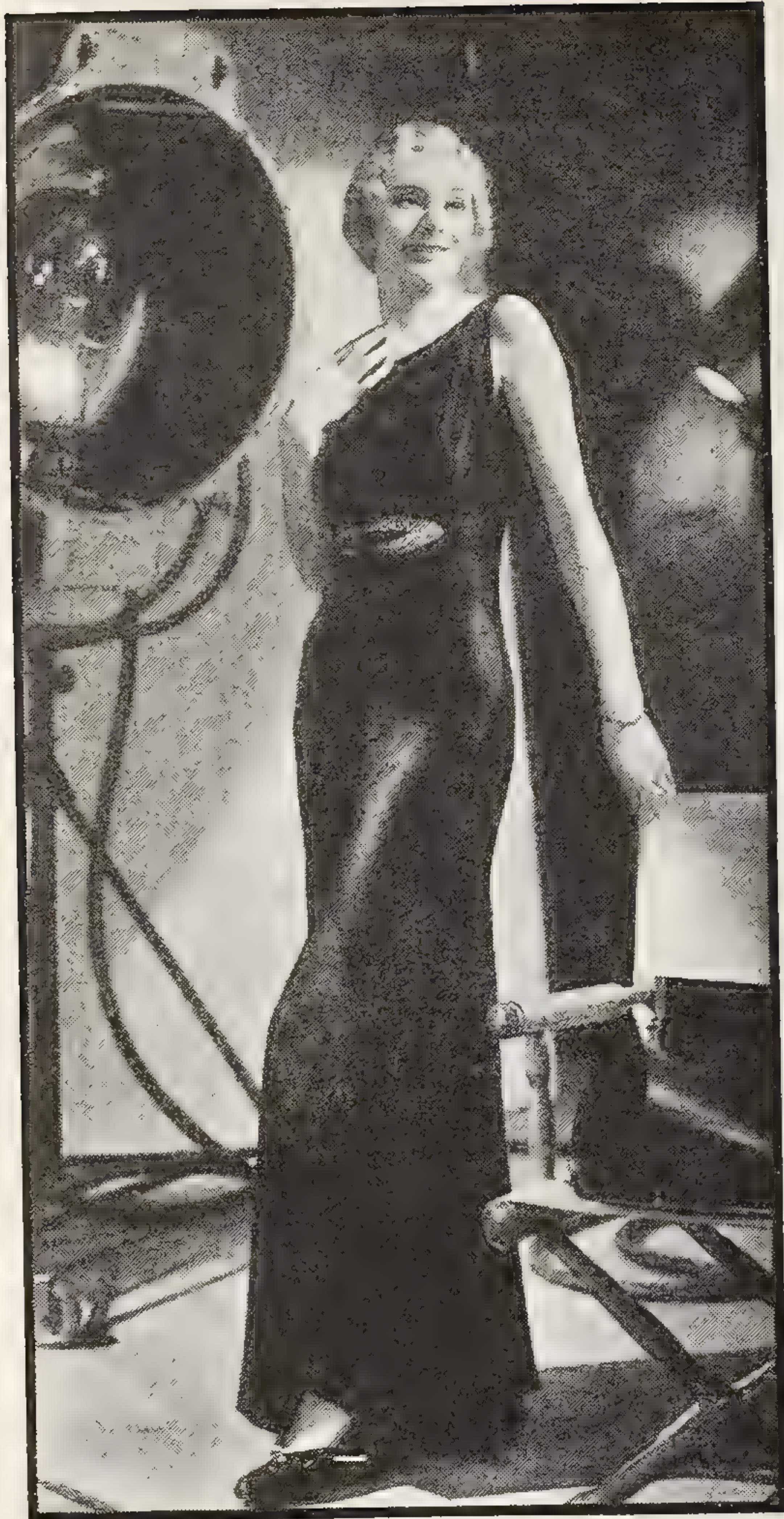
GUARANTEED: Thousands once thin and sickly now enjoy radiant health and an attractive figure—thanks to Ironized Yeast. If the very first package does not help you, too, its cost will be gladly refunded. AVOID IMITATIONS. Be sure you get the *genuine* Ironized Yeast. Look for the "I. Y." on each tablet. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Atlanta, Ga.

IRONIZED YEAST

New Concentrated Health Builder
In Pleasant Tablet Form

More About Hollywood

(Continued from page 100)



How do Women in the Movies Manage?

While a picture is being filmed, it means weeks of work without pause. Imagine the star, in a scene employing a thousand people, quitting because she is "indisposed!" The time of month does not excuse her. Women in the movies must carry on. Menstruation is just an incident.

How do they manage? If you know any woman in pictures, she will tell you how Hollywood meets this emergency. Try to find even an "extra" girl who doesn't carry Midol!

This marvelous discovery of the specialists is not merely a measure of relief. It ends all menstrual pain in five to seven minutes. Ten minutes after swallowing one tablet, all discomfort has passed! And it is effective for hours. If you anticipate your time and take Midol just before, you can go through your whole period without one twinge of menstrual pain or even headache!

Midol is a boon to professional women, business women, every active woman who can't afford to be a monthly martyr, breaking engagements when her sickness comes unexpectedly, or dragging through the period slumped with pain. Approved by the medical profession, for it is non-narcotic! Your druggist has the little box that tucks in your purse; just ask for Midol.

business. Probably do very well at it.

But when big, bad boy Charlie Bickford announced that he had opened an exclusive women's lingerie shop in Hollywood, it caused a furor, no less! However, the two-fisted actor claims that this lingerie business is just another financial transaction to him—no personal interest involved. The shop, which is called "The Bickstorm," is to be operated by a New York designer whose last name is Storm.

During the making of "Dancers in the Dark" the entire cast was kept in a continual uproar by Monsieur Jack Oakie. The big set used for the picture is a reproduction of a dance hall—you know the type. Included in the props was a real perfume-vending machine. Oakie discovered (much to his chagrin) that the machine was full of the vilest, cheapest perfume ever made—and that it worked without the usual dime in the slot! From that day on he utilized every spare moment toward inveigling different studio attachés and members of the cast into standing in front of the perfume machine. Then they'd be showered with a large dose of the "Lilac De Luxe." The last time Jack worked the gag, there happened to be an executive standing in front of the spray (must have been an accident!) The next day the machine had been mysteriously emptied of its odoriferous contents. "Anyway," says Oakie, "It was a grand smell while it lasted!"

ONE of the most distasteful after-effects of Constance Bennett's marriage to the Marquis was the rumor that Joan Bennett didn't serve her sister as maid of honor . . . therefore, Joan and Connie could not be on friendly terms!

Whoever started these rumors overlooked the fact that the wedding which took place at the George Fitzmaurice home, was a civil ceremony—and that at civil ceremonies there aren't any official attendants—maid of honor, bridesmaids, or any of the others.

It happens that the lovely Constance is quite a superstitious young lady; that is, she has days when she feels lucky, and quite naturally it was one of these she chose for her wedding day. At that time Joan was still in New York and planned to return to Hollywood via the Panama Canal, which meant she wouldn't reach home in time for the marriage. However, at the last minute, she cancelled all her steamer

reservations, packed her things hurriedly and took a fast train to Hollywood—all because she wanted so badly to be in attendance at Connie's wedding!

If the gossips are interested in the truth—Joan *was* Constance's first attendant. She stood next to her while the ceremony was being read. She wasn't the official maid of honor because there wasn't any maid of honor.

And so another of those much over-rated "inside" stories that are circulated throughout Hollywood, dies an ignoble death. And bare fact is the executioner.

MR. and Mrs. Barney Glazer (Sharon Lynn) set a new style in Yuma weddings. They didn't even try to keep it a secret! Why, Barney and Sharon even re-enacted the whole ceremony for the photographers and one of the wedding party, Marshall Neilan, directed it!

Barney and Sharon boarded an airplane from Los Angeles and accompanied by Dolores Del Rio, Cedric Gibbons, Marshall Neilan, Carmelita Geraghty, Carey Wilson, Rex Cole and John Gilbert, arrived a few hours later in Nevada's famous Gretna Green. Jack, incidentally, was nearly mobbed by the Yuma citizens. When the wedding party reached the courthouse, they had been joined by so many interested spectators that the ceremony had to be performed in the superior court room to accommodate the crowd. Afterwards, the newlyweds and their friends drove to Algodones, just across the border, where they had the wedding breakfast before returning to Hollywood. Back in the film city Dolores Del Rio opened her beautiful home for a real celebration.

Lots of happiness, Barney and Sharon! With this unique start-off, your marriage ought to be just as unique, for Hollywood. We mean, it really should be a long and happy one!

Whether you liked "Freaks" or not, it might interest you to know that Marion Davies did. After the freaks finished the picture they made for M-G-M, most of them returned to their regular mode of livelihood—side shows. But Schlitz, the pin-headed lady, the favorite of the entire lot—and particularly Marion—got herself a job in Long Beach (about an hour's drive from Hollywood). Almost every day Marion finds time to dash down to the beach town to visit Schlitz.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH

Winnie Lightner doesn't say why she did it, Winnie doesn't tell all she knows. But she loves a practical joke, so we'll say she had nothing against the man. She was appearing at the Winter Garden in New York with a comedian who

used to eat the knobs off her hat pins. The knobs were marshmallows. . . . Now Winnie, one day was in a frisky mood, and she coated every marshmallow with alum. . . . So the rest of the story is bitter. . . .

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 8)

HER MAJESTY, LOVE (First National)—Romantic comedy with Marilyn Miller, Ben Lyon, W. C. Fields, Leon Errol, Chester Conklin and Ford Sterling. **Good—okay for children.**

A HOUSE DIVIDED (Universal)—Realistic story of New England fishing village and the stark types which inhabit it. Walter Huston, Kent Douglas and Helen Chandler do well. **Very good—not for kids.**

LADIES OF THE BIG HOUSE (Paramount)—M-G-M having done a prison picture last season ("The Big House"), Paramount decided they'd give the women's prison a break. Sylvia Sydney heads the cast of this thrilling tale. **Very good—but not for children.**

LADIES OF THE JURY (RKO-Radio)—Edna May Oliver and others in a comedy which revolves around a jury trying to reach a decision. Edna Mae will have you rolling in the aisle with her comedy. **Very good—kids will like some of it.**

LADY WITH A PAST (RKO-Radio)—Constance Bennett in emotional drama. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—children will be bored.**

LAW AND ORDER (Universal)—Although Walter Huston heads the cast of this Western somehow the total effect is not what it should have been. The whole thing seems unconvincing and old-fashioned. **Poor—except for kids.**

LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD (Warner)—Funny man Joe E. Brown in a comedy about college life. **Good—fine for the young ones.**

LOST SQUADRON (RKO-Radio)—Richard Dix in adventure thriller. Reviewed on page 56. **Very good—okay for children.**

LOVERS COURAGEOUS (M-G-M)—Robert Montgomery and Madge Evans in charming love story. Reviewed on page 56. **Excellent—but children may get restless.**

THE MAD GENIUS (Warner)—John Barrymore in another Chaneyesque rôle—this time as a slightly insane Russian ballet-master. Marian Marsh again plays opposite him. **Very good—children may like parts of it.**

MAKERS OF MEN (Columbia)—Jack Holt and Richard Cromwell in a rather weak football story. **Poor.**

MANHATTAN PARADE (Warner)—Circus comedy with Winnie Lightner and Charles Butterworth. **Fair—okay for kids.**

MATA HARI (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo and Ramon Novarro in a new version of the famous spy of France who ended her career before a firing squad. Although you may not agree that this Hollywood version is the accepted version of Mata Hari, nevertheless, you'll be thrilled by Greta Garbo's delineation of the character. **Excellent—not for kids.**

MEN OF CHANCE (RKO-Radio)—Race-track story with Ricardo Cortez and Mary Astor. **Very good—children will like some of it.**

THE MENACE (United Artists)—Underworld stuff. Reviewed on page 58. **Excellent of its type—leave the kids at home.**

MICHAEL AND MARY (Universal)—A British film, released by Universal. It is an adaptation of the famous stage play of the same name by A. A. Milne. A charmingly romantic love comedy. **Very good—children may be bored by it.**

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS (Educational)—Tom Patricola in a two-reel comedy with singing and dancing. **Okay for kids.**

MONKEY BUSINESS (Paramount)—The Four Marx Brothers in another beautifully cuckoo comedy. Groucho remains the most amusing of the four with Harpo running him a close second. **Excellent—take the kids.**

MORALS FOR WOMEN (Tiffany)—Bessie Love and Conway Tearle in the stenographer-employer story again. **Fair.**

MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE (Universal)—Bloodthirsty thriller type of thing. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good of its type—better not take the kiddies.**

THE NEW ADVENTURES OF GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD (M-G-M)—William Haines in a modern version of the old famous story. Jimmie "Schnozzle" Durante is also in it. **Very good—suitable for kids but it will not exactly elevate their taste.**

OLD MAN MINICK (Warner)—Chic Sale in rural comedy. Reviewed on page 58. **Very good—suitable for the little ones.**

OVER THE HILL (Fox)—Talkie version of the silent which made such a tremendous hit some years back. James Dunn and Sally Eilers head the cast. **Good—okay for kids.**

PANAMA FLO (RKO-Radio)—Helen Twelvetrees as a gal of the Panama dives who has robbed a drunken gentleman and who, because of that fact, is faced with a difficult problem. **Fair—not much for kids.**

PEACH O' RENO (RKO-Radio)—Dorothy Lee, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey kid the Reno divorce racket. **Good—and it will amuse the children in spots.**

THE POTTSVILLE POLOOKA (Educational)—Harry Gribbon as a big but dumb amateur prize-fighter. **Very good—great for the kids.**

POSSESSED (M-G-M)—A highly emotional love story with Joan Crawford and Clark Gable.

Gable is a rising politician and Joan Crawford is the girl with whom he falls in love—but whom he won't marry, because his first attempt at marriage was a failure and he doesn't want to ruin his and Joan's happiness. **Very good—but better leave the children at home.**

PRIVATE LIVES (M-G-M)—Norma Shearer and Robert Montgomery in a delightful version of Noel Coward's brilliant light comedy. **Very good—but children will be bored.**

RAINBOW TRAIL (Fox)—George O'Brien in a drama of the great open spaces. **Good, if you're a Western fan—swell for the tots.**

RECKLESS LIVING (Universal)—Ricardo Cortez, Norman Foster and Mae Clarke in a racetrack story which could have been better than it is. **Fair—but not much for children.**

RICH MAN'S FOLLY (Paramount)—George Bancroft as a millionaire shipbuilder who forgets everything else in his race for power. There is, of course, the usual retribution. **Fair—children won't be crazy about it.**

THIS RECKLESS AGE (Paramount)—A simple tale of the young people of these days and their apparent wild goings-on. Charles Buddy Rogers and others are in it. **Good—little girls may like parts of it.**

THE RULING VOICE (First National)—Gangster stuff with a rather unusual twist to it. Walter Huston, Loretta Young, Doris Kenyon and David Manners comprise the leading members of the cast. **Fair.**

RIDIN' FOR JUSTICE (Columbia)—Buck Jones in a typical Western. **Okay if you are a Western fan—great for the young ones.**

SAFE IN HELL (First National)—Dorothy Mackaill as a bad woman who runs away to a South Sea island in order to escape justice. **Fair—don't take the kids.**

THE SEA GHOST (Peerless)—A story of the sea and ship salvaging with Laura La Plante and Alan Hale. **Good—okay for kids.**

SECRET SERVICE (RKO-Radio)—Spy story of Civil War days with Richard Dix doing well in the leading rôle. Plenty of romantic love-making and exciting fighting. **Very good—splendid for the tots.**

THE SIN OF MADELONE CLAUDET (M-G-M)—Helen Hayes, of stage fame, makes her movie début in a rôle which concerns the fight of a mother to bring up her little boy. The mother has been deserted by the father of her child and her entire life is one struggle to obtain enough money to educate her son. In a part which could only too easily have been made into a sentimental holiday Helen Hayes is amazingly convincing. And her portrayal of the mother when age has crept upon her is astounding in its truth. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

SKY DEVILS (Caddo-United Artists)—Spencer Tracy, William Boyd and George Cooper as three musketeers of the air. There is a girl in it—Ann Dvorak—but most of the action takes place in and around planes. **Very good—great for boys.**

SOOKY (Paramount)—Percy Crosby's story, "Dear Sooky," comes to the talkies with Jackie Cooper, Jackie Searl and Robert Coogan. **Very good for kids of all ages.**

SPEED CRAZY (Universal)—Frank Albertson, Louise Fazenda, Slim Summerville, Otis Harlan, Forrest Stanley and June Clyde in an automobile story which is highly reminiscent of the dear old Wallie Reid days. **Good—okay for kids.**

STEPPING SISTERS (Fox)—Louise Dresser, Jobyna Howland and Minna Gombell in a comedy about three old-time burlesque queens who meet years after. **Very good—kids will like parts of it.**

STREET SCENE (United Artists)—The stage play in talkie form with Sylvia Sydney, Buster Collier and Estelle Taylor. **Excellent—but not good talkie fare for children.**

SUICIDE FLEET (RKO-Pathé)—Bill Boyd and others in a thrilling sea story with plenty of fighting and action. **Very good—okay for kids.**

SURRENDER (Fox)—A story dealing with love and war with Warner Baxter and Leila Hyams. **Good—parts of it will interest the youngsters.**

SUSAN LENOX—HER FALL AND RISE (M-G-M)—Greta Garbo and Clark Gable managed to make a thrilling movie out of this old-fashioned story which rambles on in a pretty aimless manner. **Very good—but the children will be bored by it.**

TAXI! (Warner)—James Cagney as a fighting taxi driver whose adventures will keep you thrilled and delighted. Loretta Young is the girl in his life. **Very good—exciting but interesting for kids.**

TOMORROW AND TOMORROW (Paramount)—Ruth Chatterton in extra-marital love drama. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—children will be bored.**

TONIGHT OR NEVER (United Artists)—A temperamental prima donna who is afraid of love, yet constantly seeking it. Gloria Swanson is the prima donna and Melvyn Douglas, a newcomer from the stage, is the man who finally teaches her about love. **Excellent—children will like parts of it.**

(Continued on page 105)



How to Save Money ON YOUR SPRING CLOTHES

New
SIMPLE PLAN
*shows you how to choose
becoming Patterns, Fabrics
and Colors and brings you
FREE HELP in making your
Spring Wardrobe*

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of "Your Spring Wardrobe."

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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 101)



"Girls, I've found that the secret of beautiful, lustrous, alluring hair is: Sta-Bac Curl Set."

LOOK — 4 Lovely WAVE SETS for 10¢

The big 3½-oz. bottle of Sta-Bac Curl Set (twice as large as the illustration below), contains enough for 4 complete applications. Just think—for a couple of cents you can, in a few minutes, create a soft, lustrous wave which has all the smart, finished look of a "beauty shoppe" wave set—and lasts just as long! Sta-Bac Curl Set is a preparation of the highest quality—the perfect waving fluid for either finger or water waves. Contains no grease, oil or wax. Positively will not injure nor discolor the hair or scalp. Leaves no white flakes. Over 3 million bottles sold last year! Try Sta-Bac.

— at S. S. Kresge Stores

VI-JON LABORATORIES, ST. LOUIS



player. Featured rôles in "Five and Ten," M-G-M; in "Waterloo Bridge" and "A House Divided," Universal. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

DOUGLAS, MELVYN; married to Helen Gahagan; born in Macon, Ga. Write him at United Artists studio. Goldwyn contract player. Featured rôles in "Tonight or Never," Goldwyn-United Artists; and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount; also "The Broken Wing."

DOVE, BILLIE; divorced from Irvin Willat; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract star. Starred in "The Age for Love" and "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.

DRESSER, LOUISE; married to Jack Gardener; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lightning," Fox; in "Caught," Paramount; and "Stepping Sisters," Fox.

DRESSLER, MARIE; unmarried; born in Coburg, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Politics" and "Min and Bill"; starred in "Emma." Next will be "Prosperity." All for M-G-M.

DUNN, JAMES; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Sob Sister," "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Next will be "The Little Teacher." All for Fox.

DUNNE, IRENE; married to Dr. E. F. Griffin; born in Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Bachelor Apartment" and "Consolation Marriage." RKO-Radio; in "The Great Lover," M-G-M. Now co-starring in "Symphony of Six Million." Next will be "March of the Nation," RKO-Radio.

DURANTE, JAMES; married to non-professional; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The New Wallingford," "The Cuban Love Song" and "The Passionate Plumber." Now working in "Are You Listening?" All for M-G-M.

DURKIN, JUNIOR; boy actor; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Tom Sawyer" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount; in "Juvenile Court," Tec-Art. Now working in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," Paramount.

DVORAK, ANN; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Sky Devils" and "Scarface," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in "The Crowd Roars," First National.

EDWARDS, CLIFF; divorced from Irene Wylie; born in Hannibal, Mo. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Laughing Sinners," "Sidewalks of New York" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M.

EILERS, SALLY; married to Hoot Gibson; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Bad Girl," "Over the Hill" and "Dance Team." Now working in "Disorderly Conduct." Next will be "After the Rain." All for Fox.

ERWIN, STUART; married to June Collyer; born in Squaw Valley, Calif. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Magnificent Lie," "Working Girls," "Two Kinds of Women," "The Black Robe." Now working in "Sensation." All for Paramount.

EVANS, MADGE; unmarried; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Heartbreak," Fox; in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," United Artists; and "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M. Now working in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, JR.; married to Joan Crawford; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Chances," "I Like Your Nerve" and "Union Depot." Now working in "It's Hell to Be Famous." Will star in "Love's A Racket." All for First National.

FAIRBANKS, DOUGLAS, SR.; married to Mary Pickford; born in Denver, Colo. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Reaching for the Moon," United Artists. Produced "Around the World in 80 Minutes," a travelogue. Now shooting second travel picture.

FARRELL, CHARLES; married to Virginia Valli; born in Walpole, Mass. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Heartbreak," "Delicious" and "After Tomorrow." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next will be "Have A Heart." All for Fox.

FAZENDA, LOUISE; married to Hal Wallis; born in Lafayette, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Broadminded," First National; in "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M; and "Speed Crazy," Universal.

FORD, WALLACE; married to Martha Halworth; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Possessed," "Beast of the City" and "Freaks." Now working in "Are You Listening?" All for M-G-M.

FOSTER, NORMAN; married to Claudette Colbert; born in Richmond, Ind. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Under Eighteen," First National; in "The Girl From the Rio," RKO-Radio; in "Reckless Living," Universal; and "Alias the Doctor," First National. Now working in "Steady Company," Universal.

FOX, SIDNEY; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," "Nice Women" and "Murders in the Rue Morgue," Universal. Next will be "The Great Mouthpiece," First National.

FRANCIS, KAY; married to Kenneth McKenna; born in Oklahoma City, Okla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town" and "The Black Robe," Paramount. Next will star in "Pleasure First," Warner Bros.

GABLE, CLARK; married to Ria Langham; born in Cadiz, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Susan Lenox," "Possessed," "Hell Divers" and "Polly

of the Circus." Next will star in "China Seas." All for M-G-M.

GARBO, GRETA; unmarried; born in Stockholm, Sweden. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Inspiration," "Susan Lenox" and "Mata Hari." Now working in "Grand Hotel." Next will be "Black Oxen." All for M-G-M.

GAYNOR, JANET; married to Lydell Peck; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Daddy Long Legs"; co-starred in "Merely Mary Ann" and "Delicious." Now co-starring in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Next, "Have A Heart." All for Fox.

GIBSON, HOOT; married to Sally Eilers; born in Takomah, Neb. Write him at Tec-Art studio. Allied Productions contract star. Starred in "The Hard Hombre," "The Gay Buckaroo," "Law and Order" and "Local Bad Man," Allied.

GIBSON, WYNNE; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "Ladies of the Big House," and "Two Kinds of Women," Paramount. Starring in "Clara Deane," Paramount.

GILBERT, JOHN; divorced from Ina Claire; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Gentleman's Fate," "Phantom of Paris" and "West of Broadway," M-G-M. Next will be "Candle Light," M-G-M.

GLEASON, JAMES; married to Lucille Webster; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Free Soul," M-G-M; in "Sweepstakes" and "Suicide Fleet," RKO-Pathé.

GLEASON, RUSSEL; unmarried; born in Portland, Ore. Write him at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Homicide Squad" and "Nice Women," Universal.

GORDON, GAVIN; unmarried; born in Chicago, Ill. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Great Meadow" and "Shipmates," M-G-M; and "Secret Service," RKO-Radio. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

GRAVES, RALPH; married to Virginia Goodwin; born in Cleveland, Ohio. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player-writer. Featured rôles in "Salvation Nell," "Cruze-Tiffany," in "The Great Lover," M-G-M; and "A Dangerous Affair," Columbia.

GREEN, MITZI; child actress; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Skipper" and "Huckleberry Finn," Paramount. Now working in "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

GREENWOOD, CHARLOTTE; married to Martin Brookes; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Palmy Days," United Artists; in "Flying high," M-G-M; and "Cheaters at Play," Fox.

HAINES, WILLIAM; unmarried; born in Staunton, Va. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Starred in "Just A Gigolo" and "The New Wallingford." Next will be "Turn to the Right." All for M-G-M.

HALL, JAMES; divorced from non-professional; born in Dallas, Texas. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Mother's Millions," Columbia; in "Good Bad Girl," Universal; and "Sporting Chance," Peerless. Now on personal appearance tour.

HALL, RUTH; unmarried; born in Jacksonville, Fla. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Local Boy Makes Good," "Her Majesty Love" and "High Pressure." Now working in "Mendel Inc." All for First National.

HAMILTON, NEIL; married to Elsa Whitner; born in Athol, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Great Lover," "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," "Tarzan, the Ape Man," and "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.

HARDING, ANN; married to Harry Bannister; born in Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Write her at RKO-Pathé. Contract star. Starred in "East Lynne," Fox; in "Devotion" and "Prestige," RKO-Pathé. Now starring in "Westward Passage," RKO-Pathé.

HARDY, OLIVER; divorced; born in Atlanta, Georgia. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Stan Laurel in "Beau Hunks," "Helpmates," "Any Old Port" and "The Up and Up," Roach-M-G-M.

HARLOW, JEAN; divorced from Charles F. McGrew, II; born in Kansas City, Mo. Write her at United Artists studio. Caddo contract player. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox; in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; and "Beast of the City," M-G-M.

HAYAKAWA, SESSUE; married to Tsuru; born in Japan. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Returned to American screen after long absence in "Daughter of the Dragon," Paramount.

HAYES, HELEN; married to Charles MacArthur; born in Washington, D. C. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," M-G-M; and "Arrow-smith," Goldwyn-United Artists. Now on New York stage.

HERSHOLT, JEAN; married to non-professional; born in Copenhagen, Denmark. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Phantom of Paris," "Susan Lenox," "Emma," "Beast of the City" and "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

HOBART, ROSE; married to non-professional; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "East of Borneo," Universal; and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Paramount. Now working in "Ambition," Universal.

HOLMES, PHILLIPS; unmarried; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "The Man I Killed" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now working in "The Flagrant Years." All for Paramount.

(Continued on page 107)

Directory of Pictures

(Continued from page 103)

TOUCHDOWN (Paramount)—Richard Arlen, Regis Toomey, Jack Oakie, Charles Starrett and Peggy Shannon in a grand football picture. **Very good—great for the kids.**

TWO KINDS OF WOMEN (Paramount)—A pretty dull melodrama which endeavors to show once again the wickedness of New York. Miriam Hopkins and Phillips Holmes head the cast. **Fair.**

UNDER EIGHTEEN (Warner)—A modern Cinderella story with Marian Marsh, Norman Foster, Anita Page and Regis Toomey. **Very good—girls will like it.**

WAY BACK HOME (RKO-Radio)—Seth Parker, of radio fame, arrives on the talking screen with his brood of Maine folk. **Good if you're a Seth Parker fan—you can take the kids.**

WAYWARD (Paramount)—Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen in young married love story. Reviewed on page 58. **Good—not exciting for children.**

WEST OF BROADWAY (M-G-M)—John Gilbert in something or other about the great open spaces. **Poor—children won't enjoy it.**

A WOMAN COMMANDS (RKO-Radio)—Pola Negri as the leading figure in a royal court story of a mythical kingdom. Reviewed on page 57. **Very good—not for children.**

THE WOMAN FROM MONTE CARLO (First National)—It's a shame to put Lil Dagover, the lovely foreign actress, in this ridiculously melodramatic and hokumful melodrama. It can ruin her chances of becoming a favorite here. **See it for Dagover only.**

THE YELLOW TICKET (Fox)—Elissa Landi and Lionel Barrymore in a pre-revolutionary Russia story. **Very good—children will like parts of it.**

Between You and Me

(Continued from page 13)

SCREEN to contain lots of nice surprises.
MRS. J. H. BRINGLE,
Salisbury, North Carolina

Come again, North Dakota!

Gloria Swanson is a very beautiful, charming, adorable woman—yes! But why not let some beauty expert give her a hint on shaping her eyebrows according to her natural eyeline?

I hope this letter starts the North Dakota ball rolling as Curious started the Baltimore ball rolling.

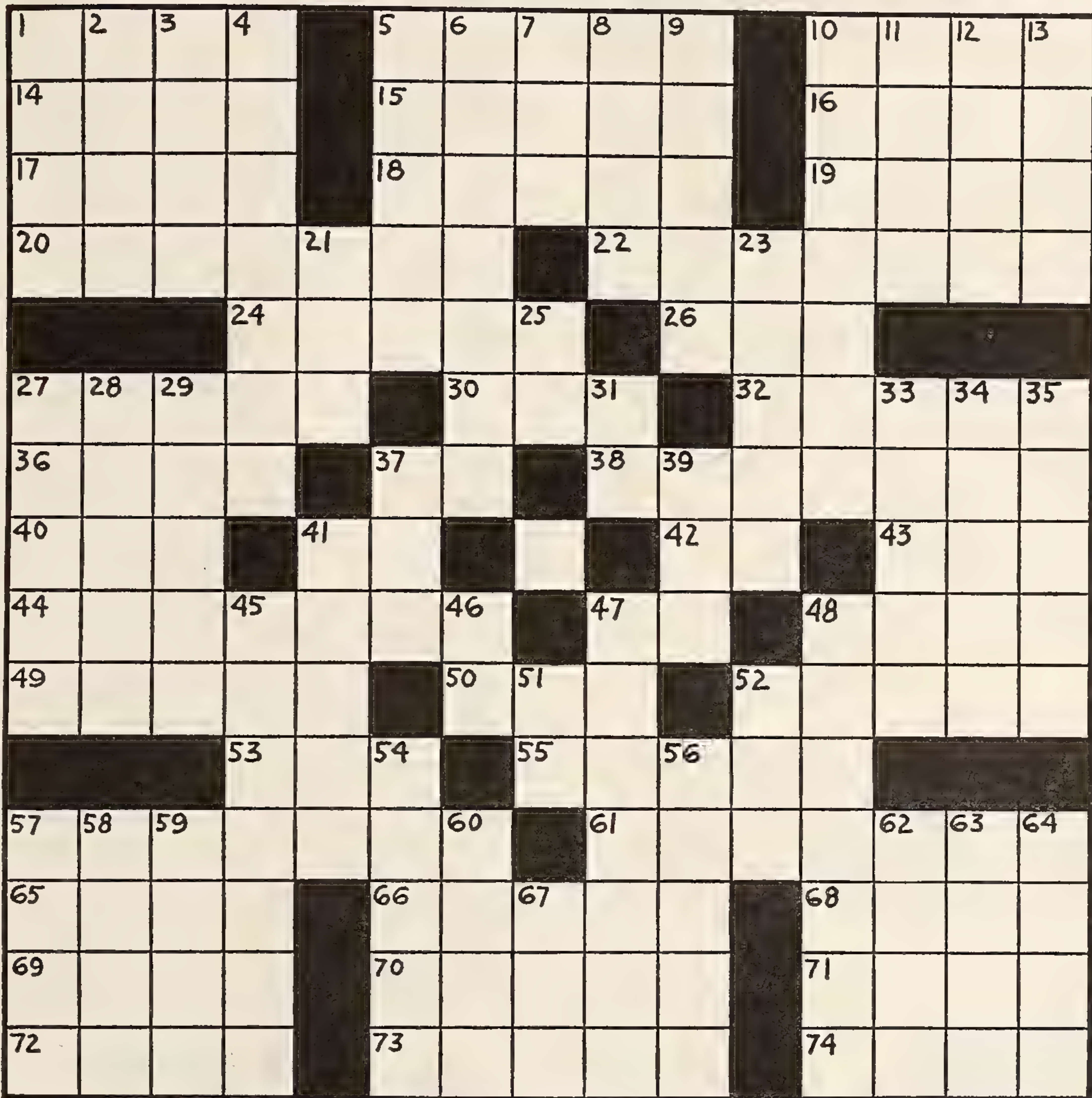
LOUISE MEHRER,
Mott, North Dakota

Well, Doris, we'll have to wait for another playwright as good as Elmer Rice to write another play as good as "Street Scene"

Isn't it refreshing to have stars such as Barbara Stanwyck and Sylvia Sidney in our midst—real, honest-to-goodness-actresses who are clever enough to be natural and not copy some one else? . . . Give us more pictures such as "Street Scene"—something so true to everyday life that you live every minute of it.

DORIS HOWARD,
Chicago, Illinois

Quick, Watson, a Pencil!



ACROSS

- 1 Situation or office
- 5 Convulsion
- 10 Former Russian ruler
- 14 Poker term
- 15 One of the five senses
- 16 Govern
- 17 Chills
- 18 Malicious burning
- 19 An age
- 20 Epistles
- 22 Voluntarily accepted
- 24 Joint of the leg
- 26 Juice of tree
- 27 Grains fermented for brewing
- 30 Tree
- 32 Reimburse
- 36 One of the great lakes
- 37 Suffix signifying in what manner
- 38 A nation
- 40 Outer edge
- 41 Pronoun
- 42 Advertisement (Abbr.)
- 43 By
- 44 Loose flaps
- 47 Personal pronoun
- 48 Flowerless plant
- 49 To follow
- 50 Pronoun
- 52 Medicinal plants
- 53 Lieutenants (Abbr.)
- 55 Dinner course
- 57 Urges
- 61 Bouquet
- 65 City of Peru
- 66 Sudden pains
- 68 Flower
- 69 Leave out
- 70 Old womanish
- 71 A melody
- 72 Part of verb to be
- 73 One affected with leprosy
- 74 Incline

DOWN

- 1 Metal container for liquids
- 2 At one time
- 3 "Let it stand"
- 4 Having left a will
- 5 Rigid
- 6 Vegetable
- 7 Donkey
- 8 Portico
- 9 Repairs
- 10 Hunter
- 11 Beef fat
- 12 Wood of the Agal-loch
- 13 Split
- 21 Existence, in its abstract sense
- 23 Paddled
- 25 The (Spanish)
- 27 European black-bird
- 28 Pertaining to Arius
- 29 Hobbles
- 31 Mother
- 33 One who plays on a bagpipe
- 34 Sharp, harsh
- 35 Worsteds
- 37 Permit
- 39 Girl's name
- 41 Encounters
- 45 Throb
- 46 Therefore
- 47 Noisy dispute
- 48 Governmental
- 51 Objective — personal pronoun
- 52 Possesses
- 54 Leaf or division of the calyx
- 56 One who suffers loss
- 57 Cultivate the ground
- 58 Hoar—frost
- 59 Arabian chieftain
- 60 Mentally sound
- 62 Stab deeply
- 63 A continent
- 64 To lamb
- 67 Pinch

For the Correct Answer

to this puzzle, ask your newsdealer for
"CROSSWORD PUZZLES—SECOND SERIES."

If you bought the first series of "CROSSWORD PUZZLES" you know what a great collection this will be. If you didn't, here's your chance to make up for it by capturing a copy of the Second Series before it, too, disappears from the newsstands.

There are 39 puzzles in it (and their answers, of course), to keep you and your pencil busy for hours and hours of fun. Get your copy today!

"CROSSWORD PUZZLES—2nd SERIES"

10c—AT ALL NEWSSTANDS

There'll be a story on Charles Starrett in an early issue of MODERN SCREEN

I want to say a word for Charles Starrett. I want to say how much I enjoyed that picture, "The Age for Love." I think he was grand. He has Clark Gable beat on acting and good looks, too.

KATHRYN HALL,
Christianburg, Virginia

We're printing this, Miss New Jersey Bell, in justice to all misrepresented "Hello Girls"

I've seen about six pictures lately in which there were telephone girls. "Five Star Final" is one instance. In every film the "Hello Girl" had a wad of gum in her mouth, made a number of wise-cracks and altogether appeared as a very hard-boiled person. If you were to go into any exchange or stop at the board of any decent hotel, you'd find a very different girl from the one the pictures show. Charming manners, a gracious mien, a well-modulated voice.

MISS NEW JERSEY BELL,
Princeton, New Jersey

Maybe you'll like "Thunder Below," Tallulah's next talkie, better

In Tallulah Bankhead the screen has one of the most dynamic and the most potent personalities it has harbored for many years. However, it seems a crime to me to waste an actress of her unrivalled talents on the type of vehicle she

has been appearing in since she made her screen debut.

H. M. C.,
Pueblo, Colorado

Of course, Marion. Write as often as you like

Here are some of my ideas: Keep the Directory of Players. Get a story on Boris Karloff, telling how he felt when he played the monster in "Frankenstein." (There's that very story on page 82 of this issue Marion—The Editor). Ask Dareos if Mary Brian and Charles Rogers will ever get married. Write more about Clark Gable and James Dunn.

May I write again?

MARION LIEBERMAN,
Washington, D. C.

Yes, Miz' Barnes, a false Southern accent is even worse than a false French accent

To me, as a Southerner, nothing is more irritating than to go to a movie and see an otherwise good picture spoiled by an absolute misconception of Southern dialect. This is especially noted in the term "you-all," stuck in at the slightest provocation, and especially by the Negro in the movies.

This is entirely a wrong idea, and not even the most ignorant "Cracker" would say "you-all" except to mean more than one person; never, never, in the singular.

Aren't there enough Southern actors and actresses in the profession for these

parts instead of having an outsider make himself ridiculous on the screen? The supervisors of dialogue evidently hail from Alaska or the Far East, so the big companies would do well to furnish their expenses for a trip South.

MRS. S. A. BARNES,
Ft. Pierce, Florida.

Bing is going to make a full-length talkie soon, Frances

Please give us something about Bing Crosby, the radio singer, and the Mack Sennett star. He is wonderful. I wonder why you don't publish his life story, as he is the most popular singer on the air. Millions listen to him nightly.

FRANCES THOMPSON,
Montgomery, Alabama.

We'll keep your request in mind

There is a young man in Hollywood who, I believe, is a blond and his eyes appear blue. I might add that he is a Britisher. Ever since I saw "Chances," I've waited for you to print an article about him. Not long ago I saw him in "Five Star Final," and I think he is a more capable actor than many of the glorified stars. His name is Anthony Bushell. Don't you think he is worth an interview?

A MODERN SCREEN FAN,
Buffalo, New York.

Nothing happened, Betty. But read your answer in full detail on page 48

There is one thing I would like to
(Continued on page 108)

"Tom said . . . my LIPS looked COMMON!"

"IMAGINE! And he was right, too. Common is just what any man would call tawdry painted lips. And my lips did look painted!"

You too may have painted lips! Colors that look well on others often seem cheap and garish on you. And that painted look is one thing men can't overlook.

Don't take chances. Discard your present lipstick . . . Tangee your lips!

Tangee can't make you look painted. It isn't paint. It changes on your lips to the one shade most becoming to you! It brings you new beauty.

Tangee is permanent . . . waterproof. Its cold cream base soothes and heals your lips . . . prevents chapping and caking! Get Tangee at any druggist or cosmetic counter. It costs no more than ordinary lipsticks.

TRY TANGEE LIPSTICK AND ROUGE

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Gentlemen: I enclose 10c. Please send your miracle make-up set to

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____



Cheeks Mustn't Look Painted

Tangee Rouge changes on the cheeks—just the way Tangee Lipstick changes on your lips. It gives the color most becoming to you . . . and ends that "painted look." When you get Tangee Lipstick, ask for Tangee Rouge.

TANGEE LIPSTICK and TANGEE ROUGE—
10c Trial Sizes at all 5c and 10c Stores



Directory of Players

(Continued from page 104)

HOLT, JACK; married to non-professional; born in Winchester, Va. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "A Dangerous Affair," "Maker of Men" and "The Man Who Dared," Columbia.

HOPKINS, MIRIAM; separated from Austin Parker; born in Bainbridge, Ga. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Smiling Lieutenant," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now working in "Dancers in the Dark." All for Paramount.

HOPPER, HEDDA; divorced from DeWolfe Hopper; born in Holidaysburg, Pa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé; in "Flying High," M-G-M; and "The Man Who Played God," Warner Bros.

HORTON, EDWARD EVERETT; unmarried; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lonely Wives," RKO-Pathé; and in "The Front Page" and "Age for Love," United Artists. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

HOWARD, LESLIE; married to non-professional; born in England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Never the Twain Shall Meet" and "Five and Ten," M-G-M; and in "Devotion," RKO-Pathé. Now appearing on the New York stage.

HUGHES, LLOYD; married to Gloria Hope; born in Bisbee, Ariz. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Great Air Robbery" and "Unwanted," Columbia; and "Air Eagles," Darnour.

HUSTON, WALTER; married to Nan Sunderland; born in Toronto, Canada. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness," First National; co-starred in "A House Divided" and "Law and Order," Universal. Now working in "Beast of the City," M-G-M.

HYAMS, LEILA; married to Phil Berg; born in New York City. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The New Wallingford," "The Phantom of Paris" and "Freaks," M-G-M.

JANNEY, LEON; boy actor; born in Ogden, Utah. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Doorway to Hell" and "Father's Son"; starred in "Penrod and Sam." All for First National.

JONES, BUCK; married to non-professional; born in Vincennes, Ind. Write him at Columbia studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ridin' for Justice," "Justice Rides Again" and "South of the Rio Grande," Columbia.

JORDAN, DOROTHY; unmarried; born in Clarksburg, Tenn. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Beloved Bachelor," Paramount; in "Hell Divers," M-G-M; and "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio.

KARLOFF, BORIS; married to non-professional; born in London, Eng. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. Rôles in "Five Star Final," First National; in "Graft," "Frankenstein," "Night Club." Next will star in "The Old Dark House," then "The Invisible Man." All for Universal.

KEATON, BUSTER; married to Natalie Talmadge; born in Pickway, Kan. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," "Sidewalks of New York" and "The Passionate Plumber," M-G-M.

KEENE, TOM; married to Grace Stafford; born in Smoky Hollow, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "Sundown Trail," "Freighter of Destiny" and "Partners." Now working in "Montana Rides." Will star in "The Saddle Buster." All for RKO-Pathé.

KENT, BARBARA; married to Tamar Lane; born in Gadsbury, Alberta, Canada. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Indiscreet," United Artists; in "Freighters of Destiny" and "Partners," RKO-Pathé; in "Emma," M-G-M; "Vanity Fair," Tec-Art.

KENYON, DORIS; widow of Milton Sills; born in Syracuse, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Alexander Hamilton" and "The Road to Singapore," Warner Bros.; and "Waterloo Bridge," Universal. Now appearing on the concert stage.

KIRKWOOD, JAMES; married to Beatrice Powers; born in Grand Rapids, Mich. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hell to Pay," "Over the Hill," "Charlie Chan's Chance" and "Cheaters at Play," Fox. Next will be "After the Rain," Fox.

KNAPP, EVALYN; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Millionaire," "Fireman, Save My Child" and "High Pressure," First National.

LAKE, ARTHUR; unmarried; born in Corbin, Ky. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Indiscreet," United Artists. Now touring in vaudeville.

LANDI, ELISSA; married to J. C. Lawrence; born in Venice, Italy. Write her at Fox studio. Contract star. Co-starred in "Wicked" and "The Yellow Ticket." Now working in "The Devil's Lottery." Next, "Disillusioned." All for Fox.

LANE, LOLA; married to Lew Ayres; born in Indianola, Iowa. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Ex-Bad Boy," Universal.

LA PLANTE, LAURA; married to William Seiter; born in St. Louis, Mo. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Men Are Like That," Columbia; and "The Sea Ghost," Peerless. Now appearing on the legitimate stage.

LAUREL, STAN; married to Lois Neilson; born in Ulverston, England. Write him at Hal Roach studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Oliver Hardy in "Beau Hunks," "Helpmates," "Any Old Port" and "The Up and Up," Roach-M-G-M.

LEBEDEFF, IVAN; unmarried; born in Uspolai, Lithuania. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Bachelor Apartment," "The Gay Diplomat" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

LEE, DOROTHY; divorced from James Fidler; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.

LEE, GWEN; unmarried; born in Hastings, Neb. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; in "Pagan Lady," Columbia; and "Galloping Ghost," Tec-Art.

LEE, LILA; divorced from James Kirkwood; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Returning to screen after long illness in "Yukon," Standard Pictures.

LIGHTNER, WINNIE; married to George Holtrey; born in Greenport, L. I. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Side Show" and "Manhattan Parade." Now co-starring with Loretta Young in "Love on a Budget." All for Warner Bros.

LINDEN, ERIC; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio; and in "The Crowd Roars," First National. Now working in "Veneer," RKO-Pathé.

LIVINGSTON, MARGARET; married to Paul White-man; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Smart Money," First National; and in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio.

LLOYD, HAROLD; married to Mildred Davis; born in Burchard, Neb. Write him at Metropolitan studio. Paramount contract producer-star. Starred in "Welcome Danger," "Speedy" and "Feet First." Next will be "The Gate Crasher."

LOMBARD, CAROLE; married to William Powell; born in Fort Wayne, Ind. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Up Pops the Devil," "I Take This Woman" and "No One Man." Now working in "The Beach Comber." All for Paramount.

LOUISE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Vienna. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Everything's Rosie" and "The Woman Between," RKO-Radio; and in "Heaven on Earth," Universal.

LOVE, BESSIE; married to William Hawks; born in Midland, Texas. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Conspiracy," RKO-Radio; and in "Morals for Women," Tiffany.

LOWE, EDMUND; married to Lilyan Tashman; born in San Jose, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Co-starred in "The Cisco Kid" and "Transatlantic"; starred in "The Spider," Fox. Now working in "Sensation," Paramount.

LOY, MYRNA; unmarried; born in Helena, Mont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio; in "Arrowsmith," Goldwyn-United Artists; in "Emma," M-G-M; and in "Vanity Fair," Tec-Art.

LUGOSI, BELA; unmarried; born in Lugos, Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Women of All Nations" and "The Black Camel," Fox; and in "Murders in the Rue Morgue." Next, "Suicide Club." Both Universal.

LUKAS, PAUL; married to non-professional; born in Budapest, Hungary. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal; in "Working Girls," "Tomorrow and Tomorrow" and "No One Man." Now working in "Thunder Below." All for Paramount.

LYON, BEN; married to Bebe Daniels; born in Atlanta, Ga. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Bought" and "Her Majesty Love," First National; and in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in untitled prize fight story for Columbia.

MACDONALD, JEANNETTE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Annabelle's Affairs," Fox; featured in "One Hour With You," Paramount. Next will be "Love Me Tonight," Paramount.

MACKAILL, DOROTHY; married to Neil Miller; born in Hull, England. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Reckless Hour" and "Safe in Hell," First National. Now starring in "Love Affair," Columbia.

MANNERS, DAVID; divorced from Suzanne Bushell; born in Halifax, N. S. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Last Flight," First National; in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," Goldwyn-United Artists; and in "Lady With a Past," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Beauty and the Boss," Next, "Pleasure First." Both First National.

MARCH, FREDRIC; married to Florence Eldridge; born in Racine, Wis. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "My Sin" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Now working in "The Black Robe." Next will be "The Broken Wing." All for Paramount.

MARSH, MARIAN; unmarried; born in Trinidad, British West Indies. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final" and "The Mad Genius." Starred in "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." All for Warner Bros.

MARSH, MAE; married to Lee Armes; born in Madrid, Mexico. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôle in "Over the Hill." Next will be "Governor's Lady." Both for Fox.

MEIGHAN, THOMAS; married to Frances Ring; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Young Sinners" and "Skyline." Now working in "Cheaters at Play." All for Fox.

MENJOU, ADOLPHE; married to Kathryn Carver; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Friends and Lovers," RKO-Radio; in "Pres-tige," RKO-Pathé; and in "Forbidden," Columbia. Now working in a British-made picture in London.

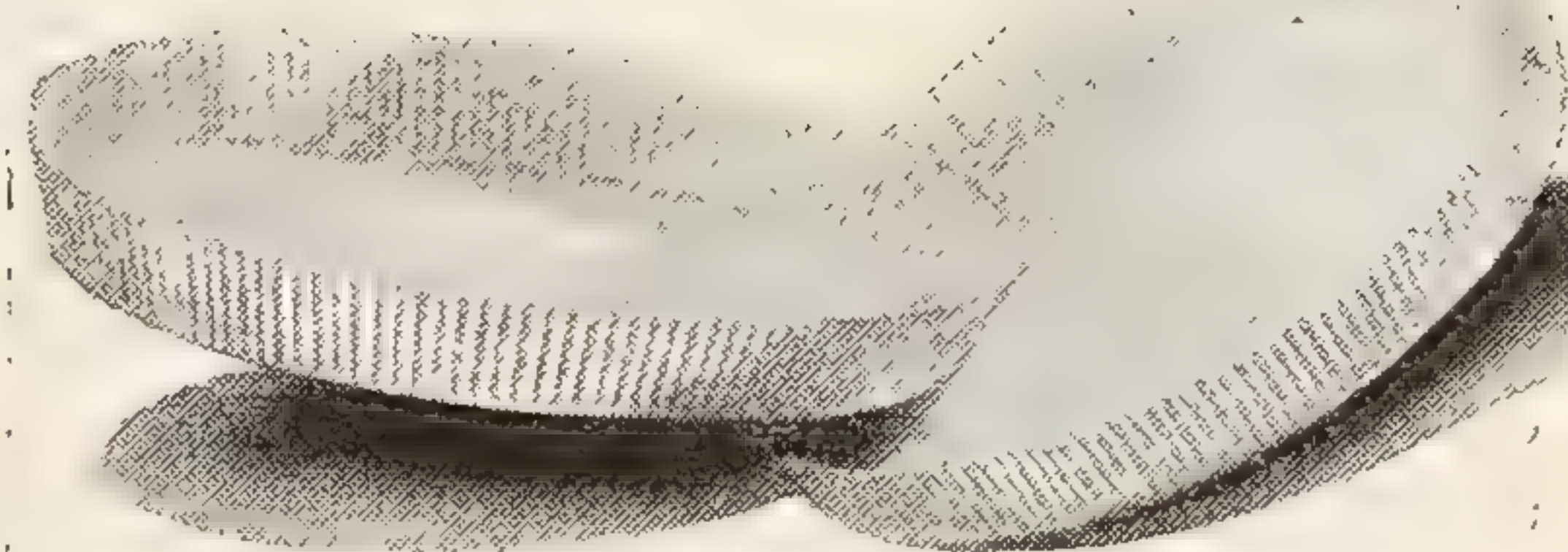
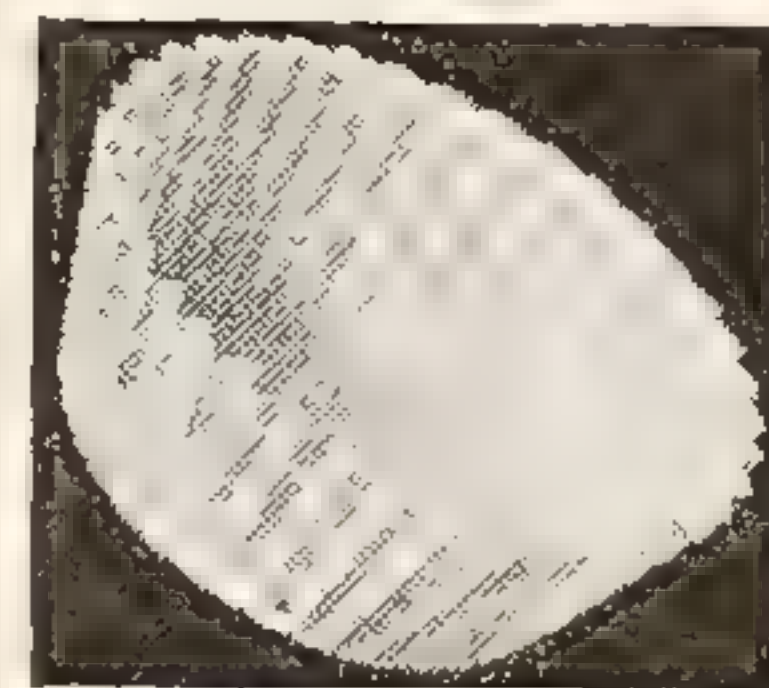
MERCER, BERYL; divorced from Holmes Herbert; born in Madrid, Spain. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Are These Our Children?" RKO-Radio; in "Forgotten Women," Monogram; in "William and Mary," M-G-M. Now working in "The Devil's Lottery," Fox.

MERKEL, UNA; married to Ronald Burla; born in Covington, Ky. Write her at M-G-M studio.

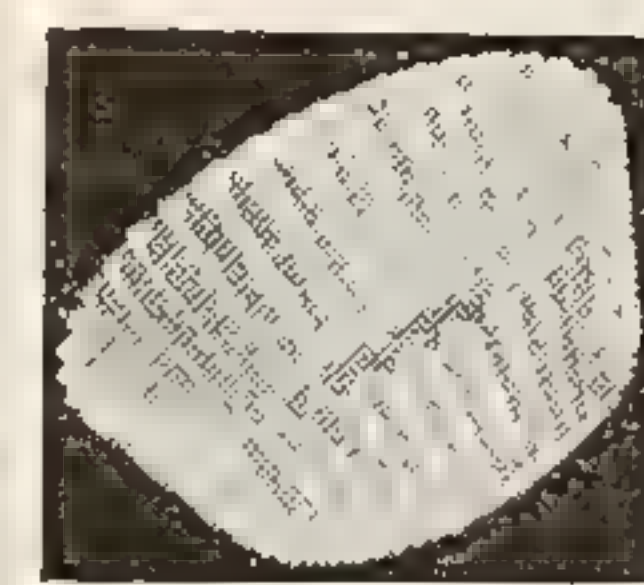
(Continued on page 109)



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Between You and Me

(Continued from page 106)

know and that is this: what really happened between Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell! I would like to see them play together again.

BETTY BOWMAN,
Reading, Pennsylvania.

A very sweet letter about Mae Marsh

After reading the story in the January issue by Muriel Babcock, entitled "The Price of Motherhood," I have a great respect and admiration for Mae Marsh. May her happiness be trebled. Mae Marsh is right. Three children, happiness, a greater appreciation of humans—every word is true, but only a mother and a good-living person can look at it that way. In time everyone knows what is real happiness but sometimes it's too late. I would rather live a life of poverty and sacrifice, with three children, than a life of glamor and splendor and luxury without the knowledge of how much happiness there is in bringing up children. I bow to you Mae Marsh, great actress. A good mother, an example to a young girl to live happily and make others happy.

I wish Mae Marsh and her family much happiness in the future and let's hope we have more actresses like Mae Marsh.

MRS. ELEANOR PHILLIPS,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Gary's mother did answer, Laura—in our March issue. Have you read it?

In your November issue you had a story on Gary Cooper's boyhood days which I enjoyed greatly. Then along comes Lupe Velez's story in January which I did not enjoy. Lupe surely does crave publicity. I am wondering if Gary's mother will answer it. The whole thing seems such a pity, especially now with Gary's health not good.

I have looked in vain for a story on Gary by Faith Baldwin or Adele Whiteley Fletcher; however, I trust you will give us one when he returns in the spring, if there is not one before. I think there should be something published to retract "Hollywood's Mystery Romance Solved." Best wishes for your magazine.

LAURA CARTER,
Westmont, Quebec, Canada.

Well, they're going to revive "The Miracle Man" and "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." There's two good revivals for you

I've read, in your magazine, remarks on the poor selection of stories in Hollywood. What is the matter with the producers? Why can't they revive some of the real good "silent" pictures, and give the new stars a chance at them?

B. N.,
Freeport, L. I., New York.

Read Ina's own confession on page 54, K. G.

I was, and am, an enthusiastic Gilbert

fan and I am sure there are thousands and thousands of theatre-goers who will agree with me that John Gilbert is a wonderful and genuine actor. We have all seen how rapidly his voice has improved, and in "The Phantom of Paris," it was perfect. I am very sure that it will not be long before John Gilbert will "recapture that swagger" and show the cockeyed world that a little thing like voice cannot end his career as an actor, in spite of all those who laughed at him, including his ex-wife, Ina Claire.

K. G. GETOOR,
Royal Oak, Michigan.

Remember, Godiva, that people in the small towns don't see pictures as soon as you do in Toronto

You asked for criticism; well, here goes! In the first place, why do all the movie magazines knock Greta Garbo? Just because she prefers to keep out of the limelight, whether for publicity or not, is no reason for all the movie magazines to dish up the slams.

Why do you put all the old pictures in your movie directory? Some of them are so old that they are all past. Yet you make comments on them and give advice as to whether to see them or not.

If Gary Cooper weren't so busy holding himself aloof in a picture, and would wake up once in a while, he might be a good actor. Doesn't he ever get excited, except in a big, strong silent way?

"Susan Lenox" could have been a better picture than it was, and if it weren't for the people playing in it, it would have been a flop. Three cheers for Sylvia Sydney. She is the first young actress I have seen, barring Marian Marsh, who doesn't make me ill. She can act. When are they going to give Ronald Colman a good picture?

GODIVA,
Toronto, Canada.

MAY WE MAKE THIS POINT CLEAR—

The letters which we print in this department have nothing whatever to do with our own personal opinions. We may agree or disagree with the opinions expressed by our readers, but we intend to print all the letters we possibly can which are interesting, whether we, personally, agree with the thoughts expressed in them or not. However, some of the readers have been taking us to task for printing certain letters. "How can you believe such nonsense?" they write. "What do you mean by printing such statements?" We repeat, we may or may not agree. We may, ourselves, believe that some letters are biased—based on prejudice rather than calm judgment; but we do think that even violently prejudiced letters can be interesting. After all, they are expressions of fans' opinions and, as such, they belong in this department.

Directory of Players

(Continued from page 107)

- Contract player. Featured rôles in "Wicked" and "Sob Sister," Fox; in "Private Lives," M-G-M; and in "Impatient Maiden," Universal. In "Pleasure First," First National.
- MILJAN, JOHN; married to the former Mrs. Creighton Hale; born in Leeds, S. D. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Hell Divers," "Emma" and "Beast of the City." Next will be "Grand Hotel." All for M-G-M.
- MILLER, MARILYN; divorced from Jack Pickford; born in Evansville, Ind. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Sunny" and "Her Majesty Love," First National.
- MIX, TOM; divorced from Victoria Mix; born near El Paso, Texas. Write him at Universal studio. Contract star. After two years of circus work, will return to screen in "Destry Rides Again," Universal.
- MONTENEGRO, CONCHITA; unmarried; born in San Sebastian, Spain. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Never the Twain Shall Meet," M-G-M; in "The Cisco Kid" and "The Gay Cabellero," Fox. Now working in "Disorderly Conduct," Fox.
- MONTGOMERY, ROBERT; married to Elizabeth Allen; born in Beacon, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Starred in "Man in Possession"; co-starred in "Private Lives"; starred in "Lovers Courageous." Now working in "The Truth Game." All for M-G-M.
- MOORE, DICKEY; boy actor; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at First National studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Union Depot" and "Old Man Minick," First National. Now working in "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Next will be "So Big," First National.
- MOORE, MATT; unmarried; born in County Heath, Ireland. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Penrod and Sam," First National; in "Consolation Marriage," RKO-Radio; and in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists.
- MCORHEAD, NATALIE; married to Alan Crossland; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Deceiver," "Maker of Men," and "The Menace," Columbia.
- MORAN, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Spider," Fox; in "West of Broadway," M-G-M; and in "Men in Her Life," Columbia.
- MORLEY, KAREN; unmarried; born in Ottumwa, Iowa. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Shame of the Nation," Caddo-United Artists; in "The Cuban Love Song" and "Mata Hari," M-G-M. Now working in "Arsene Lupin," M-G-M. Next "Are You Listening?"
- MORRIS, CHESTER; married to Sue Kilbourne; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Cor-sair," United Artists; and in "Cock of the Air," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in "The Miracle Man." Next "The Beach Comber." Both Paramount.
- MULHALL, JACK; married to Evelyn Winans; born in Wappinger's Falls, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Lover Come Back," Columbia; in "Night Beat" and "Sally of the Subway," Action Pictures.
- MUNI, PAUL; married to Bella Finckle; born in Vienna, Austria. Write him at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Valiant" and "Seven Faces," Fox; and in "Shame of the Nation," Caddo-United Artists. Now appearing on the New York stage.
- MUNSON, ONA; divorced from Eddie Buzzell; born in Portland, Ore. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Hot Heiress," "Broad Minded" and "Five Star Final," First National. Now appearing in musical comedy.
- MCCREA, JOEL; unmarried; born in South Pasadena, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Common Law," RKO-Pathé; in "Girls About Town," Paramount; and "Lost Squadron," RKO-Radio. Now working in "Bird of Paradise," RKO-Radio.
- McLAGLEN, VICTOR; married to Enid Lamont; born in London, England. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Wicked"; starred in "While Paris Sleeps"; featured rôles in "The Gay Cabellero" and "The Devil's Lottery." All for Fox.
- MURRAY, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Ireland. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with George Sidney in "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," Universal; and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now working in "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.
- NAGEL, CONRAD; married to Ruth Helms; born in Keokuk, Iowa. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Reckless Hour," First National; and in "Hell Divers," M-G-M.
- NEGRI, POLA; divorced from Prince M'divani; born in Bromberg, Poland. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Returned to American screen in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé.
- NISSEN, GRETA; unmarried; born in Oslo, Norway. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Ambassador Bill" and "Good Sport." Now working in "Devil's Lottery." Next will be "Silent Witness." All for Fox.
- NIXON, MARIAN; married to Edward Hillman; born in Superior, Wis. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany; in "Fighting Back," Headline Pictures; and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox. Now working in "After Tomorrow," Fox. Next will be "The Little Teacher," Fox.
- NOLAN, MARY; married to Wallace Macreary; born near Louisville, Ky. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Big Shot" and "Left Over Ladies," RKO-Pathé; in "X Marks the Spot," Tiffany; and in "File No. 113," Tec-Art.
- NOVARRO, RAMON; unmarried; born in Durango, Mexico. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star-director. Starred in "Daybreak" and "Son of India"; co-starred with Greta Garbo in "Mata Hari," Next, "Huddle." All for M-G-M.
- NUGENT, EDDIE; married to non-professional; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness" and "Local Boy Makes Good," First National; and in "A Fool's Advice," Columbia.
- OAKIE, JACK; unmarried; born in Sadalia, Mo. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Starred in "Dude Ranch"; featured rôle in "Touchdown." Now working in "Dancers in the Dark." All for Paramount.
- OLAND, WARNER; married to Edith Shearn; born in Umea, Sweden. Write him at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel," Fox; in "Shanghai Express," Paramount; and "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.
- OLIVER, EDNA MAY; divorced from non-professional; born in Boston, Mass. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Starred in "Fanny Foley Herself"; featured rôle in "Ladies of the Jury." Now working in "March of the Nation." Next will be "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.
- OLIVIER, LAURENCE; married to Jill Esmond; born in London, England. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; and in "The Yellow Ticket," Fox.
- O'BRIEN, GEORGE; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Riders of the Purple Sage" and "The Rainbow Trail." Now starring in "The Gay Cabellero." All for Fox.
- O'BRIEN, PAT; married to Eloise Taylor; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Flying High," M-G-M; in "Juvenile Court," Zeidman Prod.; in "Final Edition," Columbia. Now working in "Ambition," Universal.
- O'NEIL, SALLY; unmarried; born in Bayonne, N. J. Write her at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Murder by the Clock," Paramount; and "The Brat," Fox.
- O'SULLIVAN, MAUREEN; unmarried; born in Dublin, Ireland. Write her at Fox studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Skyline," Fox; in "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé; and in "Tarzan, the Ape Man," M-G-M.
- PAGE, ANITA; unmarried; born in Flushing, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Gentleman's Fate" and "Side-walks of New York," M-G-M; and in "Under Eighteen," Warner Bros. Now working in "Are You Listening?" M-G-M.
- PALLETTE, EUGENE; divorced from non-professional; born in Winfield, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.
- PITTS, ZASU; divorced from Tom Gallery; born in Parsons, Kan. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Thelma Todd in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôles in "Papa Loves Mama," Universal; in "Shop-worn," Columbia; and in "Steady Company," Universal.
- PICHEL, IRVING; married to Violette Wilson; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "An American Tragedy," "The Cheat" and "Two Kinds of Women." Now working in "The Miracle Man." All for Paramount.
- PICKFORD, MARY; married to Douglas Fairbanks, Sr.; born in Toronto, Canada. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Doug in "Taming of the Shrew"; starred in "Kiki," United Artists.
- POWELL, WILLIAM; married to Carole Lombard; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Ladies' Man," Paramount; and in "The Road to Singapore" and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.
- PREVOST, MARIE; divorced from Kenneth Harlan; born in Sarnia, Ont. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," M-G-M; in "Reckless Living," Universal; and in "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.
- PURCELL, IRENE; unmarried; born in Hammond, Ind. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Just a Gigolo" and "Man in Possession." Now working in "The Passionate Plumber." All for M-G-M.
- QUILLAN, EDDIE; unmarried; born in Philadelphia, Pa. Write him at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract player. Starred in "The Tip Off," "Sweepstakes" and "The Big Shot," RKO-Pathé. Now working in "Girl Crazy," RKO-Radio.
- RAMBEAU, MARJORIE; married to Francis Dubger; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Son of India" and "Hell Divers," M-G-M.
- RAYMOND, GENE; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Personal Maid" and "Ladies of the Big House," Paramount.
- RICH, IRENE; divorced from David Blankenhorn; born in Buffalo, N. Y. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Mad Parade," Liberty; in "Five and Ten" and "The Champ," M-G-M.
- ROBINSON, EDWARD G.; married to Gladys Lloyd; born in Bucharest, Roumania. Write him at First National studio. Contract star. Starred in "Five Star Final," "Smart Money" and "The Hatchet Man." Next will star in "Two Seconds." All First National.
- ROGERS, CHARLES; unmarried; born in Olathe, Kan. Write him at Paramount studio. Now organizing orchestra for appearance in Ziegfeld's "Follies" and for radio broadcasting. Last pictures were "Working Girls" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount.
- ROGERS, GINGER; divorced from Jack Pepper; born in Independence, Kan. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Suicide Fleet" and "Carnival Boat," RKO-Pathé.
- ROGERS, WILL; married to non-professional; born in Okagah, Okla. Write him at Fox studio. Contract star. Starred in "Business and Pleasure" and "Ambassador Bill," Fox.
- RUGGLES, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Los Angeles, Calif. Write him at Para-

(Continued on page 128)



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Greta's Thwarted Ambition

(Continued from page 79)



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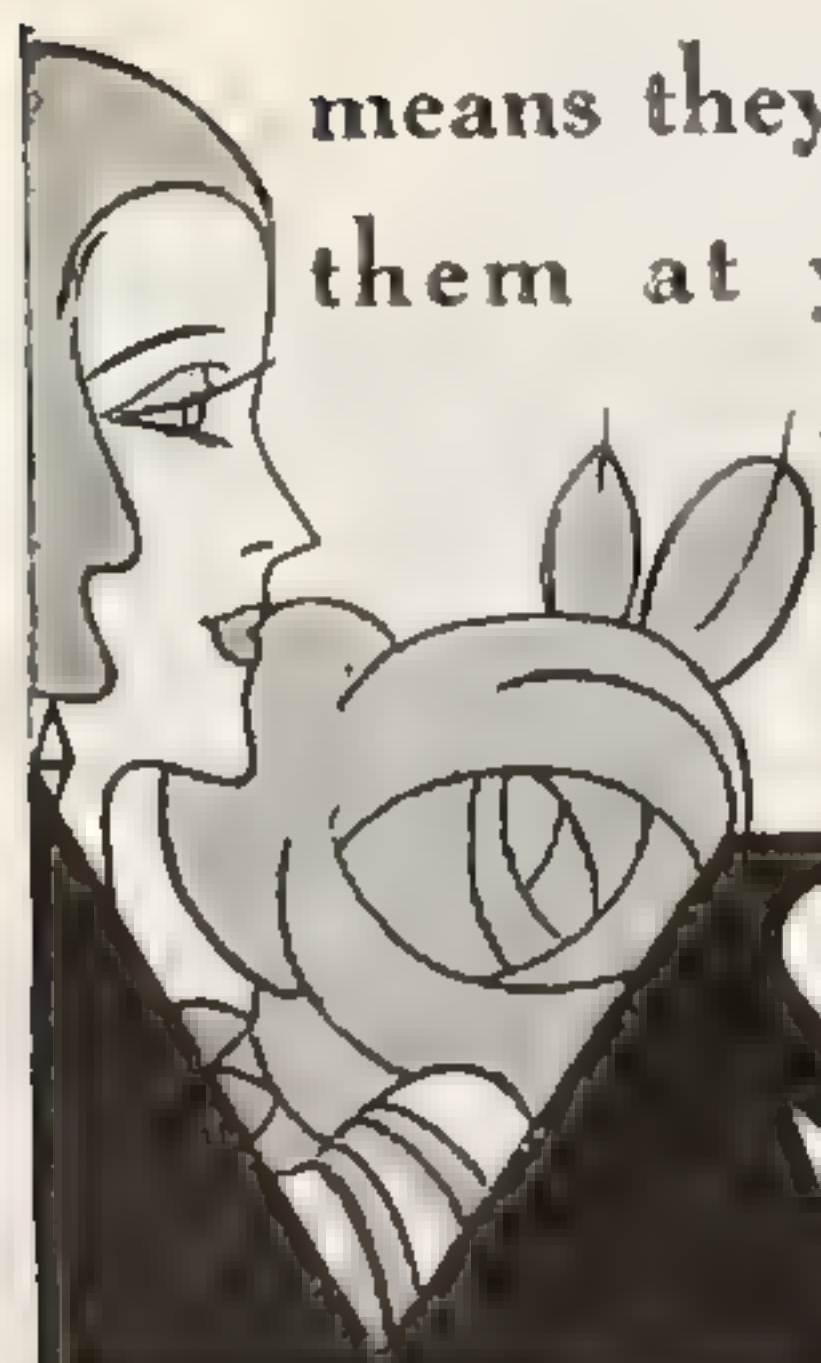
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she can do best. And that hurts.

When Greta Nissen tells of the weeks and months and years she spent in the ballet school of the Royal Opera at Copenhagen under Mikel Fokin it is almost epic telling. Six hours every day beginning at the age of six she practised and postured and poured grace and steel into her young muscles, despite the protests of the tortured flesh. Day after day, setting her strong white teeth, she drove herself with the lash of a savage discipline to be a dancer; a great dancer; "to be what she must be." And now she does not dance—after all those years of sacrifice—but must act. There's the hemlock in her cup.

Before Greta was eighteen she had appeared in half the great cities of Europe and had danced by command for nearly all its royalties. She was a cherished protégée of the Queen of Denmark, and governed a dancing school of her own at Oslo when she was barely seventeen.

"That was hard, eh? To live so? But in America you do not live so hard I think."

SHE does not whine, however, this Greta Nissen of the great frustration. She is entirely natural and courageous. Natural? Never has hairdresser or barber touched her head. She cuts that pale, blond glory herself when the need arises. Never has she set foot in a beauty parlor. And cosmetics—save for the necessities of stage or screen—are unknown to her. And this may startle some readers, though she regards it as frankly normal: she will wear pajamas when friends are in her home, but when she is alone—she takes them off, and she sleeps in nothing but her white ivory skin! Also, when the conventions do not prohibit, one should swim so in the open sea.

"I spent those years of training because I believed people would wish to see and enjoy the oldest form of interpreting human emotion. So I put all of myself into the dance, and I came to New York to do the lead in 'Beggars on Horseback,' understanding, believing, that most of my part should be expressed so. And then I learned that it was a mistake. Here, today, people are in too great a hurry to look long at something needing to be thought about. 'Show us quickly!' they cry. 'Come on! The next!' Now I wonder often why I have worked so hard to give something that is so little appreciated. Day after day I think of those terrible years in Copenhagen I spent in learning something I know is vital and that people care little for!"

There's Greta Nissen's tragedy.

It was inevitable that the screen should draft her. Remember, she had discovered the stage did not want the art she had to give. So, there was yet the screen. Here was a strong, virile, colorful personality of fire beneath ice, so Paramount sent her to the West Coast, to a kingdom entirely strange.

"In the beginning I disliked the screen," she says. "It lacked life and its silence depressed me. Besides, they had promised that they wanted me to dance. Oh, yes, that was what they said I must do. But I did not dance over much in 'In the Name of Love,' my first picture, nor in 'Lost, A Wife,' nor in 'The Wanderer,' nor 'Lady Luck' nor in 'The Lady of the Harem.' With each I would ask where I should dance, and with each I did not dance."

She shrugged her shoulders.

SHORTLY after I arrived they told me I must talk with a lady of the press—a quite famous lady, I assure you, and noted well for her brusquerie. From my slipper to my coiffure she examined me in detail and then, 'Now, tell me all about your love affairs; the men in your life,' she said. At first I did not understand, but she made it very plain what she wanted; too plain, in fact, and I jumped up so quickly I upset my chair.

"'Madame,' I cried, 'either you are a great fool or most insulting! I inform you there are no affairs, but if there were they should be solely my own business and none of yours!' And I left that dressing room in a rage."

Well, Greta can laugh at that now, realizing that her resentment was merely one of the products of her disappointment, but it required all the suave diplomacy of Jesse Lasky to patch the trouble up. But one learns of no love reminiscences from Greta Nissen for exactly the same reason that the guests of the famous Peoria hotel carried no fruit away from the dining table. There was no fruit.

Three years of Hollywood—without the dance—brought Greta Nissen to the silent version of "Hell's Angels" which never reached the screen because of the advent of sound. So back she went to New York to see if fate was as determined as ever. She did a play which was acclaimed an artistic success but a financial disappointment. Then followed in succession half a dozen other vehicles with an eye on a New York run, without success.

THEN, a few months ago Winfield Sheehan of Fox, in New York at the time, sent for her and invited her to come back to Hollywood for pictures. He promised that her dancing should be a feature of each picture in which she was cast. It began to seem that destiny was about to shove fate off Greta's control board.

"I came," she told me with a drop of two tones in her voice, "and it is the same story. One hundred thousand feet of film in 'Women of All Nations,' of which seven thousand was used, and there was little indeed of Greta Nissen's dancing. Raoul Walsh was most grieved, but there were other women in the story, and there was the story itself to tell—with dialogue, but not with the dance. That was not important."

In her present contract is provision that each year she shall have four months for devotion to dancing upon the stage. Doesn't that look as if her tragedy was about to disappear? Unfortunately it means nothing, Greta says. She would need three months of excessively hard work to get herself back in dancing condition after nine months of inactivity, and there would be one month left, which plainly wouldn't be worth while.

"So you see this frustration stalks me and hunts me down," she says. "Possibly it is needed for the formation of my character, the experiences, hardships, disappointments which are to make me."

Greta's father was killed in the World War when she was very small. There is a mother and a brother. Of the years between her father's passing and her own first success as a dancer there was—she makes very plain—a period of trouble and cultivation. But out of that came the Valkyrie maiden, sure, picturesque, competent, a creature of fierce fire under ice. And should her private tragedy continue to pursue her, should she be destined to act and not to dance, while she may grieve in secret, she will still manage to look that malign fate in the eye and challenge it as her sea-rover forbears challenged the foes of old.

She Burns Her Bridges

(Continued from page 65)

week they would put on a barefoot number in St. Paul—one of those classic affairs where the girls are garbed in about as much mosquito netting as a lunch counter man uses to cover the doughnuts.

The theatre was drafty and the floor was like ice and Marian came home with a bad cold that turned into pneumonia. When she recovered, the physician said that the Minnesota climate was likely to give her another sock on the chin if she didn't get away and build herself up, so the family gathered enough money to send Marian with her Mother to California for a few months.

This trip, the family physician said, undoubtedly saved Marian's life. (Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce please note.) Marian saw just enough of the movies to make a few wishes, and the minute she was strong enough to begin to think about calling upon the studios, her mother whisked her back to Minneapolis.

There, after a few weeks, she joined Paisley Noon's dancing act, which, touring the vaudeville theatres, found itself in need of another girl. Julianne Johnston, later to become a rather prominent movie actress, was a member of the troupe when Marian was with it.

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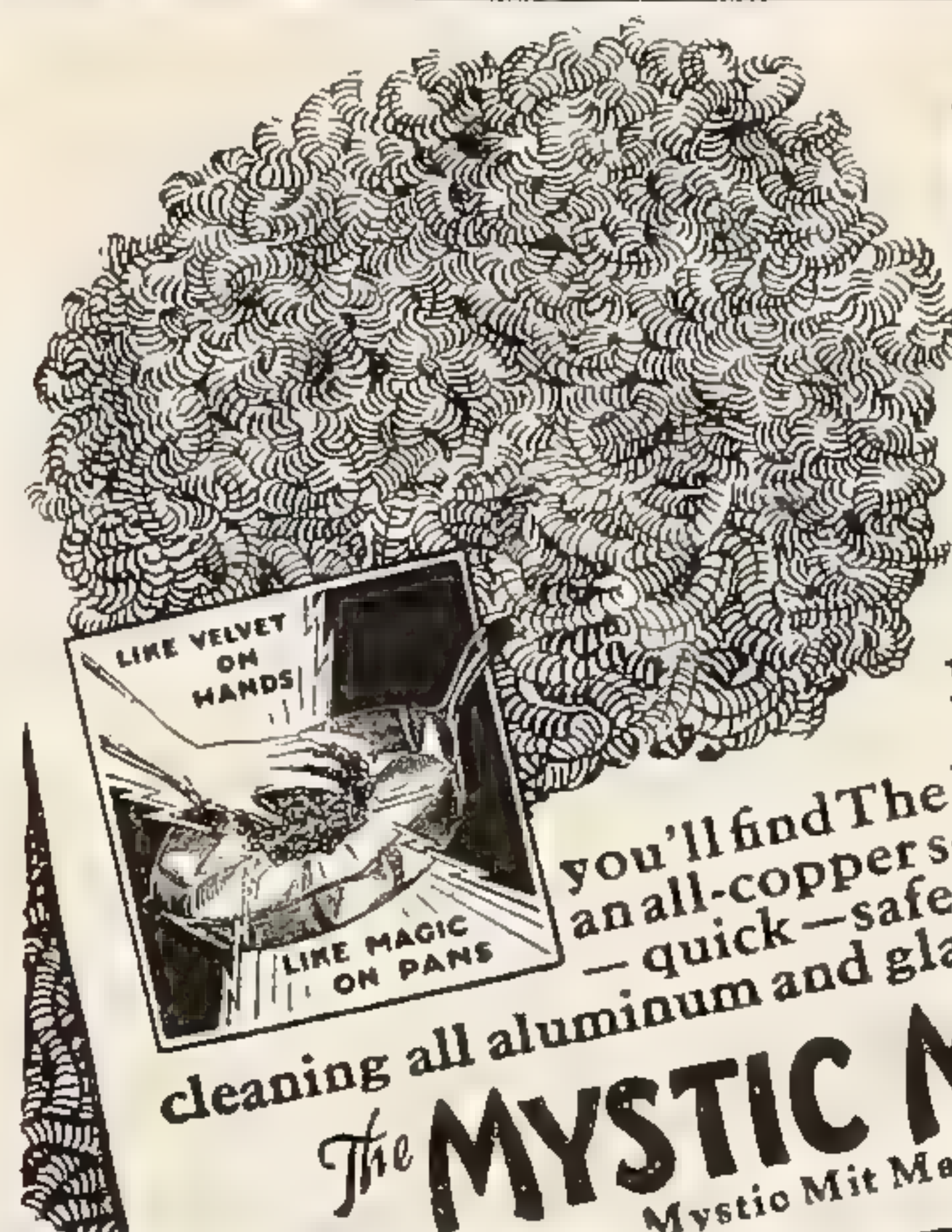
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The Noon act was going west—geographically and also in the vernacular of the late war, although none of the troupe suspected that the act was near death.

IT went west in Los Angeles, and Marian found herself with \$100 and a ticket to Minneapolis. That was eight years ago.

She decided to enter the movies. Get that straight. She didn't decide to *try* to enter. She just made up her mind to become an actress. She knew somebody who knew Sid Smith, now dead, who was one of the Hallroom Boys. She went to him and he introduced her to the casting director at Warner Brothers studio. The casting director was very polite and took her telephone number.

"I went back to my room and sat down to wait for a call," said Marian. She was entirely confident that a job would come her way almost instantly. She knew nothing of the folks who waited for months for a call. She appreciated not a whit the terrific competition among the thousands of pretty girls who were seeking work.

"The next evening," she said, "the telephone rang and I was told to report at 8 o'clock the next day at Warner Brothers to work with the Monty Banks company."

Now here is the way it happened. By such trifling coincidences are pretty girls launched upon a career.

Sid Smith happened to be passing the stage where the Monty Banks company was working, and heard Banks say to his assistant director, "Get a girl for tomorrow."

"What girl?" the assistant asked.

"Any girl."

Smith stepped up. "I know a girl who will do," he said.

"All right," said the assistant director, relieved that he wouldn't have to bother any longer. "Tell her to be here tomorrow at eight."

And that's how Marian Nixon got in the movies.

"They paid me \$7.50 for the first day's work," she said. "And the next day I worked only half a day and they paid me \$7.50 just the same!"

She decided that she had discovered a gold mine and went down town and sold her ticket to Minneapolis for \$30. There wasn't a suggestion of apprehension in her mind. Most girls would have kept the ticket tucked tight in a silk stocking as insurance. But not Marian. She burned her bridges and was warmed by the flames.

In the first year, as an extra girl,

she made an average of less than \$15.00 a week—much less than a school teacher earns. And hardly enough to buy sufficient food and clothing. But never did she get a lump in her throat. At times she was hungry but never did she wonder if, after all, something hadn't happened to the gold mine. Marian had made up her mind and she stuck to the job. Most girls would have gone back home.

Ten percent of her wages went to an agent, who now and then got her picture in the paper and who—fortunately for his landlord—had other clients whose ten percent was a good deal larger. His name is Jimmy Fidler and he believed in her.

AFTER a year as an extra girl, Marian suddenly found that for no reason at all, she was to become an actress in horse operas. She was given an ingénue part in Fox's "Kentucky Days" and casting directors began to think of Marian whenever they had a horse picture.

Probably it was the search for contrast that made them cast her opposite cow-puncher stars. Of all the persons in Hollywood Marian Nixon looks the least like a cowboy's bride, but she worked with Buck Jones in five pictures, with Tom Mix in two and with Hoot Gibson in three. And she can't ride a horse that goes faster than a walk!

They say in the movies that a girl who starts in Westerns never gets out of them, but Marian beat the jinx. Universal put her in "I'll Show You the Town" with Reginald Denny, and her Western days were behind her.

Then Warner Brothers signed her and she became a regular standby on the Warner and First National lots. She played with Al Jolson, John Barrymore and Richard Barthelmess, among others.

Then her contract expired and she decided to free lance. Right now she's signed with Fox for "After Tomorrow." She recently completed "Charlie Chan's Chance" for them.

No longer does the little girl, who worked for \$1.25 a day in order to pay for dancing lessons, bother about expenses. When I saw her she was in New York on a vacation with her husband, Edward Hillman, Jr., son of a Chicago department store family.

If the movies want her, it's all right with her. If they don't, the answer is the same. She's worked hard for eight years, she has made her own way. She's not worrying. She has done her plugging, and everything has come out all right.

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Nobody's Mother

(Continued from page 81)

And look what has happened to her! She was so wonderful in 'Stella Dallas' that no producer believed she could ever be so splendid again. The very fact that she was so splendid in that picture kept her from getting another chance for a long time. Then, after the talkies came in, she gave just as good a performance in 'Courage' but even that hasn't helped her much."

And Mrs. Bennett, unable to find steady work on the screen she loves, has opened a little restaurant in the San Fernando Valley.

She had a small part in an Eddie Quillan picture. It was her first assignment in over a year.

AND Kate Price of blessed memory. On the stage since she was eight years old, a lifetime of hard knocks behind her such as only troupers can know, Kate meets her present disaster with a smile, as she has met the previous sadnesses of her life.

"Why cry because I can't get work any more?" she asks gamely and refuses to listen to the sympathetic expressions of her friends. "After all, it's inevitable that the public should tire of us old girls some time, isn't it? My only hope is that I'll be allowed to fade out of the picture gracefully, with a happy smile."

There's bravery for you! One can only hope that Kate, always generous with her money when she had it, has saved a little for herself.

And then there's Mary Alden.

For years she was one of the most sought-after mothers in pictures. It is doubtful if there is another actress who has played "mother" in as many important pictures as Mary has. The odd thing in her case is that she is still a very young woman. Once, she threatened to forsake mother rôles for fear of being typed. But a call to play the part of Barthelmess' mother in "The Bond Boy" sent her scurrying back to her wig and shawl.

"I played mothers from choice in the beginning," she explained, "because I think old people, when not warped by circumstance, have a glow of beauty coming from their knowledge, from the heartbreaks they have endured and the joys they have known."

"Now, although I have been one of them in more pictures than I can remember, I hope the old-fashioned, 'mushy' type of mother will never return. I think the pre-war mother is obsolete. She was a product of sentimentality. Women today want to stand on their own feet as women and individuals rather than as sentimentalized symbols of the mother or wife."

YET, strangely enough, it was exactly that symbol that Mary personified in her greatest picture, "The Old Nest." (It ran for a solid year at the Astor Theatre in New York.) In it, she struck the note of universal motherhood. She received literally thousands of let-

ters from men all over the world, who, not knowing she was only thirty-three, promised her they would write to their own mothers weekly. Others swore upon their honor to help Mary, if she ever needed help. Today, unable to find work, she has never called on one of them to help her.

"Ah, yes," she said reminiscently, "we reached everybody's heart with 'The Old Nest.' I won't say I wouldn't like the wonderful joy of doing that once more. But the day of the sweetly 'gaga' mother on the screen is done! Women's emancipation after the War has also changed their characters."

"Unfortunately, movie executives cannot realize that *we* 'mothers' have developed and changed, too, so we go without jobs."

"I think, too, there is another reason why the sentimental type of film mother cannot get work now. It may sound strange, but I blame it on business depression. With good times, when everybody is feeling happy, almost anything in the way of entertainment will do, including sentimentality. But in hard times, when people have to work their brains out to keep themselves alive, they will not stand for mush—much less pay to see it on the screen!"

Mary Alden today lives in a low-priced apartment hotel—not in Hollywood, but in a section of Los Angeles that was fashionable twenty years ago. She has not worked in a long while and has no prospects for the future. Yet, she, too, is brave. A newspaper columnist recently printed that she was broke. "It was cruel of her," Mary says, her head high. "I'd never say a person was broke. Let's say that I'm—battling."

MARY is not the only one who is battling. There is Claire McDowell, too. She brushed the very edge of stardom after her marvelous characterizations in "Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade." She comes from a family of actors who were treading the boards in Shakespeare's time.

But with the advent of the talkies, producers commenced a frantic search for actors with stage experience. Probably not a dozen people in Hollywood today know that for several years Claire McDowell played the leading rôle in "The Clansman" on the stage—the play from which "The Birth of a Nation" was made.

And Claire, with eighteen years of screen experience behind her, has been tossed into the discard. No one has bothered to find out that she was a leading lady on the stage for twelve years before she ever came near Hollywood!

Perhaps you caught sight of her in "An American Tragedy"—for about three seconds. A veteran with thirty years' stage and screen experience, the part she played—and it was her first in many long, long months—was so small it was hardly more than a flash. Thus does Hollywood reward loyalty.



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And Mary Carr! How many of you remember her in that heart-wrenching opus that put the Fox Film Corporation back on its feet—the silent version of "Over the Hill"? Mrs. Carr scored a sensational success in that picture and for a time worked steadily. With the coming of the talkies there has seemed to be no place for her. She worked intermittently, but usually in some picture for a small, independent company that means little to her bank account and less

to her prestige at the box office. She had a small part in one of the Masquers comedies—"Stout Hearts and Willing Hands"—but her services were donated in that picture.

Her story can be told in one simple sentence: "Recently she went into bankruptcy." But back of that sentence lies a whole volume of frustrated hopes and dreams—a tragic story of the futility of honest effort—the story of all these mothers whom everyone loved.

The Boy Without a Name

(Continued from page 68)

and city to city. Almost automatically, Sammy continued to Ford's home. There, before she died, he asked his friend's mother if he might take the name of Wallace Ford. He had always hated Samuel Jones.

BEARING the dead man's name, the self-christened Wallace Ford continued to struggle with the same problem of existence which had dogged the footsteps of Samuel Jones. Shortly before his namesake's death, America had entered the War, and, as in Canada, he tried in every city to enlist. At length, to his joy, he was drafted and hastened to report, seeing visions of a steaming plate of beans. The thought of death did not alarm him as long as he could eat regularly while risking it. But to his horror, the recruiting officer informed him he would not be called for thirty-one days. To his question, "How am I to live in the meantime?" the hard-boiled sergeant answered, "That's your problem," and gave him a quarter. As usual he managed somehow and when at last, a month later, he was called for service in the U. S. Navy he felt that his troubles were over. Two days later peace was declared and he was honorably discharged!

If memory serves him right, it was during the ensuing few years that Wally Ford first began to regard the stage definitely as his profession and to have glimmerings of an ambition beyond the next meal. Stock work in St. Joseph, Missouri, followed by a chance in Stuart Walker's repertory company in Indianapolis, launched him on his pursuit of a career. He scored as the lead in "Seventeen" and Walker sent him to New York. For the first time he had visions of something more than a hand-to-mouth existence but for a while it was a vision only. Even with his first Broadway breaks, the battle continued. There was the time he had to rehearse three weeks without pay. Broke and too proud to ask for an advance, he waited on table nights in Silver's cafeterias. When actors he knew came into the lunchroom he would invent excuses to stay in the kitchen.

EVEN after his hit in "Abraham Lincoln"—even while he was playing Abie in the sensationally successful

"Abie's Irish Rose," he was living in a tiny, cramped hall bedroom that had been intended as an alcove. The bitter memory of past hunger was eternally with him and he saved every cent he could spare. He had never known what it was to have steady employment before and his past was not conducive to optimism about the future.

"Abie's Irish Rose" was generally conceded to be unadulterated hokum but it brought Wallace Ford an emotional experience of rare depth and beauty. For it brought about his meeting with Martha Halworth. She was playing a small part, he the lead. They fell in love and in a year's time were married. It sounds simple enough, a conventional enough romance—but when you know the background, the underlying currents and the barriers which stood in the way of their happiness it will seem to you as it does to me—one of the sweetest, finest and most dramatic of love stories.

Martha Halworth's father is Joseph Halworth who created the rôle of John Storm in "The Christian." The name stands for something in the theatre. Back of her were family, tradition, security. Mrs. Halworth wanted, naturally, to know who this boy was into whose hands her daughter was ready to entrust her future happiness. Wallace Ford could not tell her for he did not know.

But Martha Halworth knew that she had met the one man. She married him in spite of all parental objection—married him not knowing whence he came nor what his heredity might be. It was a brave thing to do. For all she knew, this Wallace Ford, who did not even know his name, might have sprung from stock polluted by crime, insanity . . . Heaven knows what. But Wally's fineness, integrity and courage were enough for her. She defied the darkly veiled facts of his origin to make him anything else.

In this splendid gesture on the part of the woman he loved Wallace Ford found restitution and solace for the bitter hurts which life had inflicted on Samuel Jones. For the first time in all his years of lonely struggle he had someone who belonged to him, who stood by his side and shared in his joys and sorrows.

WALLY did not take this great gift for granted nor treat it lightly. Before he would marry Martha Halworth he saw to it that he had twenty thousand dollars in insurance. If he could not give her the assurance of a known and honorable family background, he would at least bestow on her material protection. So, during their courtship, he continued to live in his single hall room, saving desperately. Even when he was playing the leading rôle—that of the hoofer—in the Chicago production of "Broadway," he would, when he and Martha dined together, limit their expenditure to fifty cents apiece. And she, knowing what lay behind his seeming frugality, loved and respected him more.

Their marriage, in spite of all the odds that were against it, has lasted five years, more than justifying Martha Halworth's trust. Wally Ford has proved himself both as a man and as an actor. Since his success in the Los Angeles production of "Bad Girl" provided the open sesame to the movies, he has been rapidly building a name for himself in this new medium. Under contract to M-G-M, he scored in "Possessed" and in "Freaks," and will be seen later in "The Beast of the City" and "Are You Listening?"

On the screen, the boy who never knew any of the happy life of the average American youth, somehow reminds you of the chap who lives next door, or the boy who was president of your senior class back in high school.

A year ago, Wally Ford came into possession of a valuable paper—a paper to which most of us never give a second thought save when securing passports, marriage licenses or other official documents. I refer to his birth certificate. Many years ago, his wanderings took him to Detroit. There he met a Catholic priest to whom he told his story. Interested in the boy's strange problem and eager to help him, the Father sought for twelve long years to unearth the facts of his birth. And he succeeded at last. Wallace Ford knows now that his true name is Samuel Jones Grundy. He was startled to find himself four years younger than he had believed . . . strange, indeed, to have four years suddenly lopped from the past and added to the future. His childhood instinct told him correctly that he was an Englishman—for his birthplace was Bolton, Lancashire. The facts reveal that his father died shortly after Wally came into the world—but there is a possibility that his mother may be alive somewhere today. It is believed that she was a street singer in her youth—one more dramatic touch in an amazing and colorful tale.

So Wallace Ford, who took a dead man's name, has at last a name of his own. No longer is he a man without a country, cut off from his heritage. But the shadow of lonely, half-starved Samuel Jones—nameless, kinless, friendless—still lurks in his eyes, a pitiful little ghost who will not be exorcised. Wallace Ford and Samuel Jones are one, but often when Wally's mouth laughs there are the ghosts of tears in Samuel's eyes.

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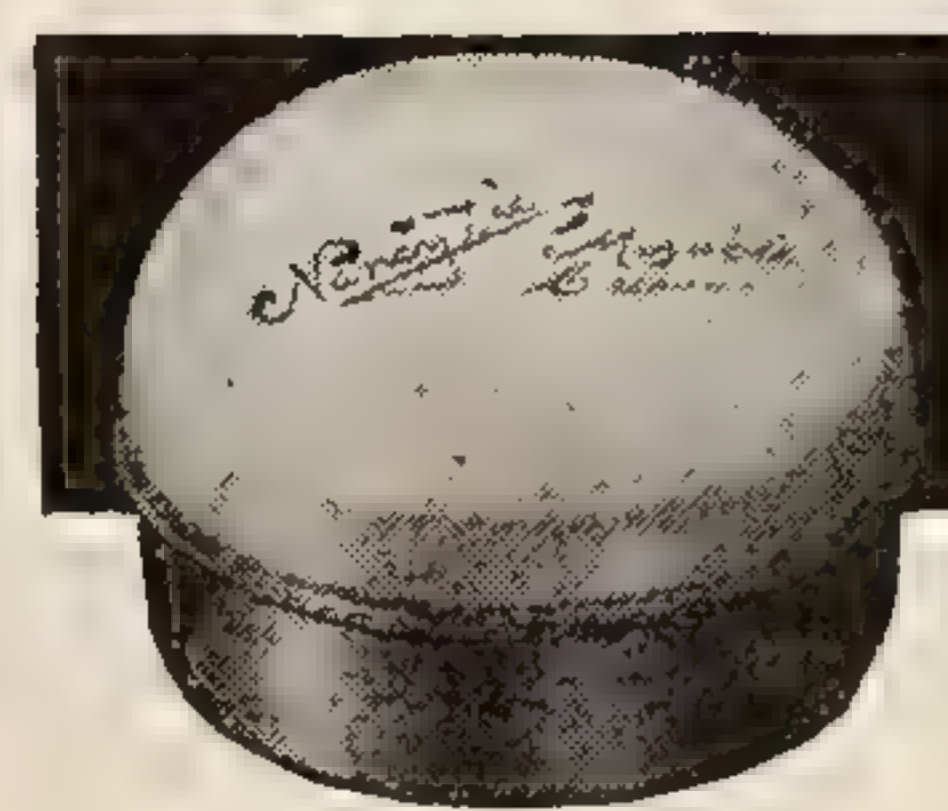
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Jeanette MacDonald's Wardrobe

(Continued from page 75)



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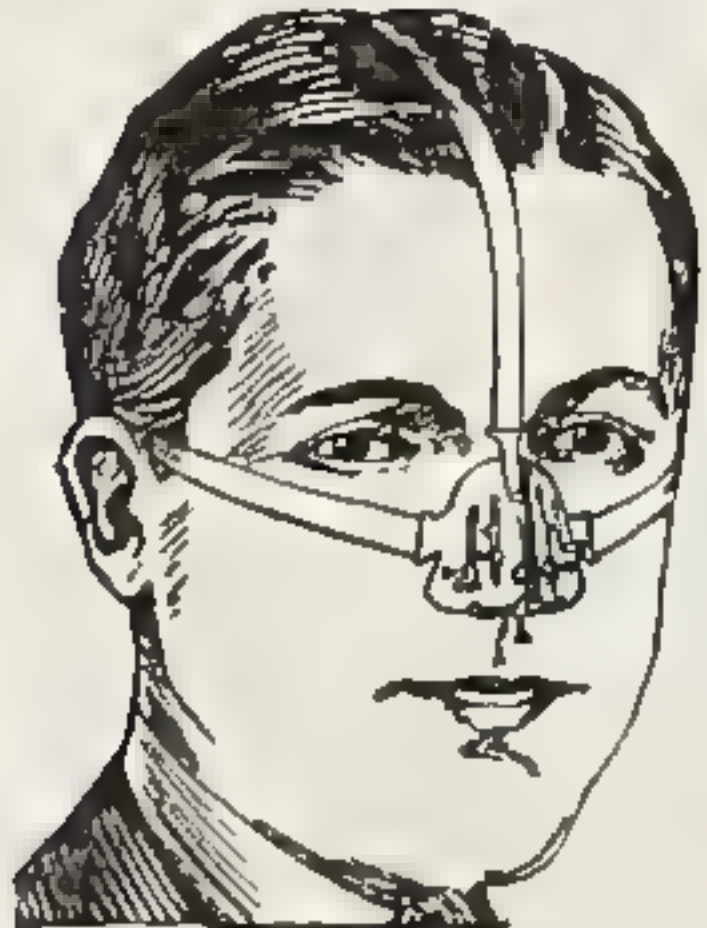
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In Our Next Issue
AND
HAROLD BELL WRIGHT
SOON!

than in front again) is edged with two rows of tiny ruffles. A collar of the pleated organdie has a tie of black crêpe. The black patent leather belt matches the shoes. (See page 71.)

Black, by the way, is almost as important this spring as it has been in the past season. One of Jeanette's latest dresses is of fine black corduroy and it employs a shoulder cape bordered with ermine. Smart? Rather! The high round neck is collared with fluted organdie. Her hat, fashioned of the corduroy has a saucy bow on a direct line with the fascinating MacDonald nose. The black slippers she wears with the costume are trimmed with an underlay of kid. (See page 73.)

Her newest suit is a spongy tweed in a violet-brown shade (and you can imagine how lovely that is with Jeanette's coloring). It's complemented with a vestee, stand-up collar and pointed pockets of brown astrakhan.

TWO of her loveliest dinner ensembles employ the black and white combination. One, is of lace, ermine and black chiffon velvet—an unbeatable fashion triumvirate. The lace, very heavy and of an all-over pattern, creates the short tunic that slants down the back and the velvet beneath it follows the slant in the line of the décolletage. The black velvet skirt ends in just a suggestion of a train. A dangling velvet bow in back and buttons in front provide the trimming. (See the picture on page 73.) And, ah, the jacket! Amazingly short, surplice as to collar and expansive as to sleeves. It's of black velvet and ermine. The diminutive hat has a fluted upturned edge and a pompom of feathers.

The other sponsors black chiffon with ciré satin. (There's nothing so effective as to use bright and dull materials of the same color in a dress.) The satin is set in triangle pieces in the gown and black broadtail is set in similar fashion in the heavy white satin jacket. (See page 70.)

"These new dresses," said Miss MacDonald, "create for a woman that delightful air of mystery which is her chief asset. They have undulating lines and intriguing touches of trimming that add so to her appearance. I think if one *does* prefer strictly tailored clothes they should be given that subtle feminine touch by softening collars and flattering hats.

"Speaking of the change clothes make in a person, it was extraordinary to see how they transformed one girl I know. She was at the beach party I attended last Sunday and during the day she appeared in one of those new manish shore outfits—blue turtle-necked sweater tucked in beneath belted white trousers. She was a typical young modern—restless, jerky in her movements, frightfully outspoken. And then in the evening she came in dressed as our grandmothers might have dressed. Her gown was of cobwebby white

lace, very full at the bottom and trailing the floor, and it had a little shoulder cape caught in front with a cameo brooch. You could almost hear the men say 'Ah!' as she entered! Whether she realized it or not she had adopted different manners along with the dress. She no longer jerked about. Her walk was smooth and graceful and her voice much softer. Even her conversation was different—so very demure.

EVERY time I wear a certain ensemble, I'm almost tempted to use that 'old-fashioned bouquet' perfume with it. The dress is of brown lace, sleeveless and it's floor length. The amusing part of it is the ruffles, edged with a ruching of taffeta, on the skirt. They swoop from the front up the back giving a hint of a bustle that doesn't actually materialize. The brown velvet jacket that goes with it is hip length and has perfectly enormous sleeves and a huge surplice collar. Both the sleeves and the collar are shirred and corded. I wear brown satin pumps with it and a hat to match that sports a curled ostrich feather in back." (There's a picture on page 75.)

It's somewhat singular that so feminine a type as Jeanette should eschew jewelry, but off the screen she seldom wears it, even on formal occasions. When she *does* choose to don it, the pieces are very simple and very exquisite.

Evening frocks are acquiring the habit of having high necks as the weather grows warmer. Isn't style the perverse thing, though? We went to dances all winter with practically backless gowns and now that the first robin has trilled up goes the neckline. However, we won't have cause to complain if all of them look as dashing as a little black crêpe of Jeanette's. Both fore and aft, the décolletage is high and yet the dress gives you the impression of being extremely formal—all due to an ingeniously cut back that shows two bare diamond shaped expanses.

Another frock that features the lifted neckline is of pale blue net over satin. The net is traced with blue sequins and two large pink roses of panné join the clever little bertha. The skirt has a glimmering fullness that is most attractive. It's exciting—that dress—as well as demurely quaint. (See page 72.)

Of a distinctly formal genre and yet of marked simplicity is a gown of satin, lace and net. Sounds nice, doesn't it? It is nice. The lace has a fine blocked design and is pink like the net. The satin, set in triangles at the waist and hip, is icy blue and a small bow of the satin placed immediately in front, provides the only trimming. Points of the lace dip into the very full swirl of net at the bottom of the skirt. (See page 74.)

I HAVE a great deal of sympathy for hats—they so often perch atop the wrong heads! Hats that are lovely in

themselves become a nightmare when they're worn indiscriminately. There are certain fundamental rules that ought to be kept in mind when selecting what is undoubtedly the most important article of our whole costume. High crowns never should be placed above a long nose or a long thin face. The face with a sharply accented nose cannot carry a brim or crown that slopes backward from the forehead.

Very few women could wear as successfully as Jeanette that little cap of black chiffon and patent leather that lies as if plastered down to her head. If you *can* wear it, though, it's terribly smart. A cockade of ostrich feathers over the right ear gives it a sprightly air that catches—and holds—the eye. The black dinner gown that accompanies it is quite as interesting. Velvet forms the bodice that comes well down in the hip-yoke in points, and also the epaulets over the long chiffon sleeves. A roll of the velvet fashioned as a lei and knotted in front serves as a collar. The sleeves and black chiffon skirt are patterned in a small leaf design that is outlined with a tiny band of black patent leather. Novel and quite the latest in the way of trimming. (There are pictures of the hat and gown on page 72.)

The blue and gray combination, as I believe we mentioned last month, is very much the vogue in Hollywood this spring and, naturally, since blue is Jeanette's favorite color, she has a coat in that shade. A very swanky coat of spongy wool cloth, belted, and lavishly collared and cuffed with gray squirrel. To go with it she has a dark blue hat stitched in gray and her matching patent leather pumps have a gray trim. Her frock is a blue crêpe jumper model with crossed bands buttoned (in gray) to give a waistcoat effect. The sleeves are short and full.

And now, let me give you one sane tip from this attractive young woman: "To me, good taste is, essentially, making the most artistic use of current fashions," Jeanette says. "And to acquire it, you must learn to balance what you consider beautiful and appropriate with what others are likely to consider beautiful and appreciate." Truer words, my dear Jeanette, were never spoken!

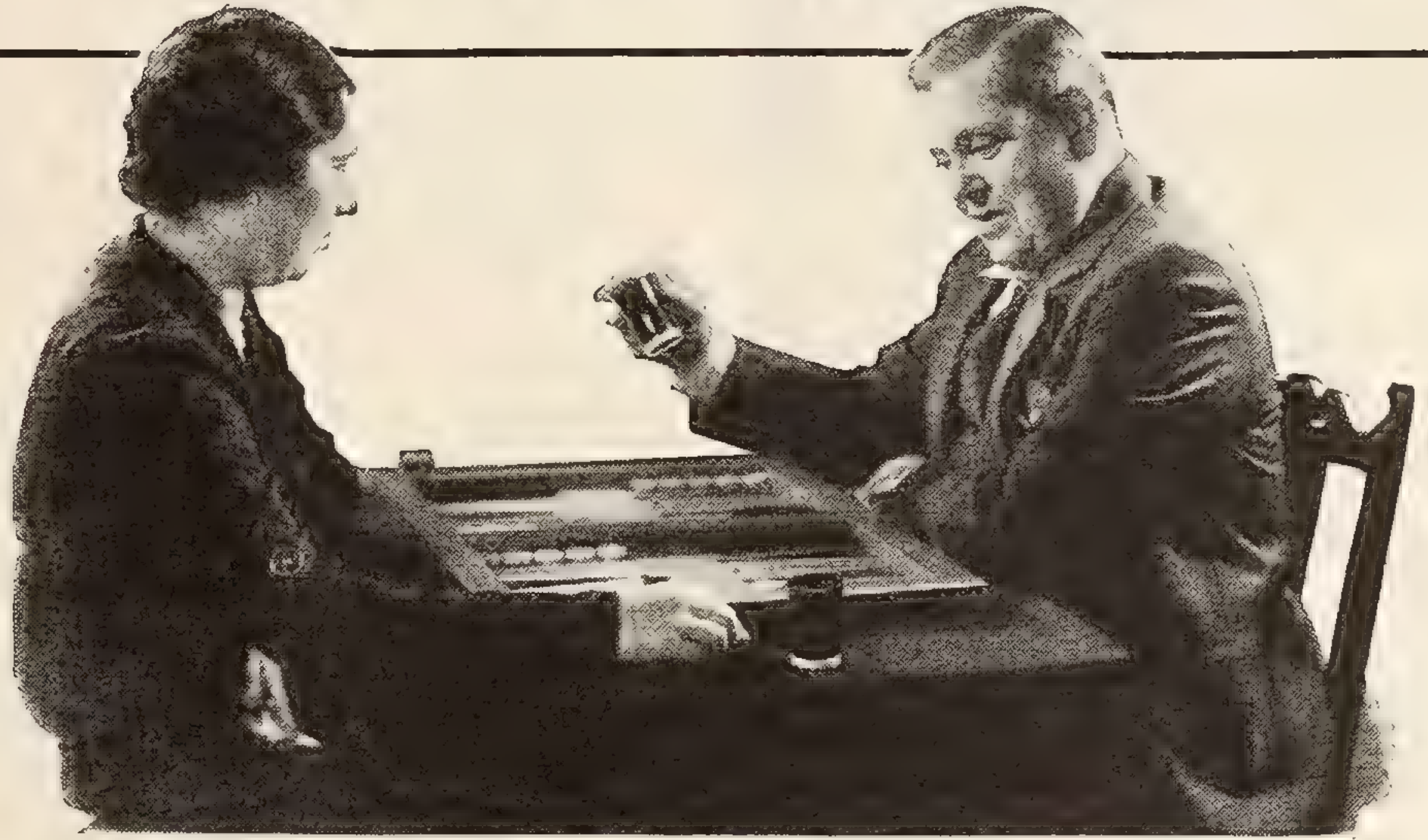
Joan Blondell

(Continued from page 33)

five years the Blondells returned to America to find that younger performers were replacing the old-timers, that motion picture houses were crowding vaudeville houses off Broadway and that "acts" were not nearly as easily booked as "specialties." But Ed Blondell was proud. He refused to accept engagements in New York at a drastically reduced salary, preferring to book the Blondells to play one-night stands in small towns.

The family once more pulled out of

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New York and headed west—this time no special train bore them. Five of them were packed into a rickety Ford, with trunks tied on atop—headed for Chicago. Chicago is a central booking point—and if they could whip an act into shape in the Windy City, there was a possibility for good bookings out of there.

Once in Chicago the entire Blondell family moved into one hotel room. Blondell spent his days trying to find a cheap but good one-act playlet for them, but one-act playlets apparently did not come with these specifications. If they were to have new material—they would have to write it themselves.

Through a friend, Mr. Blondell learned that they could obtain booking for the act over a circuit playing through Texas. Once more the "big hike" was on.

"As I look back on it all, I don't see how any of us weathered that long jaunt to Texas in the Ford," relates Joan. "Wind and snow storms were only a part of the difficulties we encountered."

THE undaunted little band went from one small town to another with their act. Often the distances were so far that they arrived just in time to "go on," and immediately after the show they must push on to the next town. The act went quite well. Theatre managers seemed to like it, and they were invited to play return engagements after about six weeks.

One of the towns they played was Denton, Texas, home of the state University, and it was here that real calamity befell them in the form of Cupid with his bow and arrows. Ed Blondell, Jr., fell in love with a Denton collegian, and in spite of the protests of his family that an eighteen-year-old boy was too young to marry, he insisted on leaving the act to settle down to domesticity.

It meant that the act was shot to pieces. The Blondells had no money to engage another juvenile to "patter" with Joan and without their *pièce de résistance* of the two young comedians it was not strong enough to stand up against the competition.

Upon investigation it was found that the Blondells were in possession of two hundred dollars. Instead of trying to push on into what was doomed to be the failure of the act, they rented a store in Denton across the street from the college and switched their activities from vaudeville to merchandising.

They did business in the front of the store and lived in the rear. Dad Blondell was the proprietor. Mrs. Blondell was the cashier. Joan and Gloria were salesladies and models. It was their job to mingle with the Texas collegians, wearing cute sweaters and skirts and caps—and then gently hint that similar merchandise could be had at the Blondell store. They had a piano in the shop and while the co-eds were selecting their clothes, Joan would entertain them dancing, while Gloria would play and sing. Blondell's Collegiate Store offered not only clothing—but entertainment while shopping.

Business was booming—when suddenly the college passed a ruling that the students must wear uniforms which could be purchased directly from the school!

Oh well, the Blondells tried to reason cheerfully, they *could* go back to vaudeville!

(To be concluded)

EDITOR'S NOTE:

Be sure and read the concluding instalment of the "True Story of Joan Blondell" in our next issue. You mustn't fail to learn about Joan's meeting with romance. And there is a tragedy, too—unpleasant—but wonderful evidence of Joan's pluck.

Secrets of Fascination

(Continued from page 42)

extremely likely to develop curiosity to find out just what it is that those other chaps see in this girl!

"No man likes to think that any girl likes him merely because of what he can do for her. It is only natural that he should want to be liked for himself.

"Men like women who are neat and well-groomed. They like a woman of whom they can be proud when they take her places. They like to think that other men are looking at her and wishing that they were her escorts.

"If you have any little talents, develop them and then use them. If you can play a little or sing a little or if you are a good dancer or a good cook or good at anything at all—*work* at it and then use it to give pleasure.

"You don't need to be a brilliant conversationalist to be attractive to men. You hardly need to be a conversation-

alist at all! The best thing you can do is to agree with them.

"All this really boils down to being amiable and friendly. And that, really, is all you need to do!"

ALL of these lovely women stressed particularly the necessity for fastidious personal daintiness. Jean Harlow began at the beginning and ticked the items off, one by one, with a pink-tipped finger.

"The very first requisite of charm is the generous use of soap and water," she said. "If you can afford few luxuries, let one of those few be bath salts or toilet waters. If you can't have these, you can at least afford nicely scented dusting powders. See that your hair is always clean and sweet and thoroughly brushed and shining. See that your nails are always pink and

white and polished. Be clean—dainty—from your shining hair to your well-groomed feet.

"And *do* use sense about your make-up. Make-up adds immeasurably to your charm if you use it cleverly. But it isn't meant to be a sticky mask! I think men hate to see make-up put on in great gobs and rouge and powder smeared on a pretty little face until it looks grotesque.

"You can emphasize your good points and minimize your bad ones by the proper use of rouge and powder. Study your face until you discover where the rouge belongs to give it the right contours. Try to make yourself look as natural—as un-artificial as possible. Don't make up your eyes when you are going shopping. And don't make your mouth a funny little red blob just above a snow white chin. It will look like a cherry on a marshmallow and the effect will be merely ridiculous.

"I think men admire naturalness. And that is something to remember about your habits of thought, too. Men do not like affectation or pretense. They do not like small deceptions, petty jealousies or cattiness. Never criticize another woman to a man, however justified you may be. It makes him uncomfortable and he thinks you are jealous of her for some reason or other.

"Feminine wiles and coquetry went out with the bustle and the girl who tries to use those things to attract men now looks silly. Men like *womanly* women. By that I mean kind, considerate, tolerant, sympathetic women. The hey-hey girl is passé. The day of the flip, brazen, startling girl is over. If you don't believe me, look about you at the girls who are most successful with men—and see if it isn't true!"

CAROLE LOMBARD, who was certainly one of the most popular and sought-after young women in Hollywood until Bill Powell dashed the hopes of a dozen or so admirers by marrying her, is another disciple of complete naturalness.

"You don't have to *do* anything about it," she averred, "except just be yourself! If you like people enough, they are almost certain to like you. This is true of both men and women. I think men like a woman who meets them on an equal basis. She doesn't demand privileges because she is a woman, she is sportsmanlike and as ready to give as she is to take. Men like a woman with whom they have *fun*—one who likes to do the things they like to do, be it swimming or playing tennis or dancing.

"Don't try to be a clinging vine unless it is your nature.

"Just try to be a regular person—friendly and amiable and kind. Enjoy yourself and try to see to it that the

men enjoy themselves, too. You'll get along all right."

A crisp and forthright recipe!

Joan Crawford doesn't go in for any clinging, either.

"I think men like a woman who knows her own mind," she declared. "I don't mean an argumentative or aggressive woman. But a woman who, when she is asked a simple question such as, 'What would you like to do tonight?' knows the answer! A woman who hesitates and murmurs, helplessly, 'Oh, I don't know. What would *you* like?' gets to be a nuisance.

"Men like women who have a little character. They like decorative women, women who know how to choose and wear clothes well. Beauty is not nearly so important as a vivid personality, spirit and vitality.

"Let yourself go. Relax and don't be afraid to be interested in things, to be enthusiastic, to be intense. There is nothing more attractive than enthusiasm whether you register it over a football game or a box of candy or a pot of geraniums. Many a woman has won a reputation for beauty when her features were far from perfect. She seems beautiful because she is animated and sparkling and vital.

"Don't talk all the time. And never, never complain or moan or nag. If you have a grievance, state it, get it over and forget it. Nothing so disgusts a man as constant bickering over trifles. Never allow yourself to do it."

WHILE I was about it, I thought I'd ask Lucille Gleason, too. Lucille, twenty-five years married and the mother of a strapping, grown son, would not pose as a siren. But there is no one in Hollywood who is better liked by everyone and she has a wise, salty philosophy which makes her remarks always worth hearing.

And—guess what Lucille said! "I think a *lazy* woman gets along with men better than any other kind! If she is too lazy to quarrel, too lazy to nag, too lazy to look for a man's faults and to try to reform him, too lazy to demand more than he is willing to give her, too lazy to run after him—and if she is good-natured and has a sense of humor besides—he will probably think she is the most attractive woman he ever saw, whether she is beautiful or brilliant or just a plain little dummy.

"Cultivate a little laziness. It's a grand asset!"

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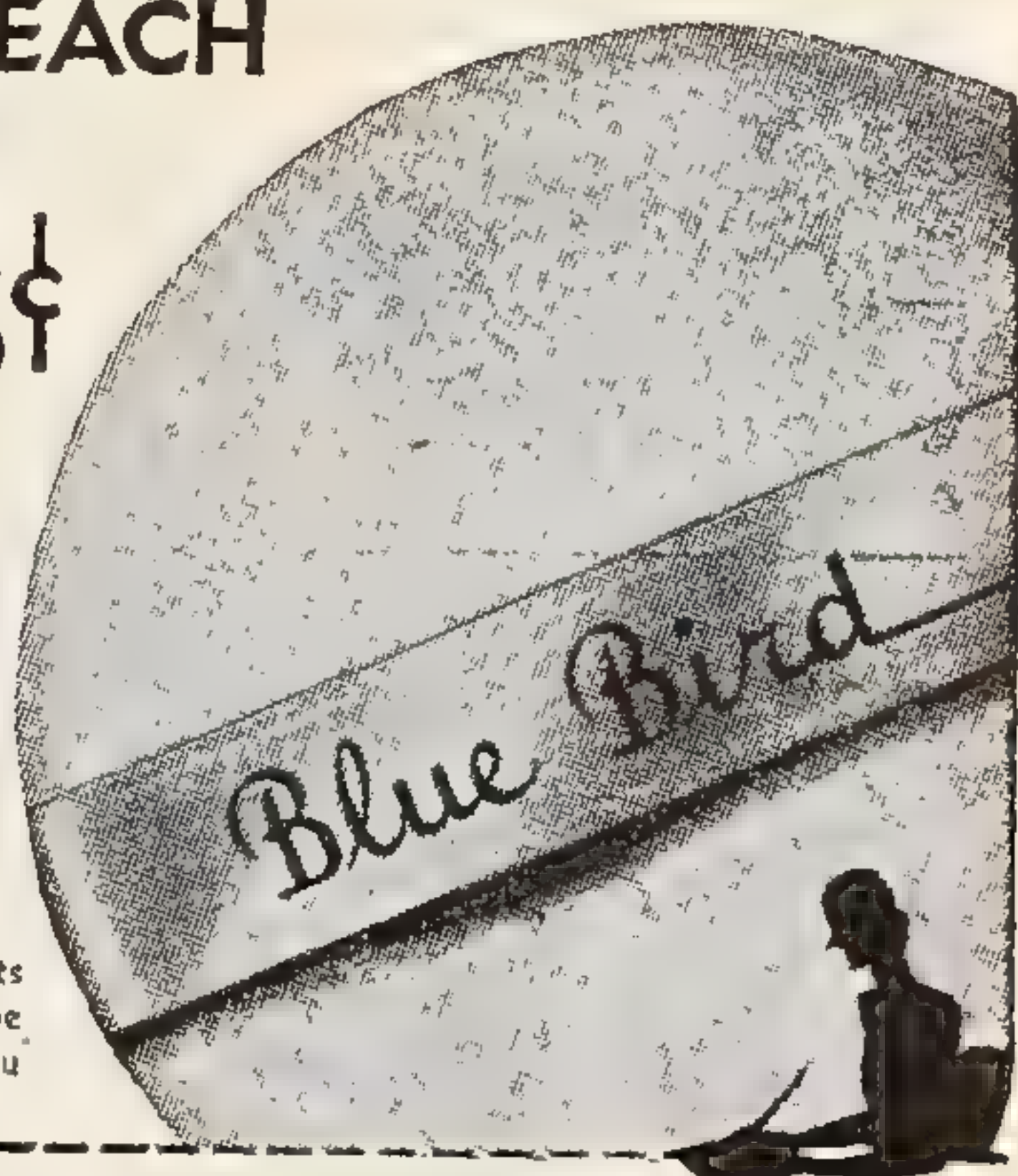
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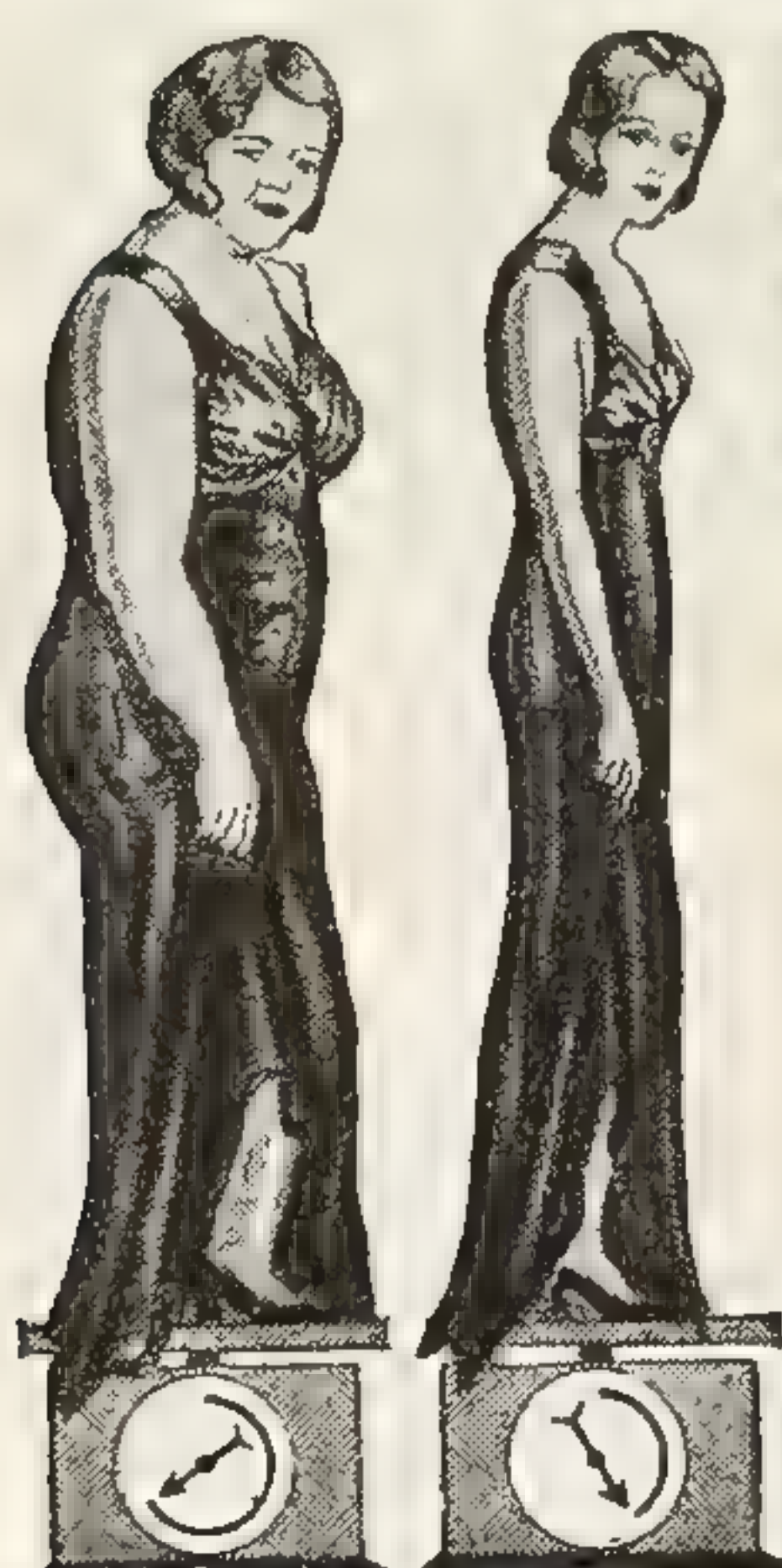
(Continued from page 49)



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"It is a mysterious thing," added Janet, "and sometimes I wonder if my interest in lovers the world over, my consciousness of all the thousands of pairs of lovers who I know will be watching us on the screen, has anything to do with it. Do you believe so? You see, I also think a lot about the people who are starved for romance—who live their love-lives vicariously in watching lovers on the screen. I am so sorry for them! I'd like to give them the love that is their right, and so the acting of a love scene puts new life into me. Farrell feels it, too."

"I wouldn't be any good without Janet!" said Charley warmly. "Somehow I never feel I'm doing my best except when I'm acting with her."

"Nonsense!" snapped Janet, "I'm the one who feels like a cat in a strange garret without you, Farrell!"

Whew! I thought. And they are not in love!

Well, neither is every singer and accompanist in love, no matter how keen their mutual understanding of the harmonies they make. Neither is every pair of tap-dancers, synchronized to perfection though they may be; nor any other team who have brought their art to a high pitch of perfection. The team-

work of Gaynor and Farrell happens to be love-making. It's their job and they do a swell one. And that's all there is to it.

THE amazing and interesting thing about it is the friendship which enters into their efforts. I said before and I cannot resist saying again that true friendship is rare enough to be interesting in itself. We all like and admire and enjoy seeing true friendship between any two people. Between two men or between two women. Or between a man and a woman; for such friendships are far more common today than ever before in the history of the world, due perhaps to women's economic freedom. But as a rule such friendships exist between people in private life. The fact that Farrell and Gaynor are public characters, familiar and beloved by hundreds of thousands of fans, makes their case startling. The fans sense something unusual and wonder. And the fans are right. Friendship of such a real and splendid quality is unusual. And it's something to point to with pride.

How do these two manage to stay friends now they're married? Because they *are* friends, that's why!

Karloff and Chaney

(Continued from page 82)

drew Karloff into conversation. He learned of the discouragement that had engulfed the struggling extra. He learned of the ambition that impelled Karloff to struggle with heavy cement sacks and three-hundred-pound putty kegs in order that he might continue his extra work on the screen. And Chaney listened sympathetically and said:

"If you feel that you must act; if you feel that you've got something the other fellow hasn't; if the show business is in your blood so that you'd rather turn in one good performance than to make a million at anything else, then stick to it. As long as you believe in yourself and if you've got the stuff, the breaks will come."

"From that time on," said Karloff, "I never lost heart. I went home that night so excited I couldn't sleep or eat. Lon Chaney was a great man and he'd taken the time to put heart into a struggling actor. I made a vow before I went to sleep that I'd carry on. I never saw Lon Chaney again, in person, but I never forgot his words. When he died, I felt that I'd lost a dear friend and now that they're talking of me as a second Chaney, I feel that it is almost sacrilege."

Soon after his talk with Chaney, Karloff had an opportunity to go on lo-

cation for ten days with Bert Lytell in "Never the Twain Shall Meet." It meant losing his trucking job but, inspired by Chaney's words, he decided to risk it. Returning, he obtained work at F. B. O. and soon after was given featured billing with Evelyn Brent in "Forbidden Cargo." Following that came a stage engagement in "The Idiot" and the leading rôle in "Hotel Imperial." These led to his being given the part of Kregg in "Congo" on the Los Angeles and San Francisco stages. It was a part in "The Criminal Code" with Walter Byron in Los Angeles which won him the same part in the picture of the same name in which Walter Huston was featured. And since then Karloff has risen steadily. The part in "Frankenstein" was, strangely enough, a part which Chaney had himself always desired to play.

BORIS KARLOFF was born in Dulwich, a suburb of London on November 23, 1887. His real name is William Henry Pratt, the name Karloff being that of his maternal grandmother who was Russian. He was educated in the public schools of London and entered King's College, where he was expected to prepare for the diplomatic service, following in the footsteps of his father and several brothers.

"I gave more time to cricket and other sports than to my studies," he admits, "and it became evident that I could never pass my exams. The diplomatic service didn't appeal to me, anyhow, so in 1909 I borrowed a little money from a relative and simply disappeared. It was the only escape."

He went to Canada, where he worked as a farm hand, first in Ontario and then in the western provinces. In Vancouver he obtained a job through an employment agency as a pick and shovel man. Unable to collect his wages, he lived for a week on twenty-eight cents and decided to become a real estate salesman. Failing in this, he went to work clearing timber land near Lillooet Lake. Returning to Vancouver he saw in the local paper an advertisement for an experienced character actor for a repertoire troupe. Inventing a reputation as an English actor, he applied and got the job. He became quite successful. Then followed years of trouping with stock and repertoire shows.

Once, when parts were scarce, he tried to enlist in the British Army but was turned down. More hardships. Then he secured a part with Belle Bennett in her road show, "The Virginian," and arrived in Los Angeles in 1917. More parts in stock with local companies and then the influenza epidemic which brought temporary ruin to the theatres. Karloff obtained work piling flour in the Speery Mills in Valéjo and later returned to Los Angeles. His first picture work was as an extra in a mob scene for Frank Borzage at Universal. Alternating between the stage and an occasional extra job, Karloff hung grimly on, for now he had formed the ambition to find a place for his talents in the fast growing picture industry. By 1922 he had become "typed" as a French-Canadian bit player and seemed on his way to success but a production slump sent him to the truck driver job at which he was employed at the time of his memorial meeting with Lon Chaney, which was such an inspirational factor in his life.

OFF stage Karloff is the typical, charming, well-mannered upper-class Englishman. He is more than six feet tall. His hair is dark, straight and sprinkled with gray and his eyes under heavy brows are that dark, liquid brown so often found in the Asiatic races. His skin, too, is unusually dark, perhaps from the Russian strain. He is married and lives in the Toluca Lake district.

When he spoke of "Frankenstein," his face took on a hunted, harried look.

"I don't want to be confined to parts like that in 'Frankenstein,' he protests. "It has been praised, but as a matter of fact any actor of large frame who knew the first principles of acting could have done it as well as I. I want a chance to do unusual character parts which depend upon real work, rather than hideous make-up for their effectiveness.

"But most of all, I do not want to play horror rôles because of the effect on myself. You cannot imagine how such a rôle can change one's perspective. I can understand now what Mr. Chaney went through. I didn't dare let my wife see me in character for I was afraid that she, poor soul, might want to make a trip to Reno! It was most uncomfortable and I lost some twenty pounds during the making of the picture.

"But the mental effect was worse than the physical. The strain of portraying that twisted brain and awful synthetic body caused me to lose sleep. I dreamed Frankenstein. I was afraid I would never be able to get away from the memory of that gruesome figure. It sometimes haunts me still!"

And you—remembering "Frankenstein"—can you wonder?

"I consider myself the luckiest man in Hollywood for I've been in the game long enough to know that it all depends on the breaks. I sometimes sit and wonder about my talk with Lon, that evening. Did something throw us together, something beyond our comprehension? Here I am, with a contract and an opportunity, making up in the same dressing room where Lon worked at the time we talked. Amazing, isn't it?"

The Modern Hostess

(Continued from page 10)

which suffuses the male mind when it comes to food preferences. But the dejected expression on our face must have touched him, for he went on, "The last time I had this dish, among those members of the vegetable family which were present I seem to remember peas, lima beans, broccoli and beets. But cauliflower, carrots, mushrooms, string beans or any other vegetables may be used, so long as there are three or four kinds. And of course potatoes."

"Does the potato have to be prepared in any special way?" we asked.

"No, but creamed potatoes or French fried or stuffed baked potatoes are best."

"Stuffed baked pork chops and stuffed baked potatoes—have you any idea how

either one is prepared?" we asked.

"Not an idea in the world, but I'll find out for you, if you like," Mr. William volunteered.

"Oh, would you really?" we cried. "That would be simply marvelous."

"And now, by the way, you mentioned steak," we continued. "How do you like your steak?"

"I like it broiled," he answered, "and it should be almost done through, showing just faintly pink in the center. Sometimes I like it served with a mushroom sauce, but often I like it absolutely plain."

"Fairly swooning in butter, however?" we suggested and he nodded his agreement. "With lots of finely chopped



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parsley mixed up in the butter," he elaborated, "and there should be boiled potatoes also swimming in parsley butter. Little French peas and carrots cooked so slightly that they are almost raw are good with steak, too, and of course there should be olives, both green and ripe. And plenty of thin white bread or Melba toast. I practically always have this sort of a dinner on Thursday," he finished wistfully, seeming to regret this was only Tuesday.

IF you would get some slight idea of the enthusiasm with which Mr. William attacks a steak, take a long look at the picture at the head of this article. And if you would bring a similar expression to the face of your man, remember this trick, taught us by the chef of a famous man's club: take the steak out of the refrigerator at least an hour before it is to be cooked and let it warm up to room temperature gradually. You will find that the steak will be far more tender.

We only wish that we had room to tell you right now of the other dishes which he described. But we must content ourselves with giving you here recipes for two of Mr. William's favorite dishes, and console you with the knowledge that we have had the recipes for his Pork Chops Bordelaise, Baked Ham Steak and Apples, Pot Roast Guillaume and Broiled Steak aux Legumes printed for you. Do fill in the coupon on page 10 and mail it in at once, so that we may send you these splendid recipes, each one conveniently printed on a filing card with the name of Warren William appearing on each one.

These recipes are supplied free of charge to readers of MODERN SCREEN.

AND here are the other two recipes, which we promised to give you here and now.

VEAL CUTLET WITH TOMATO SAUCE
2½ pounds veal cutlet
1 egg
bread crumbs
3 tablespoons fat

TOMATO SAUCE
2½ cups canned tomatoes
1 stalk celery, chopped
1 small onion, minced
½ teaspoon parsley, chopped

½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons butter
4 tablespoons flour

Have veal cutlet cut into pieces of individual serving size. Dip cutlets in beaten egg, in fine bread crumbs and in egg again. Fry on both sides in fat in hot frying pan until brown. Meanwhile into a saucepan put tomatoes, celery, onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Cover and cook ten minutes. Strain. Melt butter, add flour to it, blend thoroughly, add strained tomato mixture and stir over low heat until smooth and thickened. Pour this tomato sauce over the cutlets in the frying pan, cover closely and simmer over low heat for forty-five minutes or until cutlets are very tender. Serve hot.

STUFFED ROAST LEG OF LAMB

STUFFING

2 cups bread crumbs
1 egg
¾ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon chopped parsley
1 tablespoon poultry seasoning
1 onion, minced fine

Soak bread in water and squeeze dry. Beat egg, add other ingredients to it. Add egg mixture to bread and mix to a smooth mass.

Have your butcher remove the bone from a five and a half to six pound leg of lamb. Fill the pocket in lamb with stuffing and sew up, using large needle and white string. Place stuffed lamb in roasting pan. Sprinkle lamb with salt and pepper. Dust flour over lamb and liberally on bottom of pan. Place slices of onion on lamb. Place in hot oven and roast until lamb and flour in bottom of pan have browned. Then add two cups of water, cover, reduce heat and finish cooking in slow oven, allowing twenty minutes to the pound from the time it is covered. When lamb is done remove from pan. Place pan on top of range and make gravy in pan over low heat.

Do men like cakes? Next month, James Dunn, so popular since his excellent work in "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team," will answer this question.

If You Met Richard Arlen

(Continued from page 39)

Ralston—and in a sense he is probably right. But if he didn't have it in him to set his excellent teeth and his well defined jaw and make a come-back, no amount of influence and persuasion from all the girls in the world could have accomplished his second and sure success, after a bitter disappointment.

He is a young man with the normal amount of pride, which is merely self-respect, but he appears to lack entirely

that quality of feline vanity which so many stage and screen stars, men as well as women, have in so high a degree. He lacks also the catty attitude toward the competitors in his profession which is so very prevalent. You can perfectly well imagine him disliking somebody or other and saying so in good and emphatic and even decorative English. But saying so straight from the shoulder, not by implication; not by saying, "So-

and-So is a good guy—but. . . .”

He has a very keen sense of justice. He has also a sense of something which for lack of a better term I call humanity. He liked his rôle in “Touchdown” because it was real and because it was human. It took courage, I believe, to like that rôle and to lose himself in it, for it was, until almost the very end of the picture, a rôle without any sympathy and appeal for the average audience. But it was a human rôle—not an all-noble nor an all-villainous one.

No story or sketch of him would be complete without a further mention of the tiny, pretty blond girl with the very fair hair and the friendly eyes who is his wife and who appears to prefer being his wife to a career of her own. She is, I fancy, the balance wheel. She probably is wise enough to manage him without managing him at all. She doubtless endeavors to put some curb on his impulses—and I imagine he has plenty—and if she isn’t very happy and if she doesn’t make him very happy—why, then I have missed my guess entirely.

They appear to be comrades. A couple of youngsters who have worked and laughed and played together; and who love each other very much. More power to them; I hope they always will; and I insist on being sure of it, even in this uncertain world.

ARLEN himself laughs easily; throws himself, I believe, as whole-heartedly into work as into play; keeps himself fit, not only physically but mentally; is keen about people and places and things; and, because of his underlying

disposition, probably makes the best of things when they go wrong, as they often do even in the most successful or well regulated life.

It has been a little difficult to write about him. That is really because he is, as I have said, so *regular* a person. It is far easier to sum up or to try to analyze the person who is a bit eccentric, or whose character is perhaps over-developed on one side or the other. But a regular person, simply because he is pigeonholed as such, is harder to really pigeonhole than the eccentric. Arlen is, as everyone has said, likable. But I am not willing to let it go at that. He has character and I doubt if the sure success which lies ahead of him will affect that character. He believes in luck and in the breaks. But he believes in work, too. He won’t stagnate. Given the opportunity and the proper vehicles—such as “Touchdown” for instance, he will go very far in his profession. Merely as a member of the audience who appreciates good and sound characterization I feel that it would be a tremendous mistake to relegate him to the rôles of the usual young lover of the screen, to the usual machine-made stories. For he is a real man and not a cardboard presentment. So-called sophisticated or sappy dialogue and the usual sort of man-girl-clinch story should be left to a lot of the others and Richard Arlen should be given parts in which he is permitted to make something of a human characterization and portray real growth of character upon the screen.

Oh, and by the way, I like him a lot. And it wasn’t entirely the “likability” which did it. It was the man himself.

Ina Claire Confesses

(Continued from page 55)

and then, on the spur of the moment, turn around and do something else.

“I should have had brains enough to know,” continued Ina, “that no one could be as charming all the time as Jack was whenever I saw him. I should have suspected that anyone so brilliant and flashing had to relax sometimes and that this probably happened at home. But Jack’s charm overwhelmed me. There’s the whole truth of the matter.”

She didn’t sound like a woman talking about a man with whom she was still in love. She sounded far more like a wise friend. There was, always, a half-humorous note in her voice. . . . It was as if she was talking about two people she knew who had been very foolish, very human.

“I discovered Jack Gilbert to be the most intensely human person I’ve ever known or ever expect to know,” Ina said. “When he has moods he has moods. And it was pretty bad, I can tell you, when we happened to have moods at the same time. Of course, the fact that we were both going through pretty bad times, professionally, didn’t help any. We were too much alike. Neither

of us was capable of serving as a balance wheel. And how we needed a balance wheel! Two Irishers . . .”

Her hands, palms turned upwards, gestured the hopelessness of it.

“I did try to change when I found things getting heavy around the house. I did try to be what Jack’s wife should be, what Jack had thought I was when he married me. I said to myself ‘I’m in this now and I’ll make a go of it.’

“Some women, I know, adore giving domestic performances. Every time their effects get over they become that much more convinced they are wasted Duses. But I happen to get quite enough acting in my work.

“I tried being submissive as a last resort. But I was miserable. And Jack is a sensitive person. He felt my unhappiness and that made him more wretched than ever.

“So we quit. We realized we had made a mistake. There seemed no point in prolonging it. We tried to be civilized. No one wants her marriage to smash. It’s human enough to blame the other fellow. But we did try hard not to let any recriminations creep into the

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talks in which we arranged our separation. We both wanted to preserve a basis for friendship.

"And now, I ask you, could you imagine either of us wanting to re-marry? It's utterly absurd."

I ASKED if she and Jack admit to each other all she told me.

"Of course we do," she said, laughing. "And now that we're back on our old basis of friendship, we have little jokes about the way in which we fooled each other."

Ina was stopping at Pierre's. Her drawing-room was quite like the charming, sophisticated stage settings against which we have so often watched her play. It was a circular room. A coal fire was burning. There was English furniture. Damasks. Yellow and white flowers. Cigarette smoke. All the new books were about. And a soft voiced secretary answered the telephone which rang incessantly in one of the adjoining rooms.

In her generous, sophisticated attitude about her marriage Ina was, at first, like one of the casual ladies she plays. But when she mentioned the attitude the press has taken about Jack Gilbert and her, she changed. Sparks lit her eyes. She didn't drawl evasive nothings about the chintz or anything else. She said what she had to say. Bluntly. You knew, suddenly, that she had it in her to make a scene. A scene you'd re-

member. A famous Ina Claire scene.

"The press doesn't flatter me, certainly," she declared. "I'm seen in the company of a man—Jack or any other man—several times, and immediately it is assumed a love affair is blazing."

"What is the matter with the world that it is so loathe to understand friendship, to accept it for its own blessed self?"

"You'd think I was a sexy lady, incapable of offering a man interest, amusement, companionship. As a matter of fact I've always prided myself that I could be friends with a man without any other thought spoiling that friendship."

"It hasn't always been like this," she went on. "When I acted only on the stage, the press let me have my friendships without any scandalous headlines or insinuating stories. Friendships I find a pretty high price to pay for acting in the movies. And I'm not ambitious. I've never worked hard in my life for any reason except that I was having a good time. It isn't as if I anticipated being a sensational success in pictures anyhow . . . I wonder sometimes . . ."

Ina Claire is right. She isn't what she seems. She is what she was born, spirited, Irish. She is the little Fagan girl of Washington, D. C., grown up. And I like her better for it. Smooth, poised elegantes are effective enough on the stage. But they grow a bit wearying in reality. Ina never would!

The Woman with Yellow Eyes

(Continued from page 84)

are you and what is this thing you are doing to me?"

"That I cannot tell you. I want to warn you, though, that there must be no third time. If there is, I shall strike harder. Some day, Bela, we shall be together as we should be, you and I."

"She passed by me and opened the door. I tried to follow but something held me back. I still tried to fight against her power but it was no use. Within a week my wife and I were separated. We had been married four weeks!"

I WAS playing 'Dracula' in San Francisco at the time of my third marriage," Lugosi's lined face seemed to age as he began the ordeal of recounting this last tragedy. "Two nights after my marriage when the curtain rose, it seemed as if the world crashed at my feet, for there, just as it had been in Budapest, just as in New York, two yellow eyes held mine from the front row! I shall never know how I carried on that night. To me it is all a blur. The moment I saw Hedy, I knew that she still held me and that my marriage was again doomed. I shuddered for I remembered that this time she had promised to strike harder! This time I did not struggle against the inevitable.

Heartbroken, scarcely wanting to live, I told Beatrice, my wife, that it was all over. There is no use probing the wound of that night, for what explanation could I offer that would be acceptable or even understandable to Beatrice? My first two wives had been Hungarian and we are a mystic people, a psychic race who feel. They at least had understood, if only that it was something I could not explain. Beatrice could not. My third marriage had lasted but a week and now Beatrice, upon her soul be peace, is dead."

WHERE is the woman with yellow eyes, with the face of a saint and the body of a wood nymph? Since that fateful night in San Francisco, he has not seen her again.

"I shall never marry again," Lugosi's voice was sad. "I am afraid to. I am convinced that Hedy's power over me, whatever it may be, cannot ever be broken."

In Hollywood you hear people say of him:

"Peculiar chap this Lugosi. Lives by himself, doesn't go to parties or even own a car."

Yes, Lugosi is peculiar—and no wonder. A haunted man. Haunted forever by the woman with yellow eyes.

Stars' Weirdest Stories

(Continued from page 29)

he bent a long ways down and kissed me on my forehead. *But, mamma, it was funny. Somehow . . . somehow I couldn't . . . feel his kiss. . . .*"

Mrs. Loew hurried into the little salon. From a commode she took an old box of photographs. They obviously had been stored away for a long time. A dozen odd things were piled on top of them. Indeed, she had to rummage before she found them.

"You may look at these, if you like, Jeanne," she said. "You, Emily, come along with me."

She felt she must know once and for all about the man who had, in her absence, come to her door. One of the photographs she had left with Jeanne was a group picture in which Emily's father appeared.

She had put her purchases away when Jeanne came running in. Triumphant she held the group picture in her hand. Her eyes were bright.

"It is the one!" she cried with childish delight. "The man who was at the door!"

Jeanne and Emily never have been separated since. When Jeanne married the handsome George Chauchoin, even though the Chauchoin purse was slim and extra passage money a considerable item when they sailed for America, Emily came with them. Today Tante Emily has her own room in the beautiful Colbert apartment in New York.

AND now for mental telepathy. Pauline Frederick doesn't see how anyone can doubt it. She has had many personal experiences and on a number of occasions has troubled to check and recheck on those messages.

There was, for instance, the time Pauline was playing in New York with a dear friend whom we will call Michael Halley. Michael is a splendid actor, a manner of friend worth having, and a particularly heavy drinker.

"Throughout that engagement," explains Pauline Frederick, "I worried about Michael. I felt looking after him to be as much a part of my job as being in the theatre on time."

"Drinking with this particular actor was and still is a most regrettable disease. And he always goes into a state after a drinking bout. Gets ashamed of himself and can't snap out of it. I've never been able to decide which does him the most harm, the actual drinking or the remorse he suffers afterwards."

One spring afternoon, in her suite high above Fifth Avenue's shuttling traffic, Pauline had finished writing letters in time for a short sleep before her early dinner. But somehow she couldn't quite fall off. She was, she knew, worried about Michael.

The night before, she had sensed he was nervous and distraught. And he, in turn, knowing she sensed this even

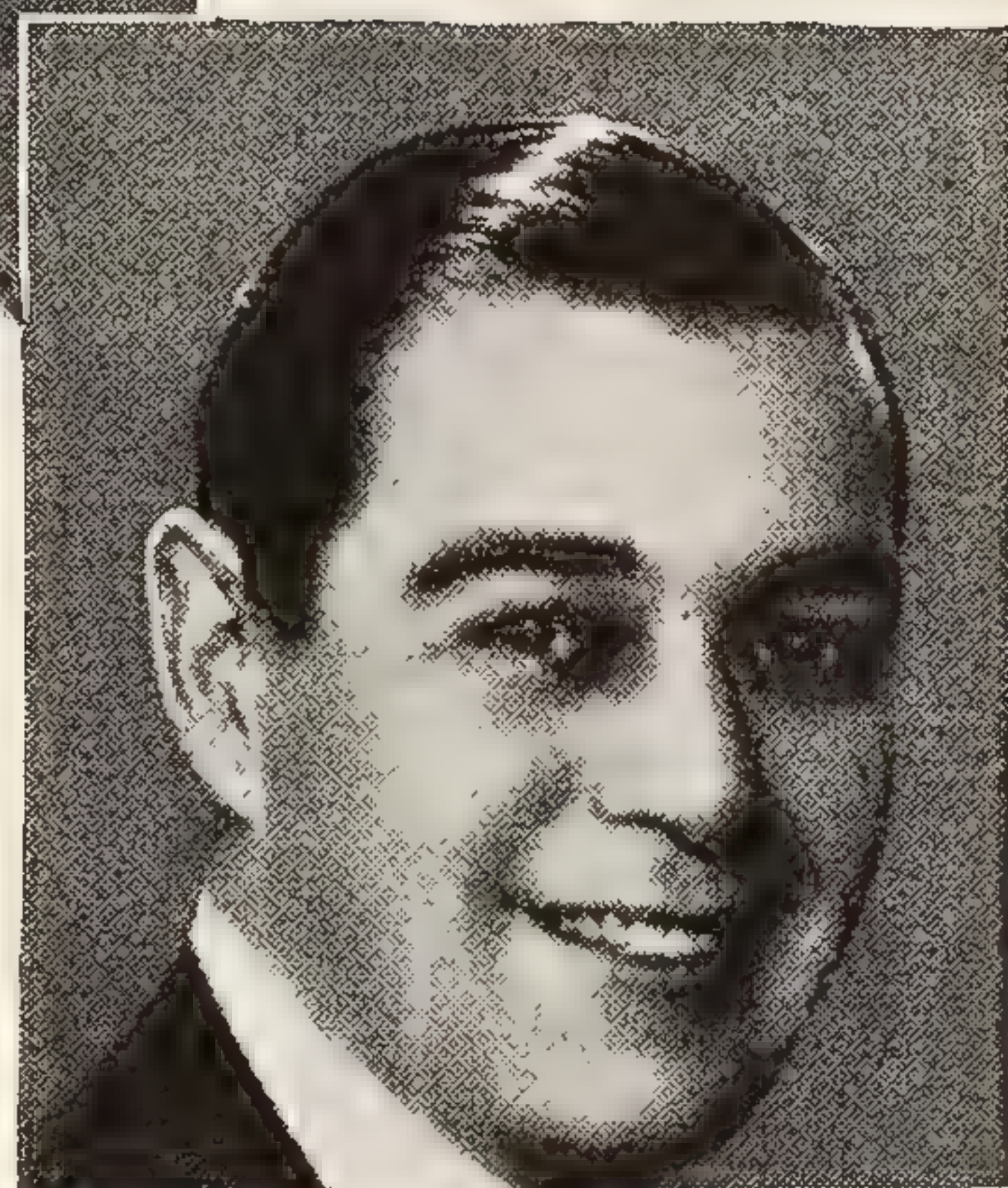
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KATE SMITH'S first day at school was a riot. She tried to run out of the classroom four separate times.



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AND why does Rudy Vallee keep his eyes closed while singing? . . . What is the strange coincidence in the lives of Billy Jones and Ernie Hare? . . . What was the significance of wicker furniture in an earlier period of Ted Husing's life? . . .

And how can Paul Whiteman handle a taxi?

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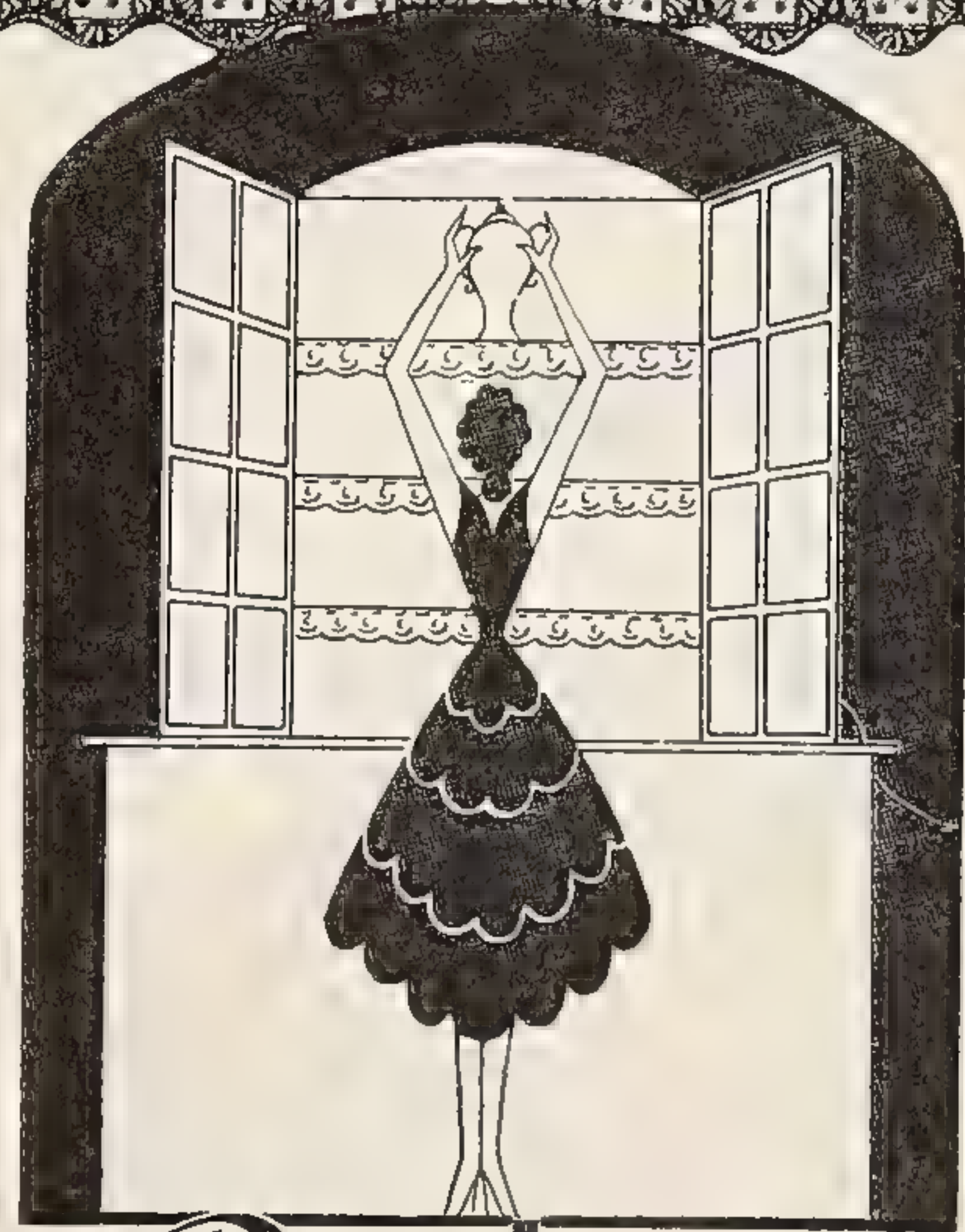
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though she had avoided giving any sign, had patted her on the arm and assured her that he really was going to be good.

HOWEVER, he hadn't come in for the combination breakfast and lunch most theatre people have when they're playing. He had half-promised. This made her uneasy.

"Finally," says Miss Frederick, "I dozed off. But it seemed almost immediately there was a great noise and I distinctly heard someone call 'Polly!' I had the feeling it was Michael. Then, even as I sat up, in that strange state between sleeping and waking, I saw Michael falling. He was on a sidewalk close to an iron fence. Behind the fence, in the narrow strip of ground between it and a church, there was a young tree, in bud.

"I saw it as clearly as if it was a huge photograph held up before me. And I knew as well as if I had been with Michael that he had been drinking . . . and had fallen. I reached for my telephone and called his number. It was busy."

She called his number again. "That num-bah does not an-sah." She called again. And then again.

Finally, unable to endure another inactive minute of the suspense, Pauline Frederick rushed out of her apartment, gave frantic instructions to a taxi driver and drove to Michael's hotel.

Michael's man, who had been with him for years, opened the door.

"Mr. Michael?" questioned Pauline. You would have thought to hear her that someone had telephoned her there had been an accident.

"Nothing serious, Miss Frederick," the man reassured her, a little surprised to see her. "He's a bit shaken up, that's all. Sobered up, too, if I may say so.

"They telephoned me when it happened and I hurried right down. I'm just after getting him home and in bed."

"Hobbs," said Pauline Frederick, "I want you to get a pencil and paper and put down what I tell you . . ."

(If Michael wasn't badly off she would, she determined, check this experience for her own satisfaction.)

Hobbs came back with pad and pencil. And Pauline dictated to him the exact happening that had befallen Michael.

HOBBS recorded everything carefully. He was impressed. And delighted, too, when afterwards he was requested to be in the room while his Mr. Michael told Miss Frederick all that had happened. Told, in fact, the same story Pauline had told Hobbs.

"The worst part of it is, when I was falling I heard myself calling your name . . . Polly! If anyone heard me it will be a pretty mess. I might, at least, have left you out of it. . . ."

Polly reached over for his hand. "It doesn't matter," she said. "Tell me, Michael, was there a little tree inside that iron fence . . . a little tree, in bud?"

Perhaps he thought it was strange of her to ask such a question, but decided she must be trying to place the church.

"I think there was," he said.

"I know there was," Pauline announced. "Give him the paper, Hobbs," she said.

"But this is unbelievable. Someone called you and told you," Michael insisted, after reading what Hobbs had written at Pauline's dictation.

Pauline nodded. "You did," she said simply, "and the bond between us is great enough and sympathetic enough for me to have heard you and to have caught the image you flashed me at the time."

IT was in substantiation of the theory of reincarnation that Melvyn Douglas told this true story:

Robin Hull was a little fellow, just five years old. He talked well for his age, for the most part. But often, visiting him in his nursery, his mother noticed him uttering strange sounds. She thought nothing of them at first. They were, she decided, an unintelligible abracadabra left over from his infancy. However, as time went on and Robin came to speak more and more fluently, she really thought it odd that he should continue uttering these same strange sounds. She made a point of listening to him carefully.

"I really don't understand it," she told her dinner guests one evening. "Robin really says these sounds as if they had definite meaning to him. Moreover, he repeats many of them so frequently that I have come to recognize them."

One of the Hull guests was a woman interested in reincarnation.

"Would you let me come and sit with you in the nursery one afternoon . . . just on the chance Robin might talk this way?" she asked.

"I'd be glad to," Mrs. Hull told her.

So the next afternoon found the two women in the nursery with Master Hull. He was extremely obliging. He said dozens of strange sounding words. His mother's guest was fascinated.

"I'm sure he is saying real words," she said. "Words which would mean something to someone . . . if we could only find the right someone. . . . Please let me bring a professor I know. He might help us. He is familiar with a number of the Asiatic languages."

Mrs. Hull agreed to have the professor come, although now she admits that she wished she hadn't mentioned anything about Robin's curious jargon. She didn't relish a lot of people with strange beliefs trooping into his nursery and proceeding to read their own meaning into everything he said.

A week later her friend came with the professor. The three of them went up to Robin's nursery together.

"He probably won't talk at all," Alice Hull said. Perhaps feeling things had gone far enough, she hoped he wouldn't.

Robin, however, talked as usual. He very evidently wasn't at all self-conscious about these strange sounds he made. He very evidently felt them quite as usual as words like "cat" and "dog."

The professor got down on the floor

and together he and Robin played with the electric train. Every now and then the boy would interpolate one of the strange sounds in his talk. And always the professor was careful to make a note of it on his little pad.

FINALLY, after more than an hour had passed, they left the nursery. The professor turned to Mrs. Hull.

"The words Robin keeps saying are from a language and dialect used in northern Tibet," he told her. "There's no doubt about many of them. Others I do not recognize at all. But all of them certainly are possibilities.

"Was he, by any remote chance, there as a baby? Have you or your husband, or any of your family, or any of your husband's family ever been there?"

To all of these questions Alice Hull shook her head.

Then the professor called Robin. They were good friends after their interlude of play and the child answered questions willingly.

"Where did you learn the words you say?" the scholarly man asked.

"In school," Robin told him.

"But, Robin dear," interrupted his mother, "you've never been to school."

"When I went to school—before," said Robin, his little brow furrowed.

"Do you remember what the school looked like?" the professor asked. He was, it was evident, tense with the feeling that they might be on the verge of an amazing discovery.

For a long minute Robin was thoughtful. Then he said "Yes, I remember. It was in the mountains. But they weren't the kind of mountains we went to in the summer, mamma. . . ."

"Was this school you went to made of wood or of stone, Robin?" prompted the professor.

"It was stone," said Robin.

"And tell me, what were the teachers like? Were they ladies or men?"

"They were men," Robin showed no hesitancy on this score. "But they didn't dress like you and my daddy. They had skirts. With a sash around their waist that looked like a rope. . . ." And Robin gave a detailed description of the school.

The following August the Hulls had a letter from the professor. From northern Tibet. He evidently had been so impressed by everything Robin had told him that he had gone there on his holiday.

"I have found the school about which Robin told us," the professor wrote. "It is in the Kuen-lun mountains, rocky and arid and, of course, not at all like the mountains where Robin now spends his summers. And it tallies with Robin's description in every detail. So do the lamas (priests) who teach there."

AND now, for our last story, let us consider an experience of Norma Shearer's. Norma tells this story simply, making no claims, believing what she believes. . . .

As a very little girl, Norma used to be delighted at the prospect of a visit with Auntie. Her Toronto house was a

cheerful place. There were always flowers. Open fires. And rose jars which smelled divinely when you lifted their lids.

Through the years a deep bond grew up between Norma and this great-aunt of hers. Norma went to her with all problems. Auntie always understood.

Norma thought Auntie the loveliest, the most romantic person in the world. She made everything beautiful, really. Life. And now death. Norma knew Auntie was glad she was going. She expected her sweetheart, who had died many years before, to be waiting for her. They were to have been married, Auntie and her sweetheart, when he died.

Perhaps all of this accounted for Auntie's firm belief in spiritualism. She used to tell Norma that, when she sat in her little back garden at night, she never was lonely because her sweetheart's spirit sometimes came to her.

"Soon I won't be here any more," she told Norma one day. "But I'll always be watching over you, my dear. Remember that. And if ever you're in any danger I'll be there to protect you. . . ."

"But how will I know you're there, Auntie?" Norma asked. She was quite contained. Death, as Auntie saw it and as she made Norma see it, was nothing grim, nothing to be feared. It was, rather, a beautiful adventure.

"I'll send you a sign," her great-aunt promised, taking Norma's lovely young hands in hers. "I'll send you a flower. A rosebud, my dear. . . ."

As the leaves turned, Auntie went to join her beloved. . . .

THE February following, Norma graduated. And the night immediately following the graduation exercises there was a tobogganing party.

It was a very gay evening. Everybody was in the best spirits. The boys were a little masterful. The girls, wearing their graduation corsages, were a little consciously elegant. Gardenias . . . sweet peas . . . lilies-of-the-valley . . . one girl wore rosebuds. And, as always, these flowers, associated in Norma's mind with her great-aunt, made her a little sad.

The third time they started down something went wrong. The boy at the ropes tried pulling every which way. Perhaps that was the trouble. The toboggan skidded over the low walls of the slide. It was horrible. There were frightened cries. And when, after turning over and over the toboggan finally landed at the foot of the hill there were, far worse than frightened cries, little groans and then a most awful silence.

Everybody on that toboggan was injured, some more seriously than others, with the exception of Norma. Miraculously she was thrown into a soft, deep snowpile. She escaped with a few slight bruises. And when she picked herself up, a little dazed, tightly clutched in her gloved hand was a rosebud!

The girl who had been wearing the corsage of roses, however, was found unconscious many feet away, on the other side of the slide.

(To be continued)

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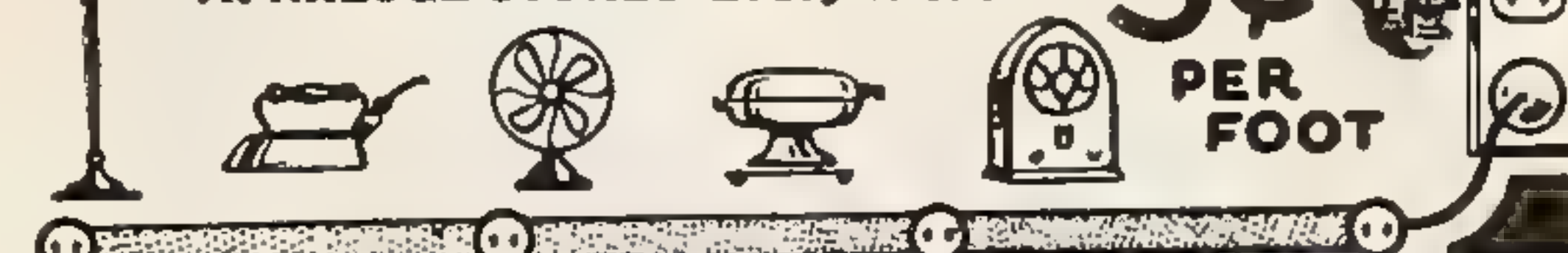
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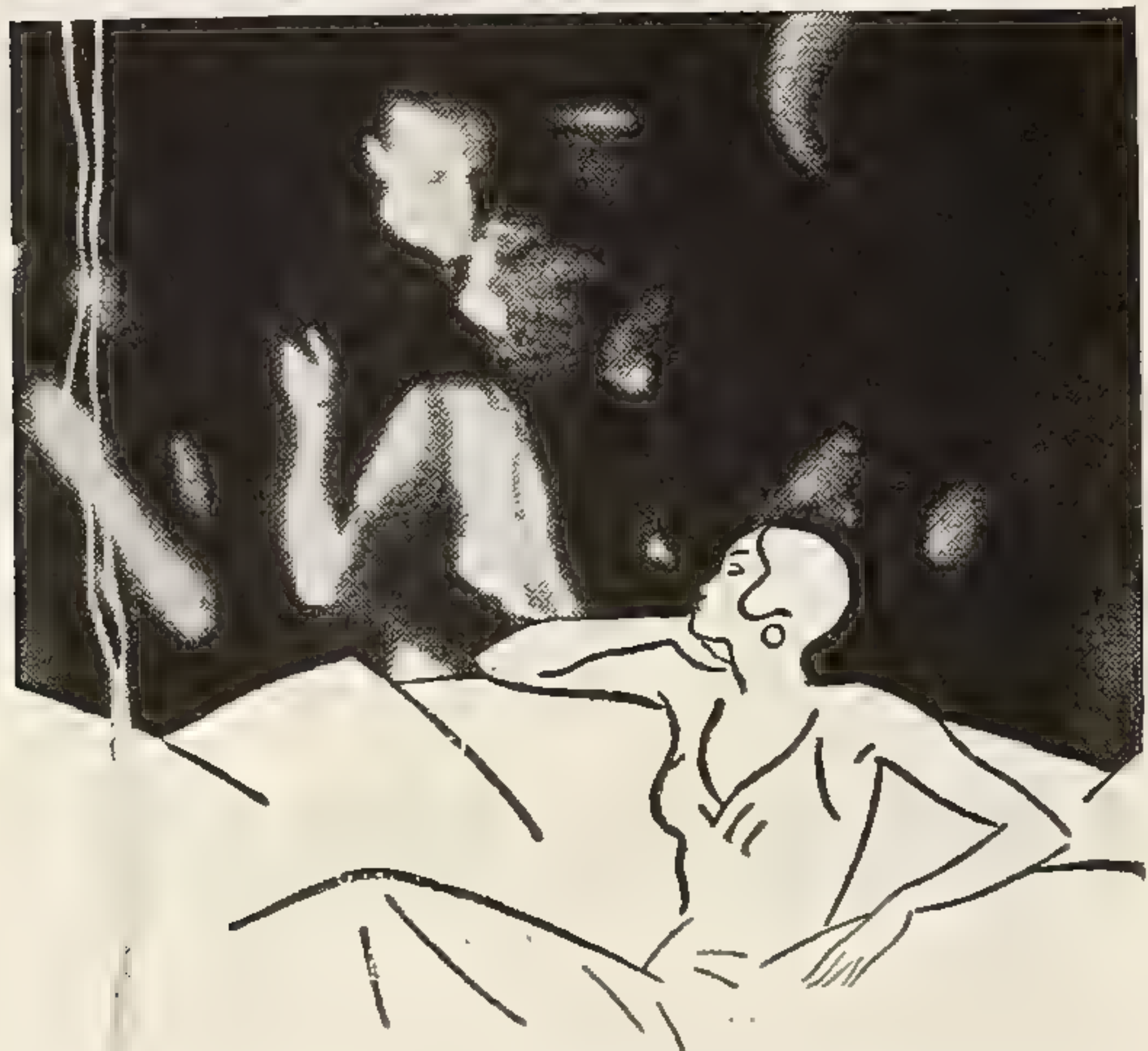
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Directory of Players

(Continued from page 109)

mount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Husband's Holiday," "This Reckless Age" and "One Hour With You." Now working in "He Met A French Girl." All for Paramount.

SALE, "CHIC"; married to Marie Bishop; born in Huron, S. D. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in numerous short subjects; also in "The Star Witness," "Old Man Minick" and "Competition." All for Warner Bros.

SEBASTIAN, DOROTHY; married to Bill Boyd; born in Birmingham, Ala. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Lightning Flyer," Columbia; and "The Big Gamble," RKO-Pathé.

SHANNON, PEGGY; married to Allen Davis; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Touchdown" and "This Reckless Age," Paramount. Now working in "Hotel Continental," Tiffany.

SHEARER, NORMA; married to Irving Thalberg; born in Montreal, Canada. Write her at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "Strangers May Kiss," "A Free Soul" and "Private Lives." Next will be "Strange Interlude." All for M-G-M.

SHERMAN, LOWELL; divorced from Helene Costello; born in New York, N. Y. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star-director. Starred in and directed "Bachelor Apartment," RKO-Radio; and "The Greeks Had a Word for It," United Artists. Directed "Ladies of the Jury," RKO-Radio.

SIDNEY, GEORGE; unmarried; born in Hungary. Write him at Universal studio. Contract player. Co-starred with Charles Murray in "The Cohens and Kellys in Africa," Universal; and "Caught Cheating," Tiffany. Now working in "Mendel Inc." First National. Next will be "The Cohens and Kellys in Hollywood," Universal.

SIDNEY, SYLVIA; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Street Scene," United Artists; and "An American Tragedy" and "Ladies of the Big House," Paramount. Now working in "The Miracle Man," Paramount.

STANWYCK, BARBARA; married to Frank Fay; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract star. Starred in "Night Nurse," Warner Bros.; and in "Forbidden" and "Shopworn," Columbia. Next will be "So Big," Warner Bros.

STARR, FRANCES; divorced from Haskell Coffin; born in Albany, N. Y. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Star Witness" and "Five Star Final," First National; and "This Reckless Age," Paramount.

STARRETT, CHARLES; married to non-professional; born in Athol, Mass. Write him at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists; in "Touchdown," Paramount. Now working in "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

STONE, LEWIS; married to Hazel Wolf; born in Worcester, Mass. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Strictly Dishonorable," Universal; in "The Phantom of Paris" and "Mata Hari"; also "Grand Hotel," M-G-M.

SUMMERVILLE, SLIM; married to non-professional; born in Albuquerque, N. M. Write him at Universal studio. Featured rôles in "Racing Youth" and "Papa Loves Mama." Now working in "In the Bag," two-reel comedy. All for Universal.

SWANSON, GLORIA; married to Michael Farmer; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at United Artists studio. Contract star. Starred in "Indiscreet," "Tonight or Never" and "Queen Kelly," United Artists. Now vacationing in Europe with new husband.

TASHMAN, LILYAN; married to Edmund Lowe; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Road to Reno," "Girls About Town" and "The Wiser Sex," Paramount.

TAYLOR, ESTELLE; divorced from Jack Dempsey; born in Wilmington, Del. Write her at United Artists studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Unholy Garden" and "Street Scene," United Artists.

TIBBETT, LAWRENCE; married to the former Mrs. Jennie Marston Burgard; born in Bakersfield, Calif. Write him at M-G-M studio. Contract star. Starred in "New Moon," "The Prodigal Son," and "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now appearing on operatic stage.

TOBIN, GENEVIEVE; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Universal studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Seed," Universal; in "The Gay Diplomat," RKO-Radio; and in "One Hour With You," Paramount.

TODD, THELMA; unmarried; born in Lawrence, Mass. Write her at Hal Roach studio. Contract player. Co-starred with ZaSu Pitts in series of comedies for Roach. Featured rôle as Alison Lloyd in "Corsair," United Artists. Now working in Columbia's untitled prize-fight picture with Ben Lyon.

TOOMEY, REGIS; married to J. Kathryn Scott; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write him at Paramount

studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Graft," Universal; in "24 Hours" and "Touchdown," Paramount. Now working in "Sky Bride," Paramount.

TORRENCE, ERNEST; married to Elsie Reamer; born in Edinburgh, Scotland. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Sporting Blood," "The New Wallingford" and "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M.

TRACY, SPENCER; married to Louise Treadwell; born in Milwaukee, Wis. Write him at Fox studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Goldie," Fox; in "Sky Devils," Caddo-United Artists; and "Disorderly Conduct," Fox. Next will be "After the Rain," Fox.

TWELVETREES, HELEN; married to Frank Woody; born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Write her at RKO-Pathé studio. Contract star. Starred in "A Woman of Experience," "Bad Company" and "Panama Flo," RKO-Pathé. Now co-starring in "Veneer," RKO-Pathé. Next, "State's Attorney," RKO-Radio.

VARCONI, VICTOR; married to non-professional; born in Kisward, Hungary. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Black Camel," Fox; in "Men in Her Life," Columbia; and in "Safe in Hell," Warner Bros.

VELEZ, LUPE; unmarried; born in San Luis Potosi, Mexico. Write her at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Squaw Man" and "The Cuban Love Song," M-G-M. Now working in "The Broken Wing," Paramount.

WALTERS, POLLY; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Five Star Final," "Expensive Women" and "High Pressure," Warner Bros.

WARNER, H. B.; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at First National studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; in "The Menace," Columbia; and in "Charlie Chan's Chance," Fox.

WAYNE, JOHN; unmarried; born in Winterset, Iowa. Write him at Columbia studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Arizona," "Range Feud" and "Maker of Men," Columbia.

WHEELER, BERT; separated from Bernice Spear; born in Paterson, N. J. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Robert Woolsey in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WHITE, ALICE; unmarried; born in Paterson, N. J. Write her at First National studio. Free lance player. Starred in "Widow From Chicago," First National; and in "The Monster Kills," Tiffany. Now touring in vaudeville.

WILLIAM, WARREN; married to non-professional; born in Aitken, Minn. Write him at Warner Bros. studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "The Woman from Monte Carlo," "Under Eighteen" and "Beauty and the Boss." First starring vehicle will be "The Great Mouthpiece." All for Warner Bros.

WILSON, LOIS; unmarried; born in Pittsburgh, Pa. Write her at Universal studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "Seed" and "Law and Order," Universal; and in "The Age for Love," Caddo-United Artists. Now working in "Old Man Minick," Warner Bros.

WONG, ANNA MAY; unmarried; born in San Francisco, Calif. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Daughter of the Dragon" and "Shanghai Express," Paramount.

WOOD, JUDITH; unmarried; born in New York, N. Y. Write her at Paramount studio. Contract player. Featured rôles in "Girls About Town," "The Road to Reno" and "Working Girls," Paramount.

WOOLSEY, ROBERT; married to Mignone Reed; born in Oakland, Calif. Write him at RKO-Radio studio. Contract star. Co-starred with Bert Wheeler in "Caught Plastered," "Peach O' Reno" and "Girl Crazy." Now working in "Hold 'Em Jail." All for RKO-Radio.

WRAY, FAY; married to John Monk Saunders; born in Alberta, Canada. Write her at Paramount studio. Free lance player. Featured rôles in "The Lawyer's Secret," Paramount; and in "The Unholy Garden," United Artists.

YOUNG, CLARA KIMBALL; married to non-professional; born in Chicago, Ill. Write her at RKO-Radio studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "Kept Husbands," RKO-Radio. Starred in "Women Go On Forever," Cruze-Tiffany. Featured rôle in "File No. 113," Tec-Art.

YOUNG, LORETTA; divorced from Grant Withers; born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Write her at First National studio. Contract star. Featured rôle in "Blonde Baby," Columbia; co-starred in "Taxi!" and featured in "The Hatchet Man," First National. Now co-starring with Winnie Lightner in "Love On A Budget," First National.

YOUNG, ROLAND; married to non-professional; born in London, England. Write him at M-G-M studio. Free lance player. Featured rôle in "A Woman Commands," RKO-Pathé; and in "Lovers Courageous," M-G-M; in "One Hour with You," Working in "He Met A French Girl." Both Paramount.

On the preceding page you finished reading about the stars' weirdest stories. Under no circumstances fail to read the next instalment of these supernatural anecdotes—in our next issue, dated May. Also, in our next issue, don't miss the thrilling life story of Helen Hayes

Did HE Know..



that she was really Sonia, secret service agent, set on his track by her superiors, seeking incriminating evidence?

Did SHE Know..



that the Duke of Charmerace who held her in his arms was really Arsene Lupin whose clever robberies amazed and amused all Paris?

Did They Both Know..

that the God of Love, who makes little distinction between lawbreakers and lawmakers, also had a trick or two up his sleeve?

Just as you will thrill to the superb acting of the talented Barrymore brothers and Karen Marley in "Arsene Lupin," the talkie, so will you enjoy the complete story of "Arsene Lupin" as it appears in the April **SCREEN ROMANCES**, which is now at all newsstands.

This famous, fast-moving mystery romance is only one of 10 complete stories of the newest and best talkies in the new **SCREEN ROMANCES**—all profusely illustrated with "stills" from the actual productions.

This month discover for yourself the delight of **SCREEN ROMANCES**. It's like 10 separate admissions to 10 talkie hits!



At All Newsstands

How It All Started

A LITTLE
STORY OF
A LADY
AND A NAME

NOT so many years ago there lived in the outskirts of Los Angeles a woman called Mrs. Wilcox. Her husband had a small ranch, as ranches go, near the southern outlet of Cahuenga pass. Cahuenga pass—for those who are not familiar with the geography of Los Angeles and vicinity—lies in a break in the mountains to the north of the city, and is the road to the San Fernando valley and points north. It is an old trail.

Now it so happened, according to the legends and folk-lore of the town, that Mrs. Wilcox was taking a vacation away from her Southern California Eden, and was traveling eastward on a train. She met an English lady with whom she conversed, as vacationists frequently do, especially Los Angeltos. The English lady, during the course of the conversation told Mrs. Wilcox of her charming home in England and mentioned the name of it. Mrs. Wilcox remarked that it was a pretty name. Whether it was the way in which the charming English lady pronounced the charming name or whether there was something peculiarly euphonious in the formation and arrangement of the syllables of the word, so that the sound produced a mystical effect, we cannot say.

For it is a fact that the name stuck. Hence there must be something in this sort of thing unexplainable by science, for when Mrs. Wilcox returned from her vacation, and rode out to the ranch by the pass with horse and buggy—the time of the episode being just prior to the advent of the petrol wagon—she had an idea. She retained in her mind, conscious or unconscious, the memory of a certain combination of syllables making a certain pleasant sound when spoken.

When she finally reached home she had a small sign painted—whether or not she consulted her husband, the legend does not state—but she had the small sign painted and had it placed in a prominent place at the front of the house near the road, so that those who passed might read. She had rechristened the place with a new name; a word of three syllables, a name of charm and a charming name. The name was **HOLLYWOOD**.

What would have happened if Mrs. Wilcox had missed the train?

—"Don Roberto."

LONG ISLAND MATRON LOSES 64 POUNDS OF FAT



THE SAFE WAY
to REDUCE

A Kruschen figure depicting slenderness, physical attractiveness and charm.

Take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water every morning before breakfast—then watch ugly fat gradually vanish. Notice how skin clears—how eyes glow with a healthy sparkle—how new, youthful activity permeates your entire body.

Bear in mind Kruschen is more than just a laxative salt—it's a superb blend of SIX separate minerals which sweep poisons and harmful acids from your system—minerals which help every gland, nerve and body organ to function properly. Many folks hasten results by going a little lighter on potatoes, pastries and fatty meats.

Mrs. Harold Price of Woodside, L. I. writes: "A year ago I weighed 190 lbs. I started taking Kruschen and now weigh 126 and never felt better in my life."

An 85c bottle lasts 4 weeks and is sold by leading drugstores throughout the world.

KRUSCHEN SALTS

Has New Hair

Hair Health
For You?



Frances Lonsdale has thick, wavy hair now. She used **KOTALKO**.

"My daughter's hair would not grow," writes her father. "We thought the roots were dead. We sent for **KOTALKO** as a final test and thought it would be like the other

things she had used without results. But now I am glad to state that after using **KOTALKO** faithfully, she has thick, wavy hair, as you'll see by her photograph. Unless I had seen it myself I would not have believed it possible. Obviously the roots were alive!"

Men also report new hair growth. Many testimonials from men and women, whose hair health was improved through the sanitation and stimulation of **KOTALKO** and **KOTALKO SOAP**.

Kotalko and Kotalko Soap are sold at drug stores everywhere.

FREE BOX

To prove the efficacy of Kotalko for hair and scalp stimulation.

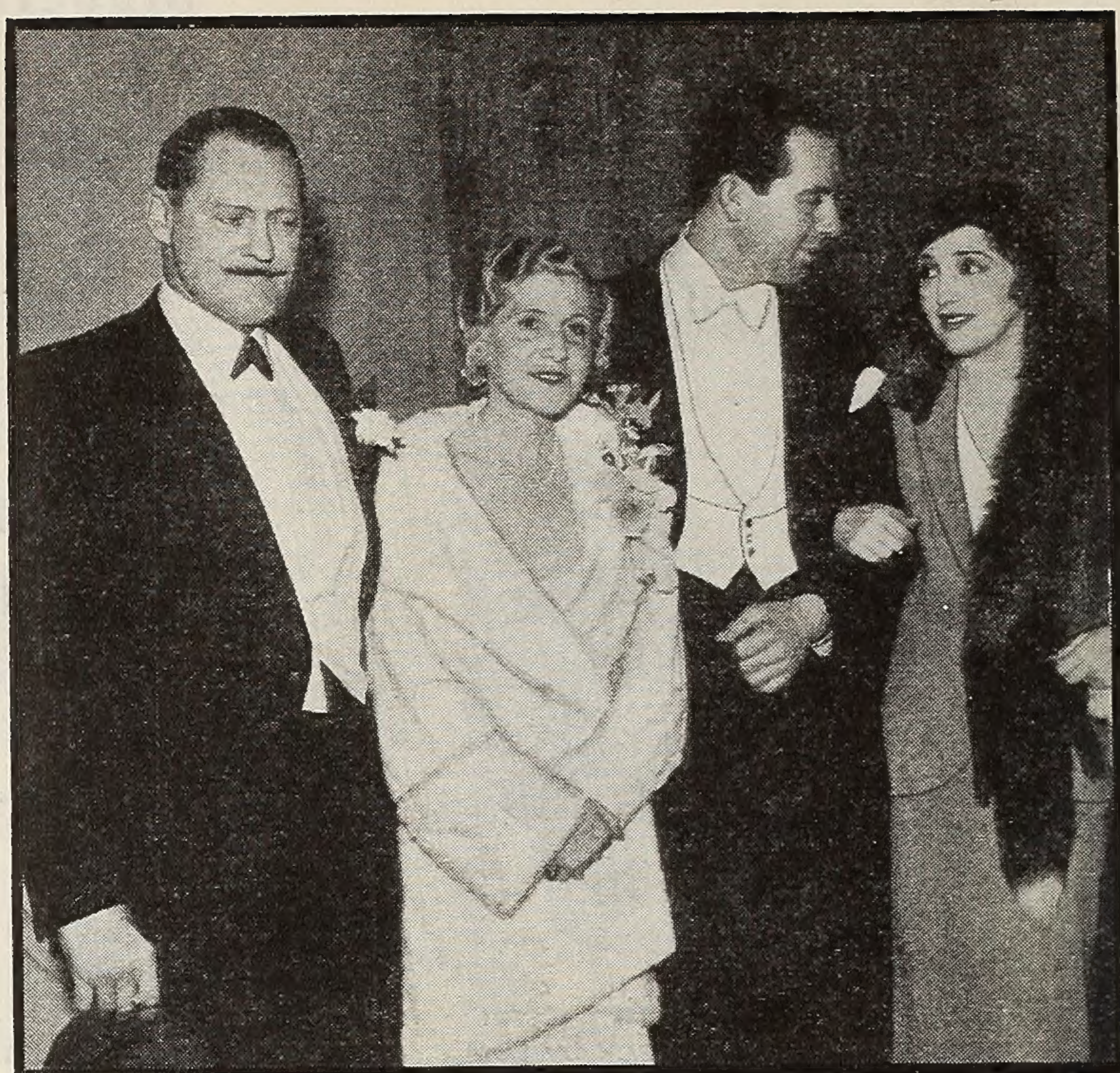
KOTAL CO., K-3, Station O, New York

Please send me **FREE** Box of **KOTALKO**.

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Full Address.....

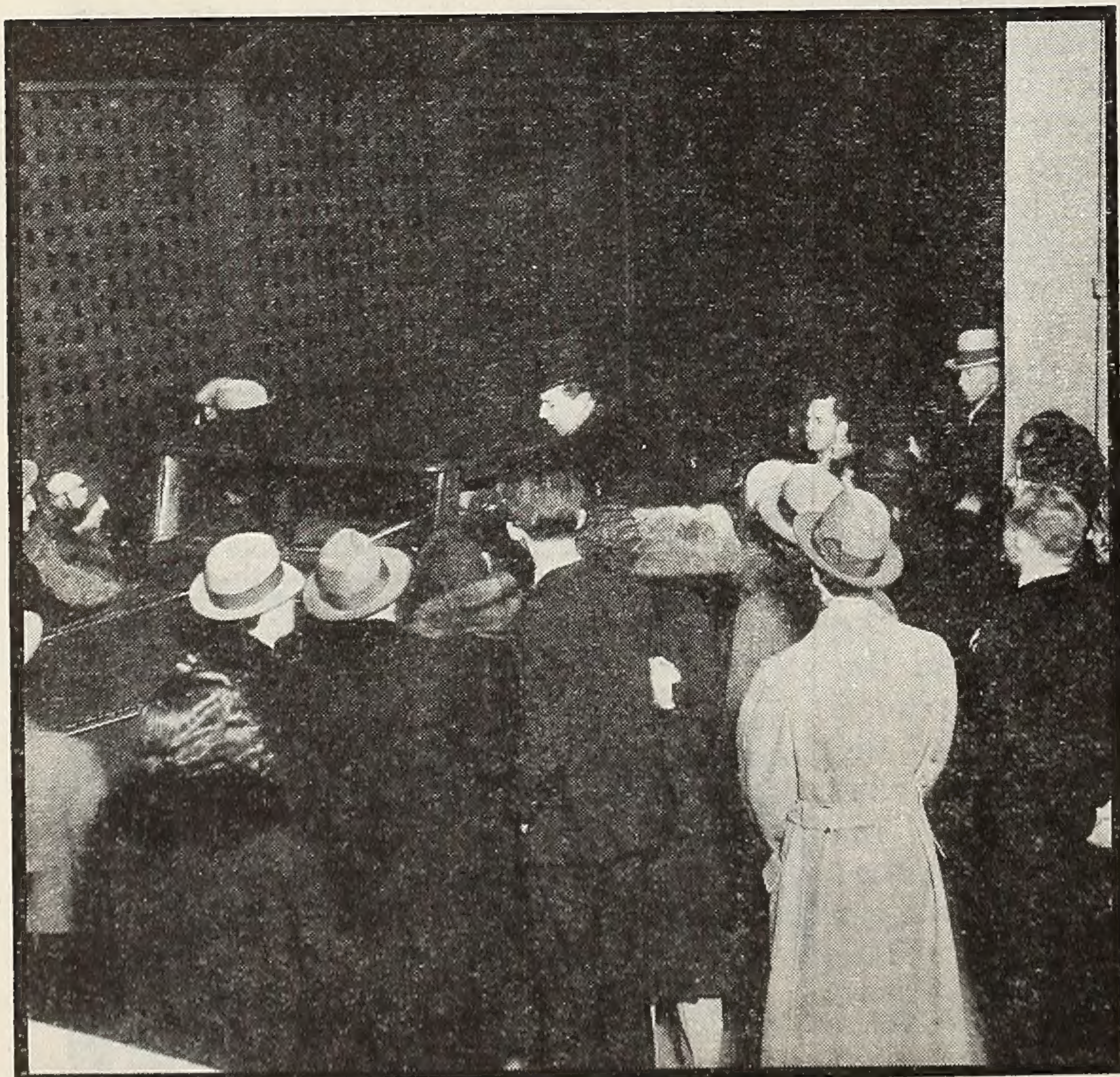




BEBE DANIELS' STAGE TRIUMPH

When Bebe Daniels appeared on the Los Angeles stage in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney," it was a great night. The star-seekers got the thrill of their lives—for many of Bebe's friends were there. (Above) Lionel and Mrs. Barrymore, Ben Lyon and Bebe Daniels. (Above, left) Norma Talmadge arriving. (Left) Mary Pickford, Ben and Bebe in Bebe's dressing room. (Lower, left) Ben Lyon trying to help Bebe out of their car on arrival. (Lower) Mary Pickford congratulating Bebe on her triumph.

Wide World



There's more Chicle in it ... that's what makes it better

It's the amount and quality of chicle used that makes such a big difference in chewing gum—Beech-Nut Gum contains a larger proportion of the world's finest chicle than any other gum on the market. This EXTRA

CHICLE gives Beech-Nut its long-lasting smoothness—makes it easier, less tiring to chew—keeps it fresh and smooth-flavored much longer. It's this EXTRA CHICLE that makes Beech-Nut so truly refreshing and enjoyable.

Beech-Nut GUM

Makes the next smoke taste better

"And this line . . . shows that you're going to have a lot more pleasure smoking your next cigarette."
"How do you figure that out?"
"I'm going to give you a stick of Beech-Nut Gum. You should know that Beech-Nut Gum between smokes makes the next smoke taste better."



There is something NEW under the sun DIFFERENT DELIGHTFUL DELICIOUS

Now—the world's most popular flavor—CHOCOLATE—in a package handy for pocket or purse. A crunchy, delicious bit of sweet for everyone—and everyone enjoys chocolate. A single package will convince you that they are delightfully different from any candy you've ever tasted. Now on sale throughout the United States at 5¢ a package.

Beech-Nut CHOCOLATE *flavored* DROPS

These new Chocolate Drops have the same double-wax wrapping that preserves the flavor and freshness of Beech-Nut Fruit Drops.



**"Cream of
the Crop"**



*Lupe
Vélez*



Copy, 1932, The American Tobacco Co.

"Luckies are certainly kind to my throat"

HOT TAMALES

Lupe landed in Hollywood with one lone dollar and no part to play ... But now she has nine fur coats, 15 canaries and the world's loudest lounging pajamas. We hope you liked her in the M-G-M PICTURE, "THE CUBAN LOVE SONG," as much as we did. Lupe's been a LUCKY fan for two years ... There was no — what is politely called "financial consideration" for her statement. Gracias, Lupe!

"No harsh irritants for Lupe. I'm a Lucky fan. There's no question about it—Luckies are certainly kind to my throat. And hurrah for that improved Cellophane wrapper of yours—it really opens without a tug-o'-war—thanks to that tab."

Lupe Vélez

"It's toasted"

Your Throat Protection—against irritation—against cough
And Moisture-Proof Cellophane Keeps that "Toasted" Flavor Ever Fresh